CRIMEA
VICTORIA REGINA
THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA
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SARDINIA
TURKEY
ENGLAND
ALMA INKERMAN BALACLAVA SEBASTOPOL
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The CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

BY

GEORGE BEACHEMBURY.

Accompanied by forty Coloured Plates

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

BY

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

London Published May 1st 1855 by

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THE

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An Historical Sketch,

BY

GEORGE BRACKENBURY,

LATE SECRETARY AT KADIKOI TO THE HONORARY AGENTS OF THE CRIMEAN ARMY FUND.

ILLUSTRATED BY FORTY PLATES,

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

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PREFACE.

In offering to the Public the following pages, designed to illustrate Mr. Simpson's series of drawings of the "Seat of War in the East," the Author is fully conscious how far his humble efforts fall short of what is due to the merits of these admirable productions, and to the genius of the accomplished artist. He is no less sensible that the slight historic sketch of the principal events of the War, from its commencement up to the middle of last winter, which forms the earlier portion of the Work, is but a too inadequate tribute to the bravery, the endurance, and the self-devotion of the noblest and most glorious Army which ever poured forth its blood in defence of the liberties and of the honour of England. But, whatever may be his short-comings in these and other respects, he will feel that he has not written quite in vain if he shall have succeeded in throwing one additional ray of light on the spirit-stirring and pathetic story, every detail of which has an absorbing interest for millions of his fellow-countrymen, and in cancelling one fraction of the vast debt of gratitude which England owes to the most chivalrous and heroic of her sons.

A portion of these pages was already in the press when the long-desired intelligence of the fall of Sebastopol gladdened the public heart;

allusions may, therefore, occur in them which that great event has robbed, in a measure, of their appropriateness; but it has not been thought necessary to alter or erase them in consequence, since every hour the Telegraph may bring news which may throw the most recent occurrences into a comparative antiquity.

The Author must not omit to acknowledge his obligations to the able and spirited letters of the correspondents of the London press, especially to those of the gifted and brilliant "Times Correspondent," as well as to the private letters of a dear and valued friend, which describe, with the simple eloquence of truth, the stirring events in which he has borne a distinguished part, from the first starting of the expedition until the present day.

London, September 1855.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Historical Introduction	1
The Cavalry Affair of the Heights of Bulganak	57
Balaklava, looking towards the Sea	58
The Gale off the Port of Balaklava	60
Sebastopol from the Rear of the English Batteries	63
Charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade	65
Second Charge of the Guards at the Battle of Inkermann	68
Lord Raglan's Head-Quarters at Khutor Karagatch	70
Distant View of Lord Raglan's Head-Quarters before Sebastopol	71
A Quiet Day in the Diamond Battery. Portrait of Lancaster Sixty-eight Pounder, 15th December, 1854	71
The Field of Inkermann	73
Sentinel of the Zouaves before Sebastopol	75
Commissariat Difficulties. The Road from Balaklava to Sebastopol at Kadikoi, during the wet weather	76
The Graves in the Fort on Cathcart's Hill of the Officers of the Fourth Division who fell at Inkermann	77
Charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade, 25th October, 1854	79
Huts and Warm Clothing for the Army	81
Camp of the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol	82
Camp of the First Division, looking North towards the Camp of the Second Division: the Heights of Inkermann in the distance	83
Sebastopol from the Twenty-six Gun Battery, on the Extreme Right of the French Attack	84
Head of the Harbour, Sebastopol	85

PAGE

Graves at the Head of the Harbour of Balaklava 86

Sebastopol from the Sea. Sketched from the Deck of H.M.S. Sidon . 87

Embarkation of the Sick at Balaklava, looking South . . . 89

A Quiet Night in the Batteries. A Sketch in the Greenhill Battery (Major Chapman's), 29th January, 1855 91

The Camp of the Second Division, looking East. January, 1855 . . 92

The Ruins of Inkermann, and City of Caverns 93

Highland Brigade Camp, looking South 94

The Railway at Balaklava 96

The New Works at the Siege of Sebastopol on the Right Attack. From the Mortar Battery on the Right of Gordon's Battery . . 98

A Christmas Dinner on the Heights before Sebastopol . . . 99

Sebastopol from the East, or Extreme Right of English Attack . . 101

View from the Heights above Balaklava, looking towards Sebastopol. Showing the Ground of the Battles of the 25th October and of the 5th November, 1854, and the Line of our Defences since the 25th of October 102

Excavated Church in the Caverns of Inkermann, looking West . . 103

A Hot Day in the Batteries 104

A Hot Night in the Batteries 105

Valley of the Shadow of Death. Caves in the Woronzoff Road, behind the Twenty-one Gun Battery 106

Russian Rifle-Pit; now part of the British advanced Trenches, on the Left of the Right Attack, or Gordon's Battery 107

Prince Woronzoff's Palace, near Yalta, on the South Coast of the Crimea 108

The Monastery of Saint George and Cape Fiolente, looking West . . 110

The Lighthouse at Cape Chersonese, looking South . . . 111

The Malakoff, or Round Tower; from the Twenty-one Gun Battery (Frontispiece) . . . . . Introduction, p. v.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

THE spring of 1851 witnessed a ceremony as imposing, perhaps, as any in the world's history.

Beneath the roof of a palace, constructed with a rapidity only rivalled by the fairy structures of the Arabian Nights, and whose boldness of design, and exquisite delicacy of detail, formed at once the apology and the vindication of an age, supposed to be more devoted to the engrossing pursuits of commerce than to the cultivation of those arts which have shed so bright a lustre on other times, had been gathered the products of the Civilisation of the Universe. Every country in Europe, and, in a less degree, each quarter of the globe, found itself here represented, in its arts and sciences, its commerce and its industry. The softening of international prejudices, and the increased facilities of communication, which resulted from nearly forty years of uninterrupted European tranquillity, had prepared the way for the great congress of all nations within this temple of peaceful progress; where the fair-haired son of the farthest North might gaze in wondering admiration on the bright eyes and raven locks of the Andalusian girl, where nationalities the most opposed merged themselves in the common fraternity of mankind, and where prejudices the most inveterate were effaced, spite of themselves, in the presence of the *genius loci.*

The inauguration of this scene of more than fabled magnificence, and more than Oriental splendour, was the grateful task of that gracious Lady, whose pure domestic life, no less than her exalted public virtues, had rendered her name symbolic in the hearts of her subjects with the highest of bloodless triumphs, as it has since become of sterner and more terrible achievements.

1 2 4

Deep as must have been her interest in the scene, it was yet heightened by the reflection that at her side, and united to her by a tie almost unknown in former alliances of royalty, stood the originator of the scheme; he whose well-cultivated mind had conceived, and whose faith in his fellow-men had matured, spite of discouragement and opposition, a plan so gigantic that its failure would have been as little a disgrace, as its success proved beyond the most sanguine expectation.

Peace with folded wings brooded in the pure sunny atmosphere over her temple and her worshippers,—Peace, in her fairest and gayest form, and few could have been found amidst the motley throng who offered at her shrine, who did not fondly deem that her reign, if not eternal, was far indeed from any abrupt termination. Men, as they looked in one another's eyes, and grasped each other's hands, felt an electric message of love, good-will, and progress, thrill through their frames—the public prints were loud in their congratulations, and the peace party and their opponents believed themselves equally remote from the possibility of putting the new theories of world government to the rude and shattering test of practical experience.

If, indeed, some sacrificers to Nemesis believed that this unruffled calm must perforce portend a storm, far indeed were they from conjecturing in what quarter it was gathering, or where it would burst in fury. Some uneasy glances were still cast across the narrow strip of sea,—narrower now than ever, thanks to the wondrous development of steam,—on the opposite shore of which the jealous eye of fear would picture the gathering legions of the greatest military power of the West, the hereditary foe and rival of England's greatness, ready to swoop down at the bidding of one iron and irresponsible will on the "inviolate island," scattering death and destruction around, and leaving her gardens desolate; thus avenging a memory which has long since been effaced by the fraternal mingling of the two nations' blood on many a well-fought field.

If Russia was remembered, it was in the mood of congratulation, not of fear; and her contributions to the World's Palace were hailed as the evidences of her progressing civilisation, and of her determination to vindicate for herself a foremost position in the amicable contests of the great family of nations.

These remarks must be understood as applying more to the public in general, whose political speculations are necessarily confined pretty nearly

within the limits of what is brought from day to day within their field of intellectual vision, than to statesmen and diplomatists, who are not only compelled by their position to take a wider view of the aspect of the political horizon, but whose peculiar sources of information give them an insight into matters which are beyond the sphere of the periodical purveyors to the public curiosity. To men of this class it had indeed been long apparent that the next serious disturbance of the European equilibrium would, in all human probability, arise from inevitable complications in the East. The hereditary pretensions of Russia in that quarter were not unfamiliar to their minds, and they were well aware that the specious tranquillity, so long enjoyed, was due at least as much to the self-denial and guardedness of the other European Powers, as to the moderation of the Muscovite.

It was under the influence of these considerations that the French Alliance was prepared and cemented, and that the Emperor Napoleon III., forgetful of the bitter attacks to which, since the period of the *coup d'état*, he had been constantly exposed on the part of the English Press, and mindful only of his own exalted mission, inaugurated that policy of upright and cordial co-operation with this country, which will ever entitle him to the respect of all true Englishmen. His rapid and almost instinctive appreciation of the true position of affairs taught him the immense importance of such a combination; and, in the wisest and most laudable spirit of self-abnegation, he waived those claims of France upon the Sublime Porte which might have introduced an embarrassing complication into the already intricate question of the East; and thus brought into the scale of progress and civilisation the concentrated energy of that magnificent people, whose prescient choice he has so amply justified in every action of his prosperous reign.

If, as it is scarcely possible to deny, the actual breaking out of the War seized by surprise even those charged with the supreme management of affairs, and who should have been best qualified to judge of the final probabilities of a rupture, it must be remembered that it was difficult for men trained, by forty years of peace, in the knowledge of how much Diplomacy could effect, to realise that her powers would be so soon exhausted, and no resource left but an appeal to arms.

Certain it is that a long time elapsed ere this conviction could be brought home to the bulk of the English people, and even after decisive steps, of whose import it was difficult to doubt, had been taken, there was

a general unwillingness to believe that the scabbard was on the eve of being thrown aside, and that the nation was on the brink of a war of colossal proportions, and of a duration which the profoundest vatic skill would hesitate to determine.

This sentiment was in some measure neutralised by another, which was the deep feeling and the profound sympathy with which the departure of our first armaments from these shores was regarded, whilst their destination was still uncertain, and their return with unstained swords still a matter within the range of probability. There seemed to be a prophetic element in the deep fervour of that farewell which England breathed in a spirit of prayer to the noblest of her sons, as they left her parent bosom, to which, alas ! so many were never to return.

The 22d of February is eventful as the day on which the first portion of our Army left these shores to take a part in the coming War. At an early hour in the morning Southampton presented an unusual scene of excitement. At half-past eight o'clock the First Battalion of the Coldstream Guards marched in from Chichester, and at once embarked in the Orinoco. Soon after ten o'clock the Third Battalion of Grenadiers, who had come from London by train, marched down to the docks, and were put on board the Ripon and Manilla.

For some time the three ships lay motionless, but at two o'clock a thin wreath of smoke from the little Manilla recalled the reality of the scene, as she leisurely steamed out of the docks. The Ripon was not long in following, and at five the Orinoco got under weigh, having on board Generals Bentinck and Eyre.

Nobody who was at Southampton on that morning is likely to forget the scene. Perhaps the departure of no troops could have excited the same depth of feeling as that of the Guards.

Other regiments at stated intervals leave England to take their allotted share of foreign service, but, except upon special occasions, the Guards are always retained at home. They form, as it were, a very part of our domestic retinue, a constant feature in our daily London walk. "The Guards are going," people said ; "that looks like work." The splendour of the scene was merged in the pain. Who could view unmoved the sobbing grief of mothers, wives, and sisters, and the more silent but not less touching sorrow of the Soldier, as he left, perhaps for ever, "all that made life dear" ?

As I write, I still think I feel the firm grasp, and see the pale face of

many a hero, whose hold is now for ever relaxed, and whose face is for ever paled! The steady advance at Alma, the furious mêlée at Inkermann, and the more stealthy but no less fatal hand of disease, have made sad havoc among those gallant men who united souls of iron to hearts of flesh.

This first detachment of troops was speedily followed by the departure of the Himalaya, conveying the Second Battalion of the Rifles, and the 93d regiment; the whole number of men embarked in her exceeded 1200, each of whom, it may be confidently asserted, enjoyed a degree of comfort and ease unknown and undreamed of by their brave predecessors in the Peninsular War, confided as they were to the "tender" mercies of crazy sailing transports.

Gradually the first instalment of the British expeditionary army, amounting to about 10,000 men, reached Malta; and, after several weeks of tedious inaction, Sir George Brown, who had just arrived from England, sailed with the Rifles for Gallipoli, where he was speedily joined by large numbers of French and English troops. War had now been officially declared; and on the 10th of April Lord Raglan, whose long and distinguished services both in the field and at the Horse Guards, no less than the high opinion entertained of him by the late Duke of Wellington, pointed him out as the fittest successor of that great man, took his departure for Constantinople by way of Paris, in order to assume the command of our Army in the East. Fresh delays occurred at Gallipoli, where large intrenched works were constructed, for the purpose, as was conjectured, of securing a *pied à terre*, in order to face every eventuality, but more probably for the sake of accustoming troops, fresh from the inactive routine of home service, to the severe and laborious exertions inseparable from extensive siege operations.

These the increasingly serious aspect of the War seemed to designate as inevitable, and, indeed, already public attention in England had begun steadily to turn in the direction of one little spot on the vast map of the Russian dominions, whose name a few months before had raised but very indeterminate geographical ideas in the minds even of well-informed men.

Whatever may be said as to the actual policy of the expedition to the Crimea, viewed in reference to that proportion of means to an end without which the most brilliant conception may generate the most lamentable failure, it cannot be denied that the popular instinct, which regarded Sebastopol as the symbol and the rallying point of the coming struggle, was sound and just. Whether the contest was for the defence of

Turkey from her unscrupulous assailant, or for the reduction of the preponderance in the Black Sea of a power whose aim at universal dominion, and whose tendencies to commercial exclusiveness, were alike to be dreaded, it was here that either question would receive its decisive solution. Sebastopol was no less a constant and alarming menace to the Porte, than the mistress of the naval superiority of the Euxine. Its remote position, sheltered by nature, and by the political status of the East, from the curious observation of other powers, afforded peculiar facilities for the construction and accumulation of ships and munitions of war, whilst its admirable harbour served both as a hiding-place from which to dart on an unsuspecting prey, and an inaccessible retreat in case of danger or repulse. Its importance was illustrated by, but not derived from, the unhappy and disgraceful affair at Sinope, when a Russian fleet of vastly superior force, and in violation of the most solemn engagements, wantonly and barbarously destroyed a number of Turkish vessels lying at anchor in peaceful unconsciousness of danger. Most of the perpetrators of this atrocious butchery have gone to render their account to that God, whose name has been so frequently invoked to consecrate crimes the most abhorrent to his nature, and this consideration may serve to temper the indignation with which a contemporary narrator recalls so horrible a transaction. The last expiring cry from the lips of those heroic Turks, who knew how to die, but had never learned to yield, found a stern and terrible echo in the universal shout for vengeance, which arose from the startled West, as soon as the fatal intelligence was known.

The destruction of Sebastopol, it was felt, could alone atone for the foul outrage to which her walls had promised impunity, and the expedition to the Crimea became the fatal and necessary pendant to the massacre of Sinope.

The summer campaign in Turkey, though not so brilliant as had been anticipated by those at home, whose last recollections of a state of war were associated with Waterloo, had not been altogether barren in results. The raising of the siege of Silistria, and ultimately the evacuation of the Danubian Principalities, were among them; and while it would be unjust to deny to the stubborn valour of the Turks, and to the unparalleled sagacity of their leader, their share in bringing these events about, it can scarcely be supposed that they could have achieved them, unaided by the Allies. The details of this period do not enter into the scope of our

narrative; but it is impossible, in referring to it, to pass over in silence that dread visitation which decimated our own and the French Troops, and whose mournful shadow throws into brighter relief the unfading glories of their subsequent exploits. It is as difficult to recognise in the cool and determined victors of the Alma the men who had been weakened by the most trying of diseases, and disheartened by the loss of so many of their comrades during a period of inaction, as it is to realise that many of the regiments which they composed, witnessed then, for the first time for forty years, shots fired in anger.

One other memory saddens at once and hallows the story of that summer campaign—the fate of the heroic and self-devoted Butler. The first British officer who fell in actual contest with the foe, he contributed by his cool sagacity, his judicious counsels, his unwearying activity, and his unparalleled personal daring, to the triumphant issue of the Siege of Silistria, vindicated on a new theatre the ancient glories of the British arms, and set that bright example which has since been so often and so nobly emulated. The fresh green laurels which should have crowned his brow lie sadly in the shadow of the cypress above his grave; and cold, indeed, must be the heart which can deny the tribute of a tear to the premature quenching of so brilliant a promise of future excellence.

It is time, however, to return to the more immediate subject of these pages.

From the moment when the expedition to the Crimea was finally decided upon, the Turkish town and harbour of Varna presented a scene as novel as it was animated. Vast quantities of munitions of war, and of every description of provisions, were rapidly collected within the town, whose granaries and storehouses seemed incapable of containing the enormous stores constantly imported by illimitable strings of arabas, mules, horses, and donkeys; and yet, day after day, the cry was still, "they come." Meanwhile the harbour was gradually filling with a huge fleet of transports, ranging in size from the iron-ribbed leviathan of the deep to the smallest craft capable of ploughing the Euxine. These unwonted marvels are stated to have roused even the Turks from their prescriptive *nil-admirari* condition of apathy, and the streets of Varna were crowded with a motley crew, in whose bustle and activity the distinction between Christians and Orientals was well-nigh merged.

Towards the end of July our troops were busily and constantly employed in the construction of fascines, gabions, and sand-bags, terms which

subsequent events have rendered so familiar to the English mind that any explanation of them here would be superfluous; and the destination of the expedition was perhaps hinted to the observant, by the gallant and successful reconnaissance of Sebastopol made about this time by Sir George Brown and his Staff in the Fury. Under the cover of night she ran into the harbour to within 2000 yards of the batteries, and, having remained there until some hours after daybreak, she steamed back on receiving a somewhat angry notice to quit from the guns of the batteries, but not until the object of her mission had been fully and satisfactorily accomplished.

Some delay in the preparations of the Allies, and considerable damage to their "matériel," were occasioned by a vast conflagration, which broke out in Varna, and after raging with incredible fury destroyed a very large portion of the town. The origin of the fire was ascribed to the Greeks, and some of them who were caught *in flagrante delicto*, stimulating the progress of the flames, met with summary justice at the hands of the incensed soldiery. The coolness, energy, and determination with which the troops laboured to extinguish the fire, though surrounded on all sides by combustible materials of the most frightful description, and liable at any moment to be blown into the air, were beyond all praise, and were justly hailed as a happy augury of what might be anticipated from the same men in face of an enemy.

This event was the last which tried the courage and patience of the expeditionary force, and on the 25th of August Marshal St. Arnaud raised the spirits of the French Army to the highest pitch, by an order of the day, in which, after paying a handsome tribute to their English and Ottoman Allies, he announced, that it was in the Crimea that they must seek to emulate the traditional glories of the First Empire. A day or two after this eagerly-looked-for information the embarkation of both French and English commenced, and was completed about the 4th of September.

On the 7th the expedition, consisting of 600 transports, convoyed by a fleet mounting in all 3000 guns, sailed from Baltschik.

The weather was lovely, and it was difficult in gazing on the calm expanse of the Euxine, its bright scarcely ruffled waves coquetting with the grim-looking men-of-war which floated so proudly on their surface, to realise that that lake-like sea could ever be murked by overshadowing clouds and lashed into fury by the winds. It is interesting to contrast this stately Armada, the largest, most powerful, and most admirably equipped

the world has ever seen, with the fragile vessels in which the Goths, after *their* conquest of the Crimea, traversed these very waters, in their piratical quest of fresh countries to plunder and lay waste. They were called *camaræ*, and were, says Gibbon, "slight flat-bottomed barks, framed of timber only, without the least mixture of iron, and occasionally covered with a shelving roof on the appearance of a tempest." In these "floating-houses" the daring barbarians of those days trusted themselves to the dangers of an unknown sea, braved the fleets of the Emperor of the world, and, after ravaging the fairest cities of his empire, returned laden with plunder to their remote starting-place. But the modern Goths, though possessed of a fleet constructed with all the aids and appliances of western science, counting many ships of the first class, armed with metal of the heaviest calibre, have constantly declined the contest, and, shrinking behind the granite shelter of their fortifications, have permitted the tricolor of France and the immemorial flag of England to menace and insult with impunity every inch of their sea-board, and every maritime position of their empire. The heroes of Sinope have avoided every engagement under less advantageous circumstances than those which enabled them to crush by mere force of numbers a defenceless and unsuspecting foe, and the destruction of the Tiger illustrates the conditions on which alone they will take up the gauntlet thrown down to them by the Allies. No attempt was made by the Russian Admirals to interfere with the progress of the expedition. The huge fleet of transports, crowded with soldiers, and so widely dispersed over the sea that when they reached the rendezvous three days elapsed before the latest stragglers took up their position, was not only unmolested but unmenaced. A few cruisers, guided by able and enterprising commanders, and under the cover of night, might have compromised the success of the undertaking, and must have caused incalculable mischief, damage, and confusion; and the fact that no such attempt was made, while it demonstrates the prestige of the Allied Navies, will ever remain an inexplicable and ineffaceable blot in the history of the Russian Marine.

On the morning of Thursday, the 14th September, after making a demonstration towards Eupatoria on the preceding day, and leaving a small garrison in the town, which had surrendered at once on our appearance, the disembarkation of the French and British troops commenced simultaneously—a boat's-crew of the former nation having been the first to leap on shore, and plant their flag on the soil of the Crimea. The

infantry was nearly all landed before the evening, but the disembarkation of the artillery and cavalry did not take place until the following day. The French force amounted to nearly 24,000 men, while our own mustered 27,000, distributed among the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Light, and Cavalry Divisions.

The First Division was commanded by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with Major-General Bentinck and Sir Colin Campbell as his Brigadiers.

Sir De Lacy Evans had charge of the Second Division, one Brigade of which was intrusted to Brigadier-General Pennefather, and the other to the late Brigadier-General Adams.

Sir Richard England commanded the Third Division, supported by Brigadiers Sir John Campbell and Eyre.

The Fourth Division was under the orders of Sir George Cathcart, the Brigadiers being Generals Goldie and Torrens.

The Light Division, under Sir George Brown, had as Brigadiers, Major-General Codrington, who now commands it, and Brigadier-General Buller.

The Light Cavalry Brigade was commanded by the Earl of Cardigan, and the Heavy Brigade by Brigadier-General Scarlett, the whole Division being under the orders of the Earl of Lucan.

Sir John Burgoyne had the chief command of the Engineers.

These details derive a melancholy interest from the changes which time, sickness, and death, have worked in the relative position of the gallant men to whom England, in her hour of need, looked for their services, and did not look in vain. The last of the original Generals of Division returned home the other day. The protracted struggle he had waged, with hardship, exposure, and mental harass, at length overcame him as it had done his colleagues, and compelled him to seek rest and re-invigoration from his native air. The graves on Cathcart's Hill tell a sadder tale, and render a bitterer account of many of the names just enumerated; and it fearfully realises the terrible nature of the War, to reflect how short an interval of time has sufficed to transfer those names from the muster-rolls of the Army to the eternal scroll of Fame.

No gloomy forebodings, however, of this nature damped the ardour with which all ranks, from the General to the recruit, set foot for the first time on Russian soil. The landing had been effected with a success the most sanguine could scarcely have looked for. Sebastopol was before

them, and a dreary period of weariness and inaction was about to be replaced by the chequered incidents and ever novel excitements of a campaign. The spot selected for disembarkation was a narrow strip of beach or causeway between the sea and one of those salt-water lakes so common in the Crimea :

> "On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
> Lay a great water."

To the south of this causeway rose, at a gentle elevation, a plateau conducting into the interior of the country, and it was here that our army passed their first night in an enemy's land. The day, independent of its own overwhelming interest, had not been uneventful in incidents of a more dramatic nature. In the morning, a Russian Officer, well mounted, and attended by three Cossacks, was seen coolly taking notes in his memorandum-book, as he rode along the cliff, of the number and disposition of the fleet, of which he was also observed to make a sketch. He was within rifle range, but was permitted to obtain whatever information he required unmolested : nor was this forbearance without its share of policy, since the substance of his observations could scarcely have been of an inspiriting nature to the Russians.

Later in the day, Sir George Brown, in pushing a reconnaissance too far without a sufficient escort, narrowly escaped being cut off by a party of Cossacks, who had been hidden from his view by an intervening eminence. He was only saved from capture by the timely fire of a piquet of Fusiliers and Riflemen, who put the Cossacks to flight, and drew the first blood of the campaign, by wounding a poor arabajee, who unfortunately happened to be in their line of fire.

During the disembarkation, a Russian camp, which had been discovered about eight miles to the south of the landing-place, was shelled by the Sampson, the Fury, and the Vesuvius, and by three French steamers, with great success. The practice of the Sampson was excellent, and her shells fell with such accuracy into the centre of the camp, that it was speedily destroyed, and the soldiers compelled to seek shelter in the interior of the country.

Such were the events of the Allies' first day in the Crimea, and if they were, as all will allow, of an encouraging character, it must be equally confessed, that the trials of their first night's experience of the hostile soil were such as might well have damped any ardour less unqualified than theirs.

In order to be enabled to dispose of as many effective men as possible, Lord Raglan had decided that all tents and officers' baggage should be left behind; and the men were landed with nothing but a small kit, their arms and ammunition, and the officers with their great-coats, haversacks, and revolvers; all carrying three days' rations, consisting of salt meat and biscuit. The day had been showery, and towards night the sky became completely overcast, and heavy rain began to fall. In spite of this, officers and men had fallen busily to work, and had prepared for their first bivouac, by collecting heaps of weeds, and of the fragrant shrubs with which the soil was covered and the air scented.

On these Arcadian couches, which, with a higher temperature and beneath a serener sky, a Sybarite might not have disdained, our tentless Army betook themselves to repose. As the night wore on, the rain increased in violence, and for hours it poured down in sheets of water, whose weight and volume mocked the powers of resistance of great-coats and blankets, and only found an impervious aquascutum in the human skin. The General and the private soldier shared the exposure alike, and one only embraced in the former category, thanks to the care of his staff, was provided with shelter from this "pitiless pelting." All were alike rejoiced when daylight enabled them to rise from the pools into which their bed-places had been converted, and, by a process the secret of which is confined to campaigners, obtain fire from such pieces of damp brush-wood as could be collected on the spot, and thus cook their meal, which, if not a sumptuous one, wanted not at any rate the most undeniable of sauces. During the day the Artillery and the Cavalry were landed in spite of a heavy sea and a dangerous surf, and, though some horses were lost, this difficult operation was accomplished on the whole most successfully.

The three following days were spent in recruiting the strength of the men, and in the indispensable preparations for an advance in the direction of the river Alma, on the opposite bank of which it was now understood that the enemy held a strongly intrenched position in considerable force. On the 18th Lord Raglan gave orders that the tents which had been landed after the discomforts of the first night should be struck at daybreak, and sent back on board ship; and on the 19th this order was carried out, and the Allies commenced their forward movement in the direction of Sebastopol.

As we are approaching a period marked by events whose interest is

even now almost as intense as at the moment when they occurred, and whose stirring nature will give small scope for digression in the narrative, it may not be amiss, ere we are carried along in the full rush of the resistless tide, to avail ourselves of this opportunity to take a brief glance at the geography of the invaded country, and the then resources and prospects of its defenders. In the former of these inquiries we shall be much indebted to the accurate research and clear statements of Mr. Milner's recent work on the Crimea, who thus commences a more extended sketch of the physical geography of the country than would be consistent with our limits. "The Crimea, formerly called Crim Tartary, and in remoter times known by the designation of Taurica Chersonesus, is a peninsula on the Northern Shore of the Black Sea, projecting into it from the mainland of Southern Russia. It forms part of the extreme South-Eastern corner of Europe. The territory henceforth of celebrity in our annals lies between the meridians of 32° 45′ and 36° 39′ East longitude, and between the parallels of 44° 40′ and 46° 5′ North latitude; thus corresponding in its latitudinal position with the North of Italy and the South of France. It extends rather more than 130 miles from North to South, by 170 miles from West to East; but the latter direction embraces a long narrow strip of country abutting eastward from the main mass. The total area is estimated at 10,050 square miles, which is equal to that of our own principality of Wales, with the addition to it of the English border-counties."

This peninsula is joined to the mainland by the Isthmus of Perekop, which is about seventeen miles in length by five in breadth, and is so nearly flush with the level of the seas on either side as to countenance the not improbable hypothesis that the Crimea was once actually an island. There are three small peninsulas comprised within the main one, to all of which a peculiar interest of their own, derived from the history either of the past or of the present, is attached. The first of these, the Spit of Arabat, is a narrow strip of land seventy miles in length, and often not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, dividing the Putrid Sea from the Sea of Azoff, which communicate with each other through the confined channel of the Strait of Genatch or Genitchi. "Here," adds the author from whom we have quoted above, "a bridge connects the peninsula with the mainland of Russia, and by this route the chief intercourse between the Eastern part of the Crimea and the Continent was carried on." But, thanks to the indefatigable zeal of Sir Edmund Lyons and the officers of the fleet, and to the enterprise,

coolness, and intelligence of Captain Lyons, of the Miranda, whose premature fate, following instantaneously on his brilliant successes, awoke so deep a sympathy in Queen and nation, this route has long been closed, as the Russians have already learned to their cost, in their increased and increasing commissariat difficulties.

The second peninsula is that of Kertch, on the East, which is also associated with one of the most successful of our naval exploits, and is historically memorable as the seat, for eight centuries, of the kingdom of the Bosphorus.

The third minor peninsula, the *Chersonesus Heracleotica* of the ancients, situate on the South-west coast, and bounded by the sea and by a line drawn from the upper end of the harbour of Sebastopol to the head of that at Balaklava, and in part by the River Tchernaya, "includes the Southern side of Sebastopol, the camps, batteries, and trenches, of the Allies before it, and the ground occupied by their army of observation." It thus comprises the theatre of a siege which carries back the imagination to that of Troy, and the hard contested battle-fields of Balaklava, Inkermann, and the Tchernaya; its soil is enriched with some of the most precious blood of England, France, and Sardinia, and its time-honoured and classic associations augmented by memories of more recent date, but of no less sacred and heroic character. It is with this portion of the Crimea that our present narrative will henceforth have chiefly to deal, since, with the exception of the battle of the Alma and the flank march to Balaklava, all the great events of the campaign connected with this series of Mr. Simpson's drawings occurred there. These drawings, whose wonderful accuracy will render them as indispensable to the future historian of the War as their graphic and life-like delineations make them a *sine quâ non* to all who are now interested in it (and who is not?), will give a far more pleasing and easily realised idea of the character and features of this part of the country than any verbal description, however elaborate; and to them the reader is accordingly referred.

With regard to the Russian resources in men and *matériel*, the data are still insufficient on which to form a correct opinion; and, amidst many conflicting statements, it becomes a very difficult task to evolve the exact truth. The results of the siege have, however, proved that it would not be easy to overstate the vast accumulation of *matériel* which the course of years, and the constant care and prevision of the

late Emperor, had garnered in Sebastopol. During these protracted perations every gun in the place, and their name is Legion, must have been renewed more than once; and only those who have beheld the pavement of the "Valley of the Shadow of Death" can thoroughly realise the enormous quantities of shot and shell which have been vomited from those iron mouths towards the trenches and batteries of the Allies; nor can the stock of provisions have fallen far short of a similar scale. When we reflect on the difficulties which attended our own land-transport during the winter, over a distance never exceeding seven miles, it is almost impossible to doubt that Liprandi's army must have frequently been compelled to draw upon the resources of Sebastopol, which must also have been largely drained by the garrison itself. The forces at the disposal of Prince Menschikoff, in the whole of the Crimea, were estimated, at the time of the expedition, according to Sir James Graham's statement before the Sebastopol Committee, at 70,000 men, of whom 40,000 were supposed to form the garrison of the place. This was in all probability a tolerably accurate computation,—but the numbers were largely increased before the battle of Inkermann,—and this enormous force had to depend for subsistence on provisions brought by way of Kertch or Perekop, across snow-covered steppes, and by animals who must have perished by thousands on the way, or to eke out the deficiency by what could be afforded them from the town. One of these sources of supply, and that one by far the most commodious and important, has since been stopped; but, though there are now symptoms of distress, at the end of twelve months Sebastopol was not reduced to starvation, and there were, at least, two Russian armies in the field. Gigantic, indeed, then, must have been the provision which could withstand so constant and so vast a demand; and the fact of the scale on which these preparations had been made, proves how well aware were the Russians of the colossal nature of the strife into which their reckless ambition was certain in the end to plunge the world.

The order of march of the Allied Armies, on the 19th of September, was as follows:—On the extreme right, with their right flank leaning on the sea, came the Turks, commanded by Suleiman Pasha, next to them the French, and on the left, and rather thrown back, the British. The Allied Fleets accompanied and protected the right of the line, and were in readiness, if necessary, to render services similar to those which had so admirable an effect on the event of the great action of

the succeeding day. None who beheld will ever forget the magnificent spectacle presented by this first combined movement of the Allied forces. The line extended over many miles of country from the sea inland, and the ground over which the men had to pass was peculiarly favourable to the display of large masses of troops, consisting as it did of a considerable plain, broken at intervals by a series of low hills running at right angles to the sea. The September sun shone brightly on a forest of bayonets; and while the eye rested with delight on grand and imposing masses of colour, blended, yet contrasted, the ear drank in a volume of sound, in which the shrill notes of innumerable bugles, and the roll of countless drums, were now lost, now harmonised, in the multitudinous hum of the armed host on their march. As they crested one of the ridges we have just mentioned, the first sight of the enemy greeted their longing eyes. On the other side of the intervening plain they discovered a large body of Russian Dragoons and Cossacks, supported by Artillery posted on the hill-side.

In an instant, the fatigue and exhaustion of a protracted march beneath a burning sun were forgotten, the drooping spirits of the men revived, and, after slaking their thirst in the insignificant but welcome stream of the Bulganac, they manifested the utmost ardour to encounter the foe. A slight skirmish ensued, followed very speedily by the retirement of the Russians. The Artillery on both sides took a prominent part in this smart little affair, and Captains Maude's and Brandling's troops made excellent practice on the enemy's squares of Cavalry, while our own exhibited a coolness and steadiness worthy of veteran soldiers, and which elicited the warmest praise from Lord Raglan.

On the following morning both armies moved towards the Alma, on the right bank of which they found the Russian Army holding a position immensely strong from the nature of the ground, and rendered doubly so by the skilful manner in which the enemy had availed himself of its advantages, by the erection of powerful batteries on the most commanding points, by the accumulation of obstacles to the advance of the Allies, and by the destruction of every species of shelter which could protect them in making that advance.

Lord Raglan, from whose admirable Despatch we shall have occasion to quote largely, thus describes this position. "It crosses the great road about two and a half miles from the sea, and is very strong by nature. The bold and almost precipitous range of heights, of from 350

to 400 feet, that from the sea closely borders the left bank of the river, here ceases, and formed their left, and turning thence round a great amphitheatre or wide valley, terminated at a salient pinnacle, where their right rested, and whence the descent to the plain was more gradual. The front was about two miles in extent. Across the mouth of this great opening is a lower ridge at different heights, varying from 60 to 150 feet, parallel to the river, and at distances from it of from 600 to 800 yards. The river itself is generally fordable for troops, but its banks are extremely rugged, and in most parts steep; the willows along it had been cut down, in order to prevent them from affording cover to the attacking party, and in fact everything had been done to deprive an assailant of any species of shelter. In front of the position, on the right bank, at about 200 yards from the Alma, is the village of Bourliouk, and near it a timber bridge, which had been partly destroyed by the enemy. The high pinnacle and ridge before alluded to were the key of the position, and consequently there the greatest preparations had been made for the defence. Half-way down the height and across its front was a trench of the extent of some hundred yards, to afford cover against an advance up the even steep slope of the hill. On the right, and a little retired, was a powerful covered battery, armed with heavy guns, which flanked the whole of the right of the position. Artillery at the same time was posted at the points that best command the passage of the river and its approaches generally. On the slopes of these hills, forming a sort of table-land, were placed dense masses of the enemy's infantry, while on the heights above was his great reserve; the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 40,000 and 50,000 men." It is impossible to add a word to this most graphic and lucid description of the arduous steep up which the Allies were to win their way to victory: the master hand is apparent in every stroke of the pencil. That hand is now cold in death; but bold indeed and eloquent must be the historian who would attempt to wield the pen which has fallen from its nerveless grasp.

The arrangement concerted between the Allied Commanders for attacking this strong position was "that Marshal St. Arnaud should assail the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea and immediately above it, and that the remainder of the French Divisions should move up the heights in their front, while the English Army should attack the right and centre of the enemy's position."

"The combined armies," continues Lord Raglan, "advanced on the same *alignement*, Her Majesty's troops, in continuous double columns, with the front of two Divisions, covered by light infantry and a troop of horse artillery; the Second Division under General Sir De Lacy Evans forming the right, and touching the left of the Third Division of the French Army; and the Light Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown forming the left, the first being supported by the Third Division under Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England, and the last by the First Division, commanded by Lieutenant-General His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The Fourth Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, and the cavalry under Major-General the Earl of Lucan, were held in reserve to protect the left flank and rear against large bodies of the enemy's cavalry, which had been seen in those directions."

As it was intended that the French should, if possible, turn the Russian left, before the English attacked the right and centre of the position, our gallant Allies were engaged for some time before our own troops, who on getting within range of the enemy's guns were ordered to lie down, and remained in this attitude until the moment for their action arrived. At half-past twelve the French steamers commenced shelling the heights, which, where the Alma falls into the sea, are abrupt and precipitous; an operation which was attended with the most complete success, and which in a short time compelled the enemy to retire from the cliffs, while it permitted the Zouaves to clamber up their almost inaccessible heights. This they accomplished with a degree of agility and rapidity which was the admiration of all of our own troops who were fortunate enough to witness it, and, forming into lines as they reached the summit, they dashed at the Russians with the bayonet, and drove in their outposts in every direction. "Here," says Marshal St. Arnaud, "commenced a real battle all along the line, a battle with its episodes of brilliant feats of valour. Your Majesty may be proud of your soldiers; they have not degenerated,—they are the soldiers of Austerlitz and of Jena." Nor was this high praise unmerited:—exposed to a heavy and destructive fire of musketry at short range, the French still pushed on, and, though for a moment checked, would not recede, nor yield an inch of ground. The contest raged with peculiar fury around an octangular white tower, still in an unfinished state; and here it was that Serjeant-Major Fleury displayed a heroism and forgetfulness of self which, though it cost him dear, was assuredly not without its moral effect on the event of the day. Throwing

himself into this tower, he succeeded in planting the Tricolor on its summit: no sooner had he accomplished this act of daring than he fell mortally wounded. Exasperated at the fate of their hero, the Zouaves again charged the Russians at the point of the bayonet, with that peculiar vehemence which has been so often and so naturally contrasted with the "solidity" of the English advance; and the enemy, unable to make head against the impetuous rush of this torrent of war, were compelled to retreat in confusion on their centre, which the French were still menacing when the action concluded. "At half-past four they were," says their own General, "everywhere victorious." And having thus accompanied them through the successful and glorious accomplishment of their portion of the joint enterprise, it is time that we should revert to our own troops, who, at half-past one, were ordered to advance.

"On approaching to near the fire of the guns, which soon became extremely formidable, the two leading divisions (the Second and Light) deployed into line, and advanced to attack the front: and the supporting divisions (the Third and First) followed the movement. Hardly had this taken place, when the village of Bourliouk, immediately opposite the centre, was fired by the enemy at all points, creating a continuous blaze for 300 yards, obscuring their position, and rendering a passage through it impracticable. Two regiments of Brigadier-General Adams' brigade, part of the Second Division, had, in consequence, to pass the river at a deep and difficult ford to the right under a sharp fire, while the other brigade, under Major-General Pennefather, and the remaining regiment of Brigadier-General Adams, crossed to the left of the conflagration, opposed by the enemy's artillery from the heights above, and pressed on to the left of their position with the utmost gallantry and steadiness.

"In the meanwhile the Light Division under Sir George Brown effected the passage of the Alma in his immediate front. The banks of the river itself were, from their rugged and broken nature, most serious obstacles, and the vineyards, through which the troops had to pass, and the trees which the enemy had felled, created additional impediments, rendering every species of formation, under a galling fire, nearly an impossibility. Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown advanced against the enemy under great disadvantages. In this difficult operation he nevertheless persevered, and the first brigade, under Major-General Codrington, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, materially aided by the judicious and steady manner in which Brigadier-General Buller moved on the left flank, and by the

advance of four companies of the Rifle Brigade under Major Norcott, who promises to be a distinguished officer of light troops. The heavy fire of grape and musketry, however, to which the troops were exposed, and the losses consequently sustained by the 7th, 23d, and 33d regiments, obliged this brigade partially to relinquish its hold."

The Russians had taken accurate ranges for their fire, which they had marked by targets and posts, so that, as the leading regiments reached the points thus designated, they entered literally into a storm of missiles of every description. Incredible as it may appear, such is the innate coolness and contempt of danger in the British soldier, that in the midst of this fatal hail, and with their comrades falling thickly around them, numbers of the men were observed eagerly to seek for and pluck the ripe grapes, whose tempting clusters hung in profusion on the vines through which they had to pass. The losses referred to in the last paragraph quoted from Lord Raglan's Despatch, were indeed terrific; but it was not until the gallant Light Division had actually crowned the height, and forced the redoubt, that physical exhaustion and numerical weakness compelled them partially to retire. The 95th regiment, which was immediately on the right of the 7th, suffered equally with the Light Division, and the melancholy fate of two of its officers, brothers, who were shot down within a few minutes of each other, supplies one of the saddest incidents of the history of the campaign, but one which is, alas! by no means a solitary one. "The 55th, 30th, and 95th," says Mr. Russell, "led by Brigadier Pennefather, who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men, again and again were checked indeed, but never drew back in their onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minié musketry. The 7th Fusiliers, led by Colonel Yea, were swept down by fifties." "In the capture of the battery," says General Torrens, writing to the father of one of the officers who fell there, "the poor dear old Welsh (the 23d) were foremost. Their loss has been frightful. Chester (their Colonel), Wynn, Evans, Conolly, my poor sister's boy, Harry Anstruther, Butler, Radcliffe, Young, *were all killed dead at the same moment*, and within a space of 100 square yards. Applethwaite (it is feared mortally), Campbell, Sayer, Bathurst, Stopton, wounded; only six officers remain untouched, and nearly 200 men are *hors de combat*." Sir George Brown, who was in front of his division, cheering on the men, had his horse shot under him, and was for a moment supposed to be killed.

"By this time, however, the Duke of Cambridge had succeeded in

crossing the river, and had moved up in support, and a brilliant advance of the brigade of Foot Guards, under Major-General Bentinck, drove the enemy back and secured the final possession. The Highland brigade, under Sir Colin Campbell, advanced in admirable order and steadiness up the high ground to the left, and in co-operation with the Guards; and Major-General Pennefather's brigade, which had been connected with the right of the Light Division, forced the enemy completely to abandon the position they had taken such pains to defend and secure."

This brilliant advance of the Guards was indeed the turning point, and the decisive moment of the battle. The Light Division, after gaining the redoubt, thinned in numbers, and, exhausted by the toilsome ascent of the heights, received a withering volley from a mass of Russians posted above it, and who had been mistaken for French, and were compelled to abandon their hard-won conquest. As they retired down the hill, they met the advancing Guards, who were compelled to reserve their fire, to avoid destroying their own comrades, and, one of the broken regiments falling back upon the Fusilier Guards, threw that corps into considerable confusion, during which it sustained a terrific loss both in officers and men. In spite of these disadvantages, however, the rest of the brigade continued its ascent of the now blood-stained heights, amidst sights and sounds of the most appalling description, in such steady order, and with such cool determination, as gave to the storming of a fearfully strong position all the aspect of a perfect parade movement. The enthusiasm of the men was indescribable. "Unless I had seen it," says an Officer of the Guards in writing home, "I could not have believed the indomitable pluck of our wounded and dying. As we advanced, we passed a poor fellow with both his legs shot off. He threw a handful of dust in the air, and said 'God bless you, Guards; give it to them, my boys.' And our surgeon told me, that not a single wounded man complained, and that only one man required brandy to sustain the operation."

Another account takes up the story at this point: "Not a shot did they (the Guards) fire till within from 150 to 200 yards of the intrenchments. A battery of eighteen and twenty-four pounders was in our front, and a swarm of riflemen behind it. Fortunately the enemy's fire was much too high, passing close over our heads; the men who were here killed being all hit on the crown of the head. When we got about fifty yards from the intrenchment the enemy turned tail, leaving us masters of the battery and the day."

Our Artillery, which had rendered a most essential service at a very critical moment of the day, by the admirably directed fire of two guns, which, in spite of the difficult nature of the ground, had been brought to bear on the masses of Russian infantry, now contributed to convert the already achieved success into a victory. Playing with the most deadly effect upon the columns of the retreating foe, they mowed them down by hundreds, and literally strewed the ground with their dead and dying. And now defeat would have been changed into utter rout had the Allies been able to follow up with Cavalry the advantages they had gained. The nature of the expedition, however, and the absolute necessity of landing every available foot-soldier, had compelled the French to leave this branch of their army to follow with the reserve; and the English Cavalry, which had already distinguished itself in the skirmish of the day before, and which was of the greatest use in holding in check the Cossacks who menaced our left flank, were yet not in sufficient numbers to justify their being employed in a long pursuit. They succeeded, however, in taking some prisoners. Three guns only belonging to the Russians were captured. "If, Sire," writes Marshal Saint Arnaud to the Emperor, "I had had Cavalry I should have obtained immense results, and Menschikoff would no longer have had an army; but it was late, our troops were harassed, and the cannon of our Artillery was exhausted." Still the Russian loss was immense. It has been variously estimated at from 4000 to 6000: the latter number is probably the nearest to the truth. Near the redoubt, and on the heights, the dead of both sides lay in heaps, but those of the enemy were thickest. Accoutrements of all kinds, dead horses, Russian helmets, piles of arms, abandoned in the flight, were spread on every side, and completed the confusion of the terrible scene. It was about half-past four P. M. when the action terminated, and, as the roar of cannon and the roll of musketry died away, their last reverberations were succeeded by sounds, fainter indeed and less distinct, but whose import was more sad and desolating than the blank silence of an untrodden waste. On the night of the 20th the Allies bivouacked on the field of battle, and snatched such rest as was possible on a scene so fraught with horrors, and amidst the groans of the wounded, the agonised cry for water, and the hoarse death-rattle of strong men in their last earthly struggle. It was many, many hours before all our own sufferers could be cared for; and the Russian wounded, who, it is asserted, covered, when collected, an acre of ground, were necessarily left to the

last; but in the long and painful interval many a wound was bound up, many a parched lip moistened, by the compassionate victors in the strife, who, in the tender and gentle spirit in which they discharged their errand of mercy, emulated qualities often supposed to be the distinguishing characteristics of the other sex. And when the shadows of night covered, with a pitying veil, the details of the harrowing scene, and permitted individual solitude amidst a throng, manly cheeks, which had not blenched "e'en where the thickest of war's tempest lowered," were wet with bitter tears for the untimely fate of comrades and friends, whom "the place that knew should know no more."

On the following day Marshal St. Arnaud, who had long been suffering from an incurable heart disease, became so unwell as to be compelled to transfer the command-in-chief of the French army to General Canrobert. During the action, in spite of the physical exhaustion which rendered him unable to sit on his horse without support, he had continued to give his orders with the greatest calmness; and his presence of mind was no more disturbed by the corporeal anguish which he resolutely subdued, than by the surrounding dangers of which his bravery made him unconscious. But the excitement of the day, and this combined mental and bodily effort, overtaxed his failing strength. He never resumed his command; and on the 29th of September he died on board the Berthollet of exhaustion produced by cholera, deservedly lamented by France, and by the Emperor, who, on the 11th of October, decreed him a public funeral at the Invalides.

The 21st and 22d of September were employed by the troops in attending on and embarking our own wounded, and in burying the dead on both sides, in which melancholy offices they received the most material assistance from both the officers and men of the fleet, who displayed an indefatigable zeal and a warmth of sympathy beyond all praise. The Russians, who had been entirely abandoned by their own people, having had their wounds bound and dressed, were left under the care of Dr. Thompson of the 44th, who heroically devoted himself to this arduous and trying task, and who, soon after rejoining the head-quarters of the British Army, fell a victim to cholera; the result, it is scarcely possible to doubt, of his philanthropic exertions in behalf of the enemy. At day-break on the 23d the British Army was under arms, and soon after the Allies moved from those heights to which so many memories of sorrow and of glory are attached, and marched in the direction of the river Katcha, on the banks of which they arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon,

without having come upon a trace of the enemy. After having crossed the river, however, they beheld the most indisputable evidences of a precipitate flight, amounting to panic, on the part of the Russian Army. The road was covered with arms, accoutrements, and cartridges, which had been hastily abandoned to facilitate the rapidity of their retreat, and the account given by some Tartars who came into the British lines, confirmed the obvious deductions from data so clear. The Russians, it appears, had reached the Katcha on the night of the battle, and an alarm having spread that the English and French were in pursuit, dreading a fresh encounter with foes flushed with victory and confident of success, they had manifested the better part of valour, and decamped.

This circumstance renders the want of cavalry at Alma, and the inevitable delays subsequent to the battle, the more to be deplored, since it can scarcely be doubted that, had the false alarm been a founded one, the Russian presentiments would have been verified in the issue, and it is difficult to limit the advantages which might have accrued from such a result.

On the 24th the armies marched on the Belbek River, and finding the Russians in position on its right bank, they took ground to the left, thus turning the Russian batteries, and the English occupied the village of Belbek for the night.

The Allies were now within four miles of Sebastopol, and in all probability there was not a soul in either army, with the exception of the Commanders and those in their confidence, who did not anticipate that the Northern side of the fortress was to be the object of attack. The place originally chosen for the landing, the line of march subsequent to the battle of the Alma, and many other circumstances, would combine to suggest such a plan of operations as being the one most likely to have been decided on by the two Generals, and indeed it is believed with reason that the course eventually adopted was in part the result of a careful *reconnaissance* of the fortifications on this side of the town. These were known to be in themselves stronger than those on the South, and were found on observation to have been still further strengthened since the landing of the Allies in the Crimea had appeared to indicate to the enemy the direction of the attack which they had to dread. Any attempt on this side therefore was certain to be attended with delay and loss, nor did the mouths either of the Katcha or the Belbek afford so sure an anchorage as might have justified their being taken as a base of opera-

tions in the event of a protracted siege. On the other hand, the fortifications to the South were of a less formidable character, and were supposed to be even slighter than the event proved them, while the Chersonesus was known to possess harbours, commencing with that of Balaklava, which would afford shelter to a number of vessels, greater even than that required in so extensive an enterprise. Some such considerations as these must have determined the march upon Balaklava, a movement whose boldness of conception was only equalled by the judiciousness of its execution, and the good fortune with which that execution was attended.

This great flank march, one of the happiest strategic inspirations on record, which at the time when it was carried out was the theme of loud and universal eulogy, has since fallen into some degree of disfavour, from the supposed disproportion of its results to the anticipations formed. Such is at best but an illogical mode of arriving at an opinion; but even by this standard it may be fairly defended, since it must, at least, remain a matter of doubt whether the difficulties, delays, and disasters which marked the progress of the siege on the South, would not have been equalled, perhaps outstripped, by those the Allies would have had to encounter on the North.

On the 25th, then, the English and French, leaving the Belbek, began to march in a south-easterly direction, which soon brought them into a wood so thick and entangled as to present serious obstacles to the orderly movement of troops, and in which part of them were actually compelled to direct their movements by the aid of the compass. On emerging from its intricacies Lord Raglan, who was riding considerably in advance with his staff, came suddenly upon a large body of Russian infantry, which proved to be the rear-guard of a strong detachment, also executing a "flank movement" on Bakschiserai.

Our artillery and cavalry soon came up, and, after a few rounds from the guns and a charge from the cavalry, the astonished Russians once more took to their heels, without having inflicted the slightest loss on their opponents, and leaving behind them in their flight an enormous quantity of baggage of every description, and several waggons laden with powder. The victors in this easy skirmish continued their march, and halted for the night in the little hamlet of Traktir, on the Tchernaya, since celebrated as the scene of the complete discomfiture of the Russians on the 16th of August, in their obstinate and repeated efforts to carry the bridge

which crosses the river at that point, and thus to turn the position of the French and Sardinians. On the following day Lord Raglan reached Balaklava, and after a faint show of resistance from the Genoese fort, whose ruins crown one of the heights overlooking the harbour, but which was speedily subdued by the fire of Her Majesty's ship Agamemnon, and of the Rifles and some of the Light Division, the place surrendered at discretion, and the Commandant, with the fifty or sixty men who formed its garrison, were made prisoners. The Agamemnon had arrived thus opportunely, thanks to the energy and enterprise of Lieutenant Maxse, R.N., who, on the preceding day, volunteered to Lord Raglan to return alone through a difficult country infested with Cossacks, and to communicate the movements of the Armies to the Fleets. During the march of the 25th the French had been constantly taking ground to the left, and thus, when the Allies sat down before Sebastopol, the relative position of the two Armies, which had been preserved hitherto from the landing, was reversed, the left attack falling to the lot of the French, who immediately established their base of operations at Kamiesch, and the surrounding creeks, while the whole of the right attack, from Inkermann to the ravine at the head of Dockyard Creek, was at first undertaken by the English. Considerable disappointment was at first felt by both Armies, when it was found that no immediate assault was intended, but that recourse would be had to the slower and less exciting operations of a regular siege; and the voice of more than one high in authority in the British Army was, it is stated, raised in favour of the prompter and more vigorous course of action. The counsels of caution however prevailed, though it is questionable whether, could the trials and disasters of the coming winter have been foreseen, any risks would not have been encountered for the sake of avoiding, if possible, such terrible calamities. There is considerable discrepancy of opinion as to what the fortifications on the South side actually were at this period, but the only permanent ones were the Malakoff Tower and a low crenellated wall on the western side of Dockyard Creek.

From the moment, however, that the South side was threatened, the Russians employed themselves day and night in throwing up earthworks and batteries, which proceeded more than *pari passu* with our own siege-works, since the enemy pressed even women and children into the service, thus rendering available the whole population of the town. Every preparation indeed was now being made on the part of the besieged for a

desperate defence, and the extraordinary resolution adopted and carried out by Prince Menschikoff, of sinking several of the largest ships of the Russian Navy across the great mouth of the harbour, announced that no sacrifice would be shrunk from which could contribute to this end.

Aktiar, the modern Sebastopol, was long an almost unnoticed village on the southern shore of the harbour, and would appear to have been indebted for its present eminence to the piercing eye and quick military intuition of Suwarrow, that strange compound,

"Hero, buffoon, half demon, and half dirt,"

who, to all these qualities, added at least a consummate knowledge of his art. Wishing to drive away a Turkish fleet which was at anchor in the port, without permitting it to communicate with the Tartars, whose affection for the Russian *protection*, which the Crimea was then enjoying, was somewhat suspect, he took possession of the heights on either side, and immediately began, favoured by night, to fortify the mouth of the harbour.

This step had its desired effect, and the Turks at once quitted an anchorage which might soon have become a prison; but the lesson was not thrown away, and in 1786 a naval and military station was founded under its present imposing title.

The late Emperor, whose whole reign was occupied in a slow and dissembled but steady pursuance of the hereditary policy of Russia, conscious of the vast importance of the position in reference to his long-meditated plans upon Turkey, took the greatest interest in its development, and it was under his auspices, and during the vice-royalty of Prince Woronzoff, that it became that standing menace to the independence of the Porte, which led to the threatening of its own existence.

Sebastopol is thus described by a contemporary author whom we have before had occasion to quote:—

"The roadstead or great harbour, entirely scooped by the hand of nature, is one of the most remarkable in Europe,—a repetition of Malta upon a larger scale, and of Sydney upon a smaller. It extends east and west upwards of four miles, by an average breadth of more than half a mile. The shores are naked, barren, and steep, but gradually flatten towards the upper extremity. There are no dangerous rocks or reefs, and good holding-ground everywhere, with a nearly equal depth of water up to the edges of the basin. The entrance, about 1400 yards across, is wide enough to facilitate navigation, and allow vessels to tack, yet suffi-

ciently narrow to break the force of the sea and admit of easy defence. The northern side consists of a line of acclivities unbroken by an inlet; the southern, on which the town is placed, has three creeks, forming inner havens, two of which run up into it. These lesser harbours are admirably adapted for the requirements of a naval station and commercial port, being completely sheltered by high limestone cliffs, and having at their extremities a depth of nearly forty feet of water, sufficient for vessels of the largest draught. First, after passing the entrance of the roads, is Artillery Bay, the ordinary merchant haven; next is the Admiralty or South Bay (now generally known as Dockyard Creek), the largest of the three, appropriated to men-of-war, the dockyard, and other naval purposes; last, towards the east, is Careening Bay. The town lies principally between and behind the first and second of these bays, on the slope of a hill rising from them, intersected by deep ravines. Outside the entrance of the great inlet, on the same side, is the Quarantine Bay; and five creeks occur between it and Cape Chersonese, the extreme point of land jutting out from the Crimea into the Black Sea. They were all deserted, or used only by vessels driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in them, till the arrival of the Allied Armies, when the French made Kamiesch Bay their port for the landing of stores and troops.

"The seaward defences of the port consist of eleven or twelve forts and batteries, mounting altogether from 800 to 1200 guns, for accounts of the number vary to this extent. Fort Constantine guards the entrance of the great inlet on the northern side, and Fort Alexander on the southern, while Forts Nicholas and Paul protect the mouth of the central inner haven. These are the strongest points, consisting each of three tiers of batteries.

* * * * * *

"Sebastopol extends more than a mile in length, in the direction of the port, by about three quarters of a mile inland. On the land side it was an open town, being only partly defended by a loop-holed wall, entirely useless. The government, only thinking of attacks by sea, confined its attention to making that quarter invulnerable. The public buildings include the Admiralty, vast barracks for troops, and magazines for stores a cathedral and numerous green-domed churches, an Italian opera, a club-house, a library, and several hotels, with the simple monument of Kosarsky, a naval officer who distinguished himself in the last Turko-Russian War."

On the 17th October, on which day the Allies, having sufficiently completed their preparations, opened fire, the Russians had also finished a continuous and most powerful line of defences, which, avoiding technicalities as much as possible, may be thus briefly enumerated: To the south-west of Careening Bay, and at the extreme left of their line, the Malakoff or Round Tower before mentioned, and whose name has since become so familiar to every one acquainted with the history of the siege, had been surrounded with powerful earthworks, which, equally with the tower itself, were mounted with guns of heavy calibre. Next to this work, and on its proper right, was another, technically known as the Redan, of vast strength, and similarly armed. Next to this, again, in the same direction, and still on the eastern side of Dockyard Creek, the Barrack Battery, and on the other side the Flagstaff Battery, or Bastion du Mât, the loop-holed wall, and a line of works terminated by the Quarantine Battery, which formed the extreme right of the Russian line of defence.

In the meanwhile the Allies had not been idle. On the 9th of October the French succeeded, without interruption from the enemy, in completing about 900 metres of a regular trench, and on the night of the 10th the British also broke ground with similar success, but not with the same immunity from molestation, as the Russians, who were on the alert, never ceased firing on our lines during the whole night. Their fire, however, was not very effective, and before daybreak about 1200 yards of trench had been completed in the teeth of this opposition, and in spite of the rocky and difficult nature of the ground on which our men had to work. From this time the siege-works progressed with unexampled rapidity on both sides, and on the 17th the Russians found themselves opposed by a series of well-constructed and heavily-armed batteries, which promised, even to the least sanguine among the assailants, results which the event failed to justify. The enemy was apparently aware of the moment of the long-threatened attack, and, for half an hour before the signal preconcerted by the Allies was given, a heavy fire was opened upon them all along the line. This was replied to by the English and French batteries at half-past six, and a vigorous cannonade was maintained for some time on both sides, without any decided superiority being manifested on either. At the end of an hour and a half, however, the first indications of the balance inclining in favour of the Russians began to be exhibited; some of the French works, owing to an engineering oversight, were found to be enfiladed by the enemy's guns, and this circumstance, added to the

heavy weight of metal by which they were assailed, gradually overpowered the fire of our Allies, which began sensibly to slacken.

Shortly before nine o'clock the French magazine on the extreme right of their attack unfortunately exploded, causing a very severe loss, and the Russians followed up their advantage with such vigour, that ere long they had all but completely silenced the French batteries.

Towards the middle of the day the three Allied fleets, at the urgent instance of the Generals, who had calculated much on the effects of this diversion, ran in and engaged the sea-ward forts with the greatest energy.

The firing on shore was now also excessively hot on all sides, and at this period of the day the scene was one to which no powers of description could do adequate justice. Thick wreaths of smoke enveloped the town, the harbour, and the ships, and this fearful fire-mist was illumined and reddened by incessant flashes, while the ear was deafened by the multitudinous roar of nearly a thousand pieces of the heaviest ordnance, accompanied by that indescribable but appalling hurtling of the air produced by the screaming of shell and the hoarse whistle of round shot as they fly on their errand of death and destruction. Later in the day another French magazine burst, and subsequently two or three Russian ones, the most fearful explosion of the day being one which occurred in the Redan. Eye-witnesses declare that for some seconds after it occurred the air was black with showers of loose earth, stones, and débris of every description, amongst which the keener eyes or more vivid imaginations of some who have described the scene, descried legs and arms, and other fragmentary remains of what shortly previous had been living and breathing men. The Redan, however, was not silenced, the Russians returning with indomitable resolution to their guns.

The fleets, meanwhile, had not been idle,—broadside after broadside had been fired on Forts Nicholas, Constantine, and the remaining sea-defences. Our Navy, on this occasion, was not unworthy of its ancient fame, and emulated, on its own element, the heroic efforts and unflinching courage of the detachment of its sons who were sharing in the operations on shore. Sir Edmund Lyons, with that recklessness of danger which is only equalled by his cool judgment and quick perception,—qualities which have made him the darling of the fleet which he now commands,—ran the Agamemnon to within 900 yards of Fort Constantine, which he engaged closely, maintaining his perilous position until sunset rendered further operations impossible. "The Agamemnon," says a Naval Officer who

was present, "lay close to her work, and would have breached it, but the fire at times had to be withdrawn to silence the small forts on the hill, which were hulling her meantime." The Bellerophon succeeded in silencing the mischievous little Wasp Fort and some mud-batteries established on the hill above Fort Constantine, eliciting from the Agamemnon the complimentary signal, "Well done, Bellerophon!" A tribute not confined to that ship.

Captain M'Cleverty again manifested that cool daring which distinguished him at Odessa, and engaged the fort opposed to him with the engines of the Terrible stopped; and every officer and man in the fleet displayed the greatest ardour, and the most thorough contempt of danger. All that human skill, energy, and resolution could effect was achieved; but when night compelled the fleets to draw off, the long-pending question between wooden and granite walls had been definitively settled in one case, at least, in favour of the latter. The damage done to the Russian fortifications was insignificant; batteries had, indeed, been silenced for a time, because the artillerymen could no longer serve their guns under so heavy a fire, but the batteries still remained, seamed here and there, and blackened, but undestroyed.

The fleets, on the other hand, suffered a severe loss in men, and many of the ships suffered most severely from the rough handling which they received from the forts.

The Albion and the Arethusa were compelled to withdraw in an excessively crippled state; the Firebrand was scarcely in a better position; and the Retribution had her mainmast shot away. The results obtained were not commensurate to the sacrifice; and in no subsequent bombardment did the fleets take a share, though they have since contributed less directly, but not less surely to the long-delayed fate of Sebastopol. The fire on shore slackened towards evening, and ceased at the same time as that at sea. By this time the Round Tower had been knocked into a shapeless mass of ruins, but the earthworks around it were still in existence. The Redan had been nearly silenced; but the French batteries had been so knocked about, and the injuries resulting from the explosion of the two magazines were so great, that a considerable delay took place before our Allies were enabled to resume the offensive. On the next day the superiority of the Russian artillery was still more clearly established; and from this time the fire of the Allies continued to grow daily more feeble, until their ammunition being exhausted, and many

of the guns and mortars worn out, it became necessary, before resuming the attack in earnest, to await the arrival and employment of a new siege-train. Many interesting anecdotes are related of this bombardment, most of which must be familiar to the majority of our readers. The Naval Brigade, who distinguished themselves by their activity, energy, carelessness of danger, and cheerfulness of demeanour, contributed a large portion of these stories, in many of which there is a mixture of the tragic and grotesque, reminding one forcibly of some of Hogarth's pictures.

Captain Peel of the Diamond stands out in bold relief amongst these amphibious heroes, whose hearts, however, he won so completely, by a courage almost bordering on rashness, and by an exhibition of qualities the most congenial to their own, that no enterprise, however desperate, would have had terrors for them under his auspices. Our loss during this bombardment was surprisingly small, when recalled in connexion with its long duration, and the severe fire to which our men were exposed; and this fact reflects the highest credit on the engineering of the Allies. It was long before it was accurately known to what extent the enemy had suffered, but it has since been confidently stated that their casualties during this period amounted to 8000, and this assertion has never been disputed. Sickness, however, was beginning already to make great ravages among our troops, and about this time a constant drain on their numbers commenced, which increased in an alarming ratio as winter set in, and which no reinforcements were able to make head against, until the improved condition of the men, and the return of a more genial season, checked and finally terminated it. More pressing cares even than these now demanded the attention and taxed the energies and skill of the commanders, while they gave fresh opportunities to the Armies for the display of that devoted courage and unshaken constancy, which will cast an immortal halo around the history of this expedition. The acts of the terrible drama succeed each other with a rapidity that even at this short distance of time is startling, and the incidents rise in a progression of tragic and solemn grandeur till they reach their climax in the deadly struggle at Inkermann. Scarcely six weeks had elapsed from the landing in the Crimea, and yet how many stirring events had been crowded into the interval: battles lost and won, reputations made and destroyed, boys turned into old campaigners; hearts once beating high with hope and with the excitement of the strife stilled for ever; restless fears and heart-sickening anxieties quelled in hopeless certainty; prayers fervently offered up in the far-off sanctuary of

home, while their object lay stiff and stark with his face to the sky, yet answered in their highest meaning—confidence gained, illusions dispelled, victory alternating with disappointment, sorrow with joy, life with death.

For weeks one thought had been in every mind, one topic in every mouth, and, as mail after mail arrived with its varying intelligence and ever constant theme, pale faces, which had watched for news of the absent and the loved, grew paler with the pangs of hope deferred, or became fixed and rigid with despair, while others flushed with rapture as the one loved name came coupled with heroic deeds in the present, and brightest promise for the future. One vast electric chain of sympathy, admiration, and love connected, throughout the broad expanse of the three kingdoms, palace and cottage, peasant and peer, and when the news of the unparalleled self-sacrifice consummated on the plains of Balaklava on the 25th of October flew through its links, it conveyed a shock to the great heart of the nation which will never be forgotten. "The Light Cavalry are destroyed!" such was the horror-stricken exclamation which burst from myriads of lips, coupled with the firmly-expressed conviction, long ere details could be known, that the fate of her most gallant sons had been such as weeping England would enshrine among her proudest and most glorious memories.

For some days previous to the 25th October, a large Russian force had been observed among the hills on the right front of the Allied position protecting Balaklava, or, as it is frequently called, the rear of the position before Sebastopol. This position, naturally of immense strength, had been fortified with great care by the French, who had thrown up formidable intrenchments, armed at suitable points with powerful batteries, and was considered by competent authorities as all but impregnable. The intrenchments, starting from a point above the head of the harbour of Balaklava, skirted the edge of the plateau of the Chersonesus in a direction nearly due south, with the exception of a re-entering angle, which they formed in following the sides of a valley which runs into the hills shortly beyond the village of Kadikoi. Standing with the back to Kadikoi, and looking across the valley of Balaklava, the eye rests on four conical-shaped hillocks, the one on the extreme right, known as Canrobert's Hill (from the fact of that General having met Lord Raglan there after the flank march), being within a short distance of the small hamlet of Kamara, which it overlooks. On each of these hills the Turks had thrown up a powerful earthen redoubt, armed with heavy guns, lent to them from our ships; and in the camp they were known as Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, counting from

Canrobert's Hill to our left. These redoubts formed a species of advanced screen to the main position, with which they were connected towards the north-west by a chain of Turkish earthworks. They were, however, a source of weakness rather than strength, as the events of this day fully demonstrated, and, though three of them were retaken after the close of the action, Lord Raglan wisely determined to abandon this extended line, and thenceforth confined the position within its more natural and manageable limits.

The defences of Balaklava were completed by some strong batteries erected on the steep height which forms the eastern shoulder of the port, and the care of which was entrusted to the Marines. It was clearly of the deepest importance to the Russians to force a position, the possession of which would have cut off the English from their base of operations, compromised the crowded shipping in the port, and in all human probability have enabled them to compel the Allies to raise the siege; and they consequently determined to attack it with all the force at their disposal. Early in the morning, therefore, they debouched into the open ground in front of the redoubts, with eighteen or nineteen battalions of infantry, thirty to forty guns, and a large body of cavalry. Eight battalions, covered by a cloud of skirmishers, and supported by sixteen guns, at once attacked No. 1 redoubt, which Sir Colin Campbell states to have been defended by the Turks as long as defence was possible, when, overpowered by numbers, they retreated on the other redoubts, suffering severely as they did so from the cavalry of the enemy.

Other accounts do not give our Ottoman Allies the same credit for this obstinate resistance; but, whatever their conduct in the first instance, there can be no doubt that small delay occurred in their evacuation of the other batteries, from which they were rapidly driven in succession, only to fall, in most cases, beneath the lances and sabres of their ruthless Cossack pursuers, who cut them to pieces in their precipitate flight. Some of those who escaped formed again on the right and left flanks of the 93d Highlanders, who were posted on a slightly rising ground in front of Kadikoi; but by far the majority pursued their headlong career in the direction of Balaklava, indicating their idea of the last resource, of what they considered as the already defeated English, by shouting to all whom they met, in the frantic accents of fear, the cabalistic phrase, "Ship, Johnny." The enemy, having gained possession of the redoubts, now advanced their artillery and a large mass of cavalry; and Sir Colin Campbell, finding that his High-

landers were beginning to suffer from the well-directed fire of the former, most judiciously retired the 93d a few paces behind the crest of the hill. The Russian cavalry now broke into two bodies, the larger of which was destined to engage Lord Lucan's cavalry, while the smaller, but by no means despicable portion, charged the 93d. So great was Sir Colin Campbell's confidence in this fine regiment, that, after advancing them to the crest of the hill, he permitted them to receive the cavalry in line; and so imposing was the front they thus presented, that, in spite of the flight of the Turks from their right flank, the Russian squadrons never dared to come within 500 yards of them, but, after receiving their fire at this distance, retired completely discomfited, and did not attempt to renew the attack.

Let us now turn to the more imposing body of Russian horsemen, who, confident in their overwhelming superiority of numbers, are descending the hill-ground in our front in spite of a well-directed fire from the Marine batteries on the hills, evidently bent on the utter annihilation of the handful of British squadrons opposed to them. On they come, steadily, but slackening their pace as they approach, in two lines, each nearly double as long as ours, and thrice as deep; but, scarcely have they reached the plain, when the English trumpets ring out the charge, and the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, advances to meet them. In front are the Scots Greys and the Enniskillen Dragoons, with the 5th Dragoon Guards supporting them in second line, aided by a flank attack of the 4th Dragoon Guards.

On dash the Greys and Enniskilleners, burning with ardour, and urged by a spirit of noble and fraternal emulation; and as they near the hostile squadrons a clear ringing cheer, whose thrilling tones waken simultaneous yet contrasting echoes in the hearts of friend and foe, rises to the welkin, and dominates for a moment over the deep thunder of the artillery; and now—

" —— the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In the middle with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leaped the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks: part reeled, but kept their seats:
Part rolled on the earth, and rose again and drew:
Part stumbled, mixed with floundering horses.

* * *

With stroke on stroke horses and horsemen came,
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying off the roofs, and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champain till it strikes
On a wood, and takes and breaks, and cracks and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar that the earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry."

The first line of the Russians received the impetuous attack right in the centre, and strove like a huge serpent coiling up its vast extremities to overlap and strangle its foe in a fatal embrace; but in vain: the deadly folds are severed at countless points by the relentless steel of the assailant, who, while the *disjecta membra* are striving with a languid vitality to reunite for fresh defence, has won his resistless way through the very heart of the supporting squadrons. The work thus nobly commenced was as gallantly completed, and, while the enemy were attempting to rally from the terrific shock of the first charge, the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards rushed on with the force of a pent-up torrent, and with an enthusiasm only equalled by that of their glorious predecessors, and in a few moments turned the first discomfiture of the Russian cavalry into an utter and disgraceful rout.

"Thus," says Lord Lucan, "under every disadvantage of ground, these eight small squadrons succeeded in defeating and dispersing a body of cavalry estimated at three times their number, and more;" and, it may be added, with a loss which was absolutely trifling in comparison to the results obtained. Up to this period, with the exception of the capture of the redoubts, a loss which there was every apparent probability of being able to remedy before the close of the engagement, the advantage had been decidedly on our side, and nothing had occurred to presage the catastrophe so shortly to occur, and beside whose tragic interest the minor incidents of this most eventful day sink into comparative insignificance.

At ten o'clock, the Guards and Highlanders composing the First Division, and who had been ordered up as soon as the threatening movements of the Russians were known at head-quarters, arrived on the plains, and were shortly afterwards followed by the Fourth Division under Sir George Cathcart. The Cavalry were then on the left of our position facing the enemy, the Light Cavalry Brigade being on the left flank forward, and the Heavy Brigade *en échelon* in reserve, with guns on the right;—the Fourth Division occupied the centre—and the First Division took the extreme right,

facing the captured redoubts, from which the Russians opened on them with such guns as had not been spiked. A small body of the Chasseurs d'Afrique also arrived at this moment, and took their place in advance of the ridges on our left. Lord Raglan, who had arrived on the field shortly after eight o'clock, and who had watched with the most intense anxiety the events hitherto narrated, now perceived a movement on the part of the enemy with the object of carrying off the guns which had been abandoned by the Turks, and, desirous to prevent the accomplishment of this purpose, he dispatched Captain Nolan to Lord Lucan, with an order thus worded:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly in front, *follow the enemy, and try to prevent* their carrying away the guns. Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. French Cavalry is on the left. Immediate. R. AIREY."

Lord Raglan thus states the circumstances under which this order was given, and the nature of the service on which he meant the Cavalry to be employed. "As the enemy withdrew from the ground which they had momentarily occupied, I directed the Cavalry, *supported by the Fourth Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart*, to move forward and take advantage of any opportunity to regain the heights; and not having been able to accomplish this immediately, and it appearing that an attempt was being made to remove the captured guns, the Earl of Lucan was desired to advance rapidly, follow the enemy in their retreat, and *try* to prevent them from effecting their object. In the meanwhile the Russians had time to re-form on their own ground, with artillery in front and upon their flanks. The Lieutenant-General considered that he was bound to attack at all hazards, and he accordingly ordered Major-General the Earl of Cardigan to move forward with the Light Brigade."

Lord Cardigan, it is stated, represented the rashness of a movement which must involve the certain destruction of the force under his command; but his remonstrances were overruled, and the Light Cavalry was ordered to advance, without supports, over a plain of nearly a mile and a half in length, and exposed to a crushing fire of artillery and musketry in front and on both flanks. Without a murmur or a moment's hesitation these lion-hearts rushed on to the discharge of the fearful duty assigned to them; resolved, since the ordinary alternative of death *or* glory was denied, to do *and* die. The Brigade, which only counted 800 sabres, and scarcely out-numbered one effective regiment, consisted of the 4th, 8th, and 13th

Light Dragoons, the 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers, and advanced in the following order: the 17th and 13th leading in line, the 11th and 4th following in support, and the 8th still further back, forming a sort of third line. The story of this unparalleled achievement has been so eloquently and graphically given by Mr. Russell, whose description we have ventured to borrow in another part of this work, that we shall content ourselves in this place with quoting a private letter from an officer who witnessed the charge, and with allowing Lord Cardigan to narrate in his own words an action in which so conspicuous a part was assigned to himself.

The letter referred to thus briefly, but ably, tells the saddening tale:—

"Our Heavy Cavalry had made a magnificent charge against vastly superior numbers, and rode over the enemy, who retired in disorder. Up to this point no serious harm had been done — the redoubts were lost but could be regained, when an order, said to be Lord Raglan's, for the Light Cavalry to charge the guns, was given, and the flash of 800 sabres answered it. A charge, such as never before took place, led our brave fellows beyond the guns (I believe twenty in number) which they captured, when they perceived they were unsupported and enfiladed by a terrible fire of infantry. They turned about, cutting through all obstacles, and bringing back 191 men out of the 800 who had paved the way to victory, which, alas, has turned into disaster! In short, our Light Cavalry is no more."

"It was a bitter moment," says another account, "after we broke through the line of cavalry in rear of their guns, when I looked round and saw there was no support beyond our own brigade, which, leading in the smoke, had diverged, and scarcely filled the ground. We went on, however, and hoped that their own men flying would break the enemy's line, and drive them into the river. When I saw them form four deep instead, I knew it was all up, and called out to the men to rally. At this moment a solitary squadron of the 8th came up in good order. This saved the remnant of us, for we rallied to them, and they, wheeling about, charged a line which the Russians had formed in our rear. You never saw men behave so well as our men did."

"I received the order," says Lord Cardigan, "to attack; and, although I should not have thought of making such an attack without orders, and though I differed in opinion as to the propriety of the order, I promptly obeyed it. I placed myself at the head of my brigade, and gave the word of command. We advanced; but before we had gone twenty yards a shell burst between me and the Staff Officer who had brought the order, and was

riding within thirty yards of my side, killing him and leaving me untouched. From that moment there was nothing to be done but to obey the order, and to attack the battery in the valley. We proceeded; we advanced down and along a gradual descent of more than three-quarters of a mile, with one of the batteries opposed to us vomiting forth shells, round shot, and grape; with a battery on the right flank, a battery on the left, and a distant battery, which had been lost by the Turks; and all the intermediate ground covered with Russian riflemen; so that when we came down within a distance of thirty yards to their artillery, which had been firing at us, we were, in fact, surrounded and encircled by a blaze of fire, and raked by the riflemen, who fired upon us in flank. As we passed, the oblique fire of the artillery was brought upon our rear. Thus we had a strong fire on the front, in the rear, and on both our flanks. We entered the battery,—we went through the battery,—the two leading regiments cutting down a great number of the Russian gunners. In the two regiments which I had the honour to lead, every officer was either killed or wounded, or had his horse shot under him, except one. Those regiments having proceeded on, were followed by the second line, consisting of two more Cavalry regiments, which continued to cut down the Russian gunners. Then came the third line, consisting of two other regiments, who also nobly performed their duty. The result was, that this body of about 600 Cavalry succeeded in passing through a body of, as we have since learnt, 5600 Russian Cavalry. I know the number of the Russian regiments, and the name of the General Officer who commanded the brigade. We did as much execution as we could, and suffered an immense loss of life ourselves. After riding through the Russian Cavalry we came upon the Tchernaya river. There we were stopped; and we had to retire by the same route by which we came, destroying as many of the enemy as we could. I believe we succeeded in destroying the greater part of the Russian gunners, and in doing great execution among the Russian Cavalry. The scene on retiring was lamentable in the extreme; still, nothing could be accomplished more regularly or with greater order. There was no confusion, no hurry, no galloping about, no desire to retreat too hastily,—but the whole thing was conducted as coolly and systematically as upon parade. As we returned up the hill we had descended we had to run the same gauntlet, and incur the same risk from the flank fire of the Russian riflemen. Numbers of men and horses were shot down, and many soldiers, who had lost their chargers, were killed whilst endeavouring to escape on foot. The consequence was, that

when we reached the top of the hill there was but about one-third of the whole brigade left. I think, when I went round to count them, 195 only remained. The rest were gone,—destroyed in that charge!"

The Light Cavalry charge was over; a glorious and ineffaceable page had been added to the records of chivalry, and to the annals of England; but at what a cost! Twenty-six officers and 276 non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, making a total of 300, were killed and wounded in this action alone; and for months the Light Cavalry brigade was but a name.

Whilst this affair was going on, the Chasseurs d'Afrique made a brilliant diversion in our favour, by charging with the utmost gallantry the battery on the left, which was firing on our Cavalry. They sabred the artillerymen at the guns, which of course, however, they were unable to carry off without support, and retreated with considerable loss, but with the consciousness of having worthily emulated the self-devotion of their Allies, to whom they rendered an essential service, and of having knit still closer the bonds of amity and brotherhood which had been cemented by the mingling of French and English blood on the field of the Alma. The Heavy Cavalry, too far in rear to support the charge, had, however, been enabled to cover the retreat of their brothers in arms, but not without the occurrence of some casualties amongst themselves. The British Infantry, supported by two French regiments, which had come up, began now steadily to advance in the direction of the redoubts, while the Russians gradually retired. And after some manœuvring, ending in the re-occupation of three of the redoubts by the Allies, and the final abandonment of the fourth to the foe, the cannonade, which had been for some time slackening, at last ceased at about half-past one, both armies retaining their respective positions. Such were the chequered and exciting incidents of the battle of Balaklava, a battle, which, as an officer of the 93d contended with reason, in a conversation with the narrator, held near to where that regiment received the charge of the Russian cavalry, was not a defeat, but in reality a repulse of the enemy, whose real object had assuredly been, not the capture of the Turkish redoubts, but the possession of Balaklava, in which they were completely frustrated. He said nothing could exceed the coolness of the 93d, who kept up a murderous file fire for about eight minutes, just as if they had been on parade, and would have gone on for an hour in the same way, had it been necessary. He added,

that Sir Colin, in his despatch, most decidedly under-rated the numbers of the Cavalry who attacked the Highlanders, who must have numbered nearly 4000, whilst the main body who were charged by our Heavy Cavalry could not have fallen far short of 8000. The service of the Artillery was perfect, and every shell fell among the Cossacks, knocking them over by dozens. Had it not been for the unfortunate Light Cavalry charge, concluded the officer in question, we should have had nothing to reproach ourselves with; and that, even as it was, it was the most perfect little battle that could be imagined for the time it lasted, as every arm of the service was brought into play during the engagement.

Among the illustrious dead, whose unforgotten graves lie thick in the fatal plains of Balaklava, the name of the heroic and ill-fated Nolan must not be omitted. Passionately devoted to his profession, to the theoretic part of which he had contributed an admirable work on Cavalry Tactics, he hailed with delight the order of which he was the bearer, and which would, as he believed, demonstrate by the brilliant nature of its results the truth of his well-known opinions as to the irresistible power of his favourite arm of the service. Placing himself by the side of Lord Cardigan, he joined in the charge, but his horse had scarcely made half-a-dozen strides, ere a fragment of shell struck him in the heart. With the cry peculiar to wounds of this nature he expired; and his charger, conscious of the loosened rein, galloped back with his dead master still firmly fixed in the saddle, as if to vindicate, even in death, his reputation as an accomplished horseman.

Among those who were wounded on this day was Captain Maude of the Royal Horse Artillery, whose admirable qualities as an officer in this magnificent branch of the service had won him the esteem of the whole Army, from Lord Raglan to the men in his own troop, and whose name is to this day never mentioned in the Crimea but in terms of affection and admiration. Lord Cardigan received a lance-thrust through his clothes, and Lord Lucan was also slightly wounded.

The Russians took advantage of the capture of the guns in the redoubts, some of which they were enabled to carry off, and of the severe loss suffered by the Light Cavalry, to claim a victory; and on the following day the Garrison of Sebastopol, emboldened by this fancied success, determined to make a sortie in force, which, if successful, would seriously embarrass the Allies, and which would, in any case, give them information which might be turned to account on a future occasion.

Leaving the town, then, under cover from a heavy fire from their batteries, they approached the lines of the Second Division, which defended the right of our position, with a force consisting of several columns of infantry, supported by artillery, large bodies of skirmishers being thrown out to the front. To resist this attack the Second Division was formed up in line in front of their camp, the left under General Pennefather, and the right under Brigadier-General Adams, while the Brigade of Guards, under General Bentinck, was soon brought up by the Duke of Cambridge in support, and, aided by a field battery, took post on the right of Sir De Lacy Evans's Division. Five French battalions were promptly moved up by General Bosquet, and Sir George Cathcart and Sir George Brown each contributed the assistance of a small force indeed, but doubtless larger than they could well spare. The enemy advanced at first rapidly and with much confidence, protected by guns posted on a hill in their rear, but were received with the greatest determination and firmness by the English pickets, principally belonging to the 49th and 30th regiments. Lieutenant Conolly of the 49th, Captain Bayly of the 30th, and Captain Atcherley, who were all severely wounded, and Serjeant Sullivan, are particularly mentioned by Sir De Lacy Evans, as having greatly distinguished themselves in this perilous and trying service, which demands the possession of unflinching courage equally with the exercise of the coolest discretion. Captain Conolly was shot heading a few men of his company, fighting hand to hand with the Russians, who wanted to take him alive; but he defended himself with his sword, wounded one, and was immediately shot by another, who was a yard from him. Lord Raglan, who witnessed the affair, is stated to have sent down to inquire who was the officer who was defending himself so gallantly against such odds. The pickets, after contesting every inch of ground, now retired steadily upon the main body, and a tremendous fire was opened upon the Russians from the batteries under Colonels Fitzmayer and Dacres, which were served with the utmost energy, and in half an hour had compelled the enemy's artillery to retire from the field. "Our fire," continues the Despatch from which these details are derived, "was now directed with equal accuracy and vigour upon the enemy's columns, which (exposed also to the close fire of our advanced infantry) soon fell into complete disorder and flight. They were then literally chased by the 30th and 95th regiments over the ridges and down towards the head of the bay, and

so eager was the pursuit that it was with difficulty Major-General Pennefather eventually effected the recall of our men." The other regiments of the Division joined in the pursuit with equal ardour and gallantry, and the enemy, who had thus had another opportunity of testing the adamantine nature of the resistance they would have to encounter ere they could hope to drive the audacious invader from the holy Russian soil, were forced back into Sebastopol with a loss estimated to exceed 600 men.

Sir De Lacy Evans, whose skilful handling of his Division on this occasion elicited from Lord Raglan the warmest expressions of admiration, had been suffering from indisposition for some days before the battle, and a severe fall from his horse shortly after caused a relapse, which compelled him to seek repose on board ship. The battle of Inkermann roused him for a moment from a bed of sickness, and while actually under medical treatment, to witness the severe struggle; the old chivalric spirit was too strong to allow him to remain inactive while such a momentous question was being decided; but, though he remained on the field until the close of the battle, he felt too ill to take the command out of the hands of General Pennefather, whose judicious arrangements and steady intrepidity made the loss of his immediate superior less severely felt. Sir De Lacy Evans soon afterwards resigned his appointment on the Staff of the Army, and returned home invalided. He received the thanks of the House of Commons for services which, even among the most distinguished, are eminent, and is now, we trust, recruiting that health which had been so greatly impaired by his zealous service in his country's cause, and which was too much shattered to enable him to hope to return and share in active operations again.

The object of the attack of the 26th October, which was, in fact, as we have already intimated, merely a *reconnaissance en force*, was not long in being made apparent. It had been remarked that for some time the enemy's force in the valley of the Tchernaya had been receiving constant augmentations, and on the 4th of November it was discovered that a still further addition had been made to their numbers by the arrival of large masses of troops from the northward. These troops consisted of the 4th Corps d'Armée, and, in order to expedite their progress, every device that Russian ingenuity could contrive had been adopted. The extraordinary expedient of conveying the men in carts, collected from every quarter whence they could be procured, and

of leaving behind all the *impedimenta* of the army, other than such as might have been supplied to a small body of men destined for a brief special service, demonstrates the importance that was attached to a rapid concentration of every available element of strength, for an attack of such gigantic proportions as could leave, even to the most timid, no possible doubt of the result. The Russian troops were animated by the presence and encouragement of two of the sons of the late Emperor, by the consciousness of their own overpowering numbers, and by other stimulants, which, if of a coarser character, had no less power to urge their recipients to rush, with drunken valour and with blind and incredible fury, once and again into the jaws of certain destruction.

Religious ceremonies of the most imposing character, performed during the night previous to the 5th of November by the most exalted functionaries of the church, contributed to lash their usual fanaticism into phrenzy, while Nature herself seemed to conspire against their foes by wrapping the Russian movements in an impenetrable veil of fog, and thus adding to the sacred enterprise those elements of stratagem and surprise, so dear to the Muscovite of every grade, unless all history speak false.

The point selected for the attack was the extreme right of the British position, which was, as we have before stated, defended by the Second Division, who were encamped on the edge of the plateau occupied by the Allies, which, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the camp, falls in a very steep descent to the banks of the Tchernaya. Favoured by darkness and fog, and by the incessant rain, which, softening the ground, had rendered the sound of wheels all but inaudible at a short distance, the Russians had been enabled, during the night, to drag up nearly 63 pieces of artillery to the heights which commanded the left and front of the Second Division, into the very tents of which they subsequently threw quantities of shot and shell. During the sortie of the 26th the enemy had satisfied themselves of the weakness of this important post, which, owing to the extreme diminution in the numbers of the British at this period, the harassing and constant employment of every available man in the trenches, and the various exigencies to be provided for at other points, it had been found impossible, in spite of the urgent representations of Sir De Lacy Evans, to take any steps to strengthen. Shortly after daylight strong columns of the enemy advanced in this direction and were not perceived till they were close

upon our advanced pickets, who received them with the utmost steadiness, firing as they fell back, contesting every inch of ground, and, by their coolness and courage, giving time to General Pennefather to get his Division under arms and place it in position, supported by its field batteries. It was now apparent that an action of the most serious description was imminent, and preparations on an extended scale, to meet the emergency, were at once made, and are thus briefly described in Lord Raglan's Despatch of the 8th of November :—

"The Light Division under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown was also brought to the front without loss of time; the first brigade, under Major-General Codrington, occupying the long slopes to the left towards Sebastopol, protecting our right battery, and guarding against attack on that side; and the second brigade, under Brigadier-General Buller, forming on the left of the Second Division, with the 88th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffreys, thrown in advance.

"The brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and Major-General Bentinck, proceeded likewise to the front, and took up most important ground to the extreme right, on the *alignement* of the Second Division, but separated from it by a deep and precipitous ravine, and posting its guns with those of the Second Division.

"The Fourth Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, having been brought from their encampment, advanced to the front and right of the attack; the first brigade, under Brigadier-General Goldie, proceeded to the left of the Inkermann Road; the second brigade, under Brigadier-General Torrens, to the right of it, and on the ridge overhanging the valley of the Tchernaya.

"The Third Division, under Lieutenant-General Sir Richard England, occupied, in part, the ground vacated by the Fourth Division, and supported the Light Division by two regiments under Brigadier-General Sir John Campbell, while Brigadier-General Eyre held the command of the troops in the trenches."

The Russian columns now pressed forward in masses of formidable dimensions, protected by a most awful artillery fire from their batteries in position, and from ships moored so as to command the field. As the other divisions came up they gradually came within the range of this fire, which was murderous and deadly in the extreme, and to which our own light field-pieces were utterly unable to reply; and it was not until Colonel Gambier succeeded in bringing up two eighteen-pounder

siege guns that anything approaching an equality of fire was established. The first sounds of musketry had roused the Guards, and as at this time men and officers all slept in their clothes, a few moments sufficed for the three regiments to fall in, and they were speedily moving in the direction of the fight.

Passing through the camp of the Second Division they reached the Woronzoff road, along which the round-shot was already ploughing its way. Here the Duke of Cambridge received a message which led him to order the Brigade to take ground to the right, and, inquiring in which direction the enemy appeared to be in greatest force, he conducted his men towards the right of the Second Division, where in effect the fray was then the thickest. Advancing steadily under a hail of musket-balls, the Guards reserved their fire until close upon the dense masses who were resolutely coming to meet them, when they opened a destructive fire, in spite of many of their pieces, which had been exposed to the rain of the preceding night, missing. An old sand-bag battery, which had been constructed for two guns, but had not been armed, now became an object of peculiar contest. The enemy had scrambled up it, and evidently considered its possession of great importance, but the Guards charged them with the same resistless impetuosity as had carried everything before them at Alma, and the Russians, who outnumbered them in the proportion of five to one, were driven out with great loss. The new tenants now made the most desperate efforts to retain their acquisition, to which they clung with unparalleled tenacity, numbers of them falling at every moment. Here poor Butler, the brother of the hero of Silistria, met his fate, adding another memory of glory and of sorrow to a name already imperishably connected with the history of the war.

At last, attacked by overwhelming numbers, the Guards found themselves outflanked, and with great difficulty effecting an orderly retreat, the battery again fell to the Russians. Reinforced however by the 20th regiment, they again dashed cheering towards the battery, Colonel Percy, who had been severely wounded at Alma, rushing gallantly to the front, and setting an example which those around him were not slow to emulate. Ammunition now began to fail, but the undaunted assailants found a ready resource in some large fragments of stone with which the ground was strewed; arming themselves with these, they flung them into the masses of Russians, who caught the idea, and for some minutes the air was thick

with huge stones flying in all directions. It was with some of these eccentric missiles, we believe, that Colonel Percy was now again wounded. The primitive but deadly contest was waged for a time with equal vigour on both sides, but the determined pluck of the British again turned the scale, and once more a mêlée of Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Fusiliers held the battery their own, and from it, on the solid masses of Russians, still poured as good a fire as their ammunition would permit.

Colonel Lindsay now headed a charge with the utmost gallantry on the Russians, who were soon in full retreat, and the Guards, joined by men of all sorts of regiments, picked up ammunition from the dead and dying foe, with which they fired into the enormous retreating columns, causing them the most fearful slaughter. Cheering one another on, and carried away by an indescribable enthusiasm, the glorious little band pushed on too far, and did not discover their false position till some of their men fell shot from behind. For a moment it was believed that the reserves, not perceiving them, were firing into them; but the next, the cry was raised, "The Russians—we're cut off!" "I could see," says an officer, who was fortunate enough to escape from this fearful *guet-àpens*, only to share in another and more decisive charge later in the day, where again he seemed to bear a charmed life, "I could see a sea of Russian caps all round me, and the fire was tremendous." Those of his comrades who succeeded, like himself, in gaining their desperate way back again, now joined an officer who was rallying some men, and the whole of them, having been supplied with fresh ammunition, and headed by the Duke of Cambridge, once more advanced to the attack. Here, as before, Guards and Linesmen were mixed up together, and formed as it were one regiment; for in the darkness and confusion caused by the fog, and with every movement hampered by the thick brushwood which at that time covered the whole of the field, it had been impossible for individuals to rally to their respective corps; and the only thought in every heart was in what direction there might be an enemy to attack or a comrade to succour. Five battalions, despatched by General Canrobert under the command of General Bosquet, had now arrived on the scene of action, and took ground to the right of the British. This was the culminating point of the battle. The French Infantry consisted of a battalion of the Zouaves, and of some other *corps d'élite;* and these magnificent troops now vigorously attacked the already wavering Russians with the point of the bayonet. Thrice and again did they charge with incredible ardour into the close and ponderous legions of the Muscovite,

but it was only after the third charge that the obstinate foe at length beat a sullen retreat, and surrendered the ground, which was covered with his own dead and wounded.

Colonel Gambier had fallen wounded in the very act of bringing up his two eighteen-pounder guns, but their command devolved upon Colonel Dickson, an officer who handled them with such fatal effect, that long lanes were seen to be ploughed through the Russian columns at each discharge; and the enemy's guns, which attempted to reply, were speedily dismantled and rendered useless.

While these events were going on on the right, the Light Division were not idle. A determined assault was made on the extreme left of the English Army; and for a moment the enemy possessed themselves of four of our guns, three of which were retaken by the Connaught Rangers, while the fourth was speedily re-captured by the 77th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, an officer of the highest distinction, whose untimely fate in the capture of the Rifle-pits is still doubtless fresh in the memory of every reader. During the thickest of the strife, Sir George Cathcart attempted to make a powerful diversion by descending the valley, and attempting to turn the flank of the enemy with a few companies of the 68th regiment; but finding the heights above him and the surrounding ravines occupied by them in great force, so that he was in fact exposed to a cross-fire from front, flank, and rear, he endeavoured to withdraw his men, in which attempt Brigadier-General Torrens received a severe wound, and his stout-hearted and chivalrous chief was struck down from his horse with a bullet through his head. His body was afterwards found pierced with three bayonet wounds, for the Russians in their brutal ferocity savagely mutilated the dying and the dead alike, and he was interred on the hill which bears his name, where he lies side by side with General Goldie and the other officers of his Division who fell on that fatal day.

Other names have since been added to that sad companionship, amongst them that of the brave and kind-hearted Sir John Campbell, who so worthily succeeded him in the command of the Division, but none which claim a sincerer tribute of regretful admiration. "His loss," says the Duke of Newcastle, "is to the Queen and her people a cause of sorrow, which even dims the triumph of this great occasion;" and Lord Raglan speaks in the most feeling terms of a fate which robbed the service of an officer of the highest merit, and himself of a faithful and attached friend. It was not until four o'clock P.M. that the protracted and fluctuating conflict finally

terminated. About this time the retreat of the Russians had become general, and heavy masses were observed retiring over the Inkermann bridge, protected still by a tremendous fire from their field batteries, from those in front of the works of the place, and from the ship guns, but mowed down in numbers by the fatal precision of our artillery. In spite of this the retreat was effected in the most orderly manner, and, as pursuit could only have led to fearful loss on our own side, the English, many of whom had passed the previous night in the trenches, while scarcely any had broken their fast, returned, after many hours of the hardest fighting, to their quarters, hungry and weary, it is true, but with the proud consciousness of having defeated by sheer courage and endurance a desperate enemy at desperate odds, and of having, in the widest and noblest sense of the terms, "deserved well," not only of their country, but of the civilised world. In their glorious task they had been bravely seconded by their staunch Allies the French, and the future historian will share the grateful perplexity of General Canrobert in apportioning the due meed of praise between the "intelligent vigour" of the Gaul and the "energetic solidity" of the Briton.

The losses of the Russians were enormous. Lord Raglan's Despatch estimates them at 15,000 men, and subsequent accounts have all tended rather to increase than diminish this appalling *chiffre*. "The configuration of the ground did not admit of any great development of their force, the attack consisting of a system of repeated assaults in heavy masses of columns, in which every shot that struck at all told with twenty-fold effect." Lord Raglan, who had had ample opportunities of observation, states, that he never before witnessed such a spectacle as the field presented, and all the accounts vie with each other in representing its horrors as beyond conception. In and around the redoubt, of which such frequent mention has been made, the dead lay literally in heaps, and the embrasures were choked with the bodies of those who had fallen by the bayonet; from 5000 to 6000 were actually buried on the field, on which, to this day, large patches of fresh-looking earth denote where the doomed myriads of the Czar found their last resting-place. The soul sickens and the pen fails in an attempt to describe a carnage so horrible; but softer emotions mingle with these sensations at the recollection of how many of the sons of Civilisation lie side by side with her most bitter enemies, in the calm repose which no animosity may trouble, no shock of earthly battle jar. They sleep in their nameless but sorrow-haunted graves; and in thousands

of once happy homesteads, and by thousands of hearths, whose cheerful light is now solemnly darkened, their memories are enshrined in thoughts of pride and love, and pitying tenderness too big for utterance. Peace to their honoured dust! they have not died in vain. The bright and fervent spirit of their unshaken constancy and dauntless self-devotion burns yet with a kindred glow, and with undiminished lustre, even as the quenchless vestal fire, in countless hearts which pant to emulate their deeds; strengthening them, and purifying them, for the contest which yet remains, and whose end, so long delayed, fast, fast draws nigh.

It only remains to enumerate amongst the killed and wounded those whose eminent position in the army justifies such a selection; where all were heroes any other distinction would be invidious; and a full recapitulation would exceed the limits of our task.

The course of our narrative has already embraced the fall of General Cathcart and of his Brigadier-General Goldie; but a third name, only less illustrious than the first, now claims our notice. In the early part of the day Lord Raglan had established himself on a small knoll, with the object, if possible, of gaining a view, through the mist and rain, of the battle which was raging all around him. His Staff were with him, and among them Brigadier-General Strangways. A shell fell into the centre of the Staff, burst in Captain Poulett Somerset's horse, killed another horse, and then struck off General Strangways' leg. "The poor old General," says Mr. Russell, "never moved a muscle of his face. He said merely in a gentle voice, 'Will any one be kind enough to lift me off my horse?' He was taken down and laid on the ground, while his life-blood ebbed fast, and at last he was carried to the rear. But the gallant old man had not sufficient strength to undergo an operation, and in two hours he had sunk to rest, leaving behind him a memory which will ever be held dear by every officer and man in the Army." There is something inexpressibly touching in this simple narrative of the last moments of a brave and good man, who died the death, as he had lived the life, of a soldier.

Among the returns of wounded are found the names of General Sir George Brown, severely; Bentinck, Torrens, severely; and Adams, who subsequently died of his wounds, severely. The Officers killed and wounded on this occasion amounted to 145; Serjeants killed and wounded to 155; and about 2300 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing.

The Coldstream Guards, who went into action with fifteen officers, came out with eight killed and five wounded from among that small number; and

losses almost equally severe occurred among the officers of more than one of the regiments engaged.

Inkermann has been called "the Soldier's battle:" justly, if it be only meant by the phrase that the nature of the attack, and the peculiar circumstances under which it was made, while they rendered impossible any extensive strategical combination to oppose it, gave an opportunity to all ranks of the army to display an obstinate courage, bordering on desperation, and which amply supplied the place of the most skilful manœuvring.

But the foregoing details imply a limitation to the truth of this description; and the vastly disproportionate number of Officers who suffered, combined with the number of General Officers killed and wounded, proves to demonstration that there was no grade of the Army which did not contribute its full share to the glorious result.

This was the last serious effort of the Russians in this year to compel the Allies to raise the siege; disheartened by repeated repulses, shattered and disorganized by their enormous losses in the place as well as in the field, with no fresh troops to bring up ignorant of the stubborn nature of the foe with whom they were to contend, they found it necessary to devote their whole energies to the task of preparation for the winter, which was now rapidly approaching.

A period of comparative inaction was at hand for both Armies; a forced truce, unacknowledged indeed and incomplete, maintaining at all times a semblance of war, and frequently broken by its reality, but still a truce.

It has been often confidently stated, and there is reason to believe with truth, that, but for the battle of Inkermann, the assault was to have been delivered within a few days of the date of that event; but the Allies, though victorious, had purchased their triumph so dearly, that the intention, if it was ever entertained, was unavoidably, for the time at least, abandoned. Nothing further of consequence could be attempted until the arrival of reinforcements; the sadly diminished numbers of our Army already barely sufficed for the laborious and harassing duties of the trenches; and ere long demands more urgent, and necessities more imperative even than those which had already so severely taxed their patience and their energies, were to try them, up to and beyond the utmost limits of human endurance. On the 14th of November, only nine days after Inkermann, a hurricane of the most terrific violence, and which lasted with unabated fury for several

hours, visited the coasts of the Crimea, and inflicted the most irremediable damage on the Allies, both at sea and on shore. Sweeping with unchecked and ever-increasing force over the bare and elevated plateau on which the armies were encamped, its resistless impetus speedily levelled with the ground everything in the shape of a tent, whilst the drenching showers of rain with which it was accompanied chilled to the bone the wretched troops, who had lost their only shelter, and converted the camps into one vast muddy swamp. Articles of clothing, scraps of uniform, camp furniture of every description, were caught up and whirled far beyond the ken of their despairing owners, who in many instances found it impossible to keep their own footing, and were fain to throw themselves to the earth, and bend to the storm which they could not brave. Snow and sleet now began to mingle with the rain, and the hills gradually assumed a white and wintry aspect, peculiarly discouraging to men who had, perhaps, just returned from the trenches wet and hungry, and who found themselves without tents or means of cooking, and with a prospect of passing the night in the open air. Nor were these severe discomforts the worst results of the gale, even on land; many of the men, both French and English, worn out with fatigue and exposure, succumbed beneath this new and overwhelming trial, and were found lying dead about the camps. But at sea the consequences were more serious still, and here the hurricane, overstepping its former narrow limits of discomfort and disaster, assumed all the terrible proportions of a gigantic calamity. During this awful gale the English lost thirty-two transports. The fine screw steamer Prince, filled with an enormous supply of winter clothing, foundered with all on board,—a fate shared by the Sea Nymph. Of the vessels of war, the Sanspareil was driven on shore, though she had her steam up. The Britannia had five feet of water in her hold. The Agamemnon was driven on shore, but managed to get off, and the engines of the Sampson were seriously damaged. The Retribution was also stranded, but got off by throwing her guns overboard. The French line-of-battle ship Henri Quatre, and the steamer Pluton, were lost off Eupatoria, and another French steamer was dismasted.

Dashed by the merciless waves against the cruel and iron-bound coast, full on which the terrible blast drove them, the English transports, for which there was no room in the crowded harbour of Balaklava, perished miserably under the eyes of friends who could render them no assistance. The loss of life was terrible; that of articles, now scarcely less precious

than life itself, enormous; and the Russians had reason to rejoice at a calamity which, independent of its immediate and palpable effects, reduced the British Army to a state bordering on destitution, thinned its numbers, and all but compelled it to raise the siege.

Winter now set in in the Crimea in its most gloomy aspect, and with those peculiar alternations of cold and mild weather, rain, snow, and frost, which render this climate one of the most trying and treacherous in the world.

Soaked by torrents of rain, the badly-made roads to the camps soon became rotten and impassable for wheels, and the daily rations of the army had to be carried up by mules and pack-horses, and, in too many instances, by the men themselves, who, after twenty-four hours' service in the muddy ditches, which the trenches had now become, frequently found themselves compelled, by the stern necessity of procuring food, to trudge down to Balaklava and back again, a distance of from ten to fourteen miles, ere they could hope for rest or refreshment. Nor did their miseries end here. The brushwood, with which the ground occupied by our troops was originally covered, had gradually but rapidly been used up to the last branch to furnish fuel; and now that the supply was exhausted, the weary and worn-out soldier was driven to the laborious process of grubbing up the roots, which every day became more difficult to discover, before he could cook his breakfast. Incredible as it at first appeared, it is, nevertheless, now a well-authenticated fact, that for months the men were compelled to roast their own coffee, which, owing to some inexplicable mistake, or blind persistance in a ridiculous routine, continued to be issued to them green. The loss of the Prince had, by a mysterious Providence, deprived them of enormous stores of warm clothing at the moment when they were most imperiously required; and, if transport for food was difficult to obtain, and frequently not obtainable, it will be readily understood that the huts, which had arrived at Balaklava, had small chance of reaching the front, where, even up to the return of Spring, it is notorious that the majority of the army was still under canvass. At times the weather was so excessively severe, the cold so insufferably bitter, that it was sadly but seriously discussed, by those exposed to it, whether a few more degrees of fall in the barometer would not suffice to destroy, to the last man, the remnant of the finest army that ever left these shores, and to exhibit, on a grander and more appalling scale, a repetition of the horrible disaster which attended the ill-fated expedition to Cabul. Cases of frost-

bite, of the most aggravated description, now became common in the camp, and men actually paraded for duty with bare feet because they could no longer force them, swelled and maimed as they were, into their ragged and rotten shoes. It is not surprising that, under such a complication of wretchedness and suffering, sickness and mortality should have developed themselves to an alarming extent; that hospitals should have become crowded, and burial-grounds choked. But it will ever be a matter of grateful wonder and enthusiastic admiration, that, surrounded by privation, disease, and death, the steadfast firmness of the troops was never shaken, that they still struggled on, and still bore up; "seldom," as it has been most happily expressed "desponding, and never despairing;" still looking to the one great end, and contemplating, with calmness and resignation, every eventuality but one,—that of the siege being raised. Such an idea, indeed, seems never even to have suggested itself, or, if suggested, to have been repelled with indignation as an alternative worse than the worst that could befal. During the months of December and January the distresses of the Army reached their climax. In spite of every effort on the part of the Commissariat, in spite of the cheerful assistance rendered by the French, who themselves suffered more severely than has ever been made known, but whose superiority in numbers enabled them to employ a considerable body of men to aid us in road-making, and in carrying up food and fuel to the front; in spite of the generosity and self-denial of the regimental officers, who in innumerable instances sacrificed their bât-horses with a similar object, and pinched themselves to contribute to the comfort of those under their command, hunger itself was now at times added to the long list of the soldier's miseries.

The hospitals at Scutari were rapidly filled with the gaunt forms of those who had fallen victims to the sword, to exposure, fatigue, and starvation; and, for a time, still more rapidly emptied by the exchange of the narrow bed of pain and fever, for a calmer and untroubled resting-place—the grave.

In February, however, the tide began to turn; the weather assumed a milder character, which it retained, despite occasional relapses, until the arrival of Spring; fresh supplies of warm clothing had come to replace those lost in the Prince; the rain had almost entirely ceased, and, while the ordinary roads were every day becoming more practicable, the railway, that stupendous innovation on the routine of military engineering, was already in full operation as far as Kadikoi; the Commissariat benefited

by the general improvement in the position of affairs, and full rations once more became the rule, and scarcity the exception. The story too of the unexampled hardships endured by the troops, narrated with the force and fidelity to be expected from men who had witnessed and shared in them, had reached home at a season when the ever-warm English heart is most peculiarly open to the influences of love and brotherhood and compassion—and through the length and breadth of the land it was felt that no Christmas cheer could be enjoyed, no Christmas festivities be indulged in, while the troops we had sent to conquer Sebastopol were starving before its walls, and no effort made from home to relieve them. A committee was formed, with the Earl of Ellesmere at its head, for receiving and forwarding to the Crimea such comforts and luxuries as might be most appropriate to the condition of the troops and the period of the year. Contributions poured in from every quarter with unexampled rapidity and profusion, and it was soon discovered that the yachts which had been placed at the disposal of the committee were quite inadequate to the stowage of the enormous quantities of goods which were continually arriving. Steamers were accordingly freighted for this purpose at the expense of the fund, the subscriptions to which, in money alone, eventually exceeded 20,000*l.* The articles thus sent out were, for the most part, of a nature different from and supplemental to those supplied by the Commissariat, and this timely change of diet is stated to have had the most beneficial effect on the health of the Army. Reinforcements now began to arrive; invalids, restored to health and strength, returned to their several regiments; confidence once more arose, the siege-works were resumed, and everything gave promise of the renewal of operations in the Spring, under happier auspices, and with a fuller assurance of success. This promise has been, in spite of one unavoidable and painful reverse, amply redeemed by the steady and irresistible progress of the Allies during the Campaign of 1855, and by the great event of the 8th September, which was its necessary result. But the story of this Campaign will more appropriately accompany the series of Mr. Simpson's drawings which is now being published, and which are specially devoted to its illustration.

It is with pain that we have been compelled, at the close of this brief and imperfect sketch of events destined to form the most glorious page in English History, to allude to the calamities which for a time darkened but could not dim their lustre; and in doing so we have not been actuated by any desire to exhume forgotten faults and shortcomings, or to rip up

bygone controversies, better covered in oblivion. Great mistakes and fatal errors were no doubt committed, and it is difficult to believe that there was not somewhere an almost inexcusable want of forethought and prudence; but, on a calm and dispassionate review of all the facts, it will, we believe, be generally admitted, that the blame which has been so freely cast on individuals was more strictly due to a vicious and unmanageable system.

It would have been unjust, however, to those who suffered in consequence, to omit or pass lightly over events which redound so highly to their credit; and which form the cloud whose very blackness brings out and heightens the bright lustre of their heroism.

Splendid as were the achievements at Alma, and Balaklava, and Inkermann, parallels more or less just may be sought and found to them; but the world's history does not present a spectacle so sublime, as the noble fortitude and unmurmuring patience of the men who perished at their post rather than desert it; and who fell, not with the flush of battle on their cheeks and the shout of victory on their lips, but yielding to the slow sapping of want and sickness and deferred hope, fighting with an unseen and ever-restless foe, and cheerfully protracting the hopeless struggle from which death alone could force them to desist.

They lie on the bleak hills of the Chersonesus, and beneath the gloomy cypresses of Scutari, with no monument to record their mournful glories; but their epitaph is written in the hearts of their countrymen, as it has been graven in characters of fire on the stronghold of their foe.

W. Simpson del. – R.K. Thomas, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen

THE CAVALRY AFFAIR OF THE HEIGHTS OF BULGANAK – THE FIRST GUN

19th Sept^r 1854

THE CAVALRY AFFAIR OF THE HEIGHTS OF BULGANAK.

This smart little affair, which took place the day before the Battle of the Alma, and within five days from the landing of the Allies in the Crimea, was the first encounter with the Russians, and, while it demonstrated the superiority of our Cavalry and Horse Artillery to that of the enemy, it encouraged the troops, who hailed it as an omen of that success which, in the space of one short year, has so frequently waited on, and at last so fully crowned, our arms.

The artist has chosen for his illustration the moment when the Russian guns are opening their fire on the English Cavalry, who have crossed the stream and advanced into the valley to offer battle to a large body of the enemy's Dragoons and Cossacks, posted on the opposite heights. Two or three puffs of white smoke mark the spot where the first guns of the campaign uttered their hoarse defiance to the Allies, and awoke echoes which, rolling over the well-contested fields of Alma and Inkermann, Balaklava and the Tchernaya, and swelled to a solemn and terrible diapason on the blood-stained plateau before Sebastopol, reached their latest reverberations in the sound of the Tower and Park ordnance, which, on the 11th September, announced to rejoicing England the fall of the Russian stronghold.

On the right, and in rear of the guns, are seen the masses of Russian cavalry slowly descending the hill, with a line of skirmishers thrown out in front. In the centre of the picture are the 11th Hussars and the 13th Light Dragoons, drawn up in two lines, in front of the first of which are Lord Cardigan and his staff, while Lord Lucan with his staff are on the left in front of the second line. On the left of the foreground the 17th Lancers and a few of the 8th Hussars are held in reserve, and on their flank two or three more Staff Officers are to be seen conversing.

The English Artillery has not yet replied to the enemy, but the rapid pace at which the two troops under Captains Maude and Brandling, on the extreme right, are coming forward to take up their position, hints unmistakably that the respite will be but a short one. In fact, so efficiently did both these distinguished officers handle their guns,

that, within fifteen minutes of their opening fire, the Russians retired, with a loss, it is stated, of twelve killed, and twenty-three wounded, while our own amounted but to five men wounded and three horses killed. Lord Raglan bestows the highest praise on the spirit, coolness, and steadiness, with which the Light Brigade behaved, as well as on the judicious manner in which they were handled by Lord Cardigan; and it was universally agreed that this short but brilliant encounter reflected the greatest credit on both arms of the service which were engaged in it.

BALAKLAVA, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

Balaklava is thus described by the amusing and scientific German traveller, Koch :—

"I had certainly been told a good deal about the peculiar position of this little town, but when we descended from the plateau, and the hollow, with its dark blue waters, lay expanded before us, it surpassed all we had ever seen, all we had ever heard. The basin is about a mile in diameter, and is surrounded, with the exception of a narrow gorge, by very precipitous and only partially wood-covered rocks, which have an elevation of some hundred feet. The arm of the sea occupies nearly the whole of the hollow, and, save on the side opposite to us, where the water comes up close to the rocks, is surrounded by a green velvety lawn. Here lies, too, the little town of Balaklava, composed of a few private houses and a number of shops. The agricultural inhabitants have settled on the slope, which we descended, in order to be nearer the produce of their industry.

"The inhabitants are Greeks, who quitted Turkey in the reign of the great Catherine, and, having obtained special privileges, settled on the same spot, where, more than 2000 years before, colonists from Asia Minor, Milesians, established themselves and founded the colony of Symbolon (Cembalo among the Italians of the Middle Ages)." The descendants of these Greeks were forced to quit the town rather abruptly, soon after its occupation by the English, in consequence of the most positive information having reached Lord Raglan that many of them

W. Simpson. del. R. K. Thomas. lith London, P&D Colnaghi & Cº Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

BALAKLAVA, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA

were engaged in a conspiracy to set fire to our shipping and stores. Dr. Koch continues: "The romantic acclivities, which are formed of a greyish-blue or light-red Jura rock, have their beauty augmented by the numerous ruins visible upon them. Here, certainly, stood the old castle by which the entrance to the straits was commanded. Traces are still found of an immense outer wall, and there are two towers in a respectable state of preservation, one of which is built right above the narrow entrance. A harbour more protected against storms and sudden attack it would be difficult to find."

Curiously enough he adds, "It is, however, too small ever to acquire any importance."

Dr. Koch views with extreme indulgence a theory of Dubois de Montpereux, that this was the spot described by Homer in the tenth book of the *Odyssey*, in a passage thus translated by Pope:—

> "Within a long recess a bay there lies,
> Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
> The jutting shores, that swell on either side,
> Contract its mouth and break the rushing tide.
> Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
> And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
> For here, retired, the sinking billows sleep,
> And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep.
> I only in the bay refused to moor,
> And fixed, without, my hawsers to the shore."

Whatever may be the merits of this question, into which we shall not follow the disputants, the poetic description applies so justly and accurately to the peculiar characteristics of the land-locked harbour of Balaklava, and illustrates so happily the point of view selected by Mr. Simpson, that we shall not apologise for its introduction in this place; and shall only add to it by a brief notice of the most striking features of the drawing. A couple of tents, part of the encampment, form the foreground, and in front of these some English soldiers are cooking their rations, while a hungry Tartar in the costume of the country looks on, and receives instruction, at once ocular and olfactory, in the mysteries of the Western *cuisine*. The town is exhibited as it appeared on our first arrival, with the exception that some of the houses present a somewhat dilapidated aspect, having been destroyed by the troops in order to obtain fuel. Amongst the buildings, two of the most conspicuous are a new church still unfinished, and a large square house,

converted from its primitive destination into an ordnance office. The bay is already crowded with vessels, which, however, are few in comparison to those with which it was subsequently choked. Immediately in front of the Ordnance Wharf is a large transport vessel, alongside of which Lord Cardigan's yacht is resting gracefully and airily on the untroubled surface of the water, while towering high above the rest are seen the huge masts of Her Majesty's ship Agamemnon, moored so as to protect and command the head of the harbour and the valley. In the background the abrupt cliffs which form the sides of the basin, the one on the left crowned with the Genoese forts, meet and overlap each other, so as to form a complete natural screen to the entrance; but still permitting a glimpse of the calm Euxine beyond, with two or three sails studding its surface in the far distance. The trees still flourishing in several parts of the town indicate the early period at which the view was taken, — prior, in fact, to both the epochs which have marked the existence of Balaklava since its occupation, — the first a time of dirt, and misery, and mud, — of sickness and "confusion worse confounded;" the second, one of order and regularity, cleanliness and system; with storehouses numbered, and streets no longer nameless; and a railway, winding through the whole length of the principal thoroughfare, in its progress to Sebastopol.

THE GALE OFF THE PORT OF BALAKLAVA.

NOVEMBER 14, 1855.

In attempting to recall the incidents of the terrific hurricane, which for three days raged with more or less fury through the length and breadth of the Black Sea, causing a vast sacrifice of human life, and an incalculable destruction of the most valuable property, it is impossible not to feel that the ordinary powers of description fail in the presence of the grandeur of the elemental strife and the colossal proportions of the catastrophe. The incidents of horror and desolation, the rapid alternations of hope and agony, the gloomy sights and the appalling sounds, with which the genius of Byron has invested the narrative of the shipwreck of a single vessel, here were multiplied and intensified to a degree which transcends the wildest flights of fancy, and baffles

W. Simpson, del. — R. K. Thomas, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE GALE OFF THE PORT OF BALAKLAVA
14th Novr 1854

the grasp of the boldest conception. Fortunately this is one of the scenes to which the pencil is more capable of doing justice than the pen, and the terrible majesty and resistless power of the mighty tempest are brought home so vividly and forcibly to the eye and to the heart, by the magnificent picture which now claims our attention, that we shall not pretend to do more than accompany it with a few brief words of elucidation and comment.

On the evening of the 13th November the barometer fell so rapidly, and so low, as to presage, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the approaching storm. Warned in time, Admiral Lyons prudently steamed out to sea in the Agamemnon to secure a wide berth; but when, on the following morning, the strong wind arose, and rushed in its impetuous career across the sorely troubled waters of the Euxine, in search of its prey, it found a ready-prepared holocaust, such as never was offered on the altars of the most implacable of heathen deities.

Thirty transports and several ships of war lay in the offing of the Port of Balaklava, whose narrow entrance is with difficulty made, by all but the smaller craft, even in the most favourable weather,—with a precipitous and iron-bound coast on their lee, and water of immense depth up to the very rocks, whose inhospitable sides offered only the gloomy alternative of doubtful captivity to those who should escape from certain death.

The morning dawned dark and cheerless, masses of black and angry-looking clouds shut out the sun and obscured the sky, or, at times, through their rifts, gave passage to gleams of wild and lurid light, which displayed at once and augmented the horrors of the scene. It had blown heavily during the night, but the wind now rapidly increased to a violence and fury such as the oldest pilots never before remembered to have witnessed. The sea rose with its own peculiar abruptness, and, as it dashed its gigantic waves upon the iron barrier of the coast, they broke into clouds of spray, which mounted for hundreds of feet up the precipitous cliff, and dispersed themselves far away inland. Blinding vapours of scud and mist, mingled with hail, came driving down the gale, shutting out the horizon, and wrapping the fearful waste of seething waters in a still more fearful gloom. Anon they lifted only to discover the strongest ships snatched from their anchors, and hurled with inconceivable violence upon the rocks, where a few minutes sufficed for the work of their destruction.

The Prince, a magnificent new screw steamer, of 2700 tons burden, which had arrived only a few days previously with the 46th regiment on board, and with a cargo valued at half a million sterling, consisting of large quantities of munitions of war, medical stores, and a complete supply of winter clothing, was among the earlier and the most costly victims of the tempest. Providentially the troops had been landed, but the cargo still remained intact, and her crew numbered 150 souls. Torn from her anchors, the cable of one of which it was stated had been improperly clinched, and did not hold at all, every effort was made by her Captain and by the Admiralty Agent to avert her fate, but in vain. The masts were all cut away to lighten her, and steam was turned on in order to get her to sea; but the rigging of the mizenmast unfortunately got entangled with the machinery of the screw, every revolution of which only served more effectually to hamper it, till at last her steam-power became null, and she hopelessly drifted towards the coast. So tremendous was the sea, at the moment when she struck, that within ten minutes afterwards not a vestige of her was to be seen. Some floating pieces of wreck, scarce any of which were more than a yard long, and a few lifeless bodies, maimed, bruised, and mangled, alone remained to mark the spot where perished this noble vessel, and where 150 human beings, who, but a short space before, had trodden her decks in confidence and hope, met their untimely fate. Of the whole crew only six men and a midshipman escaped.

The Rip Van Winkle, the Panola, the Progress, and several others, shared the disaster of the Prince, and in most cases were lost with all hands on board.

The master of the Avon, a large West-Indian steamer, finding it impossible longer to contend with the fury of the wind and of the sea, adopted a daring and desperate resolution, which was crowned with a success almost providential. Reversing the position of the ship, he determined to make for the narrow entrance of the harbour, which was at times only dimly visible through the fog, and accordingly shaped the Avon's course in that direction, with her engines working at the full power of the steam. A fortunate puff of wind facilitated the enterprise, and enabled her to steer clear of the rocks into the confined opening of the port. Her crew were subsequently engaged, with those of the other vessels enjoying the same shelter, in aiding the escape of the straggling survivors from the wrecks outside, who were hauled

W. Simpson del. F. M. Bryson lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son lith.rs to the Queen

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF THE ENGLISH BATTERIES

up by ropes from their perilous position at the foot of the precipices where they had found a precarious respite from the terrors of the storm.

In the foreground of the drawing which has given rise to this imperfect sketch, the Prince and the Rip Van Winkle are described in the last moments of their fruitless struggle with the pitiless elements. A little while, and the hoarse notes of unavailing command, the bitter cry for help where no help is, the half-uttered yet fervent prayer, and the loud despairing shrieks of hundreds as they meet their doom, will be alike for ever hushed, and the jarring discords of the ocean and the skies echoed only, at ever decreasing intervals, by

> "the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

Her Majesty's steam frigates Retribution, Niger, and Vesuvius, the transport ship Melbourne, the Progress, and other vessels which with varying fortunes shared the perils of this awful day, are dimly and with difficulty discerned looming through mist and darkness. In the centre, the Avon is seen steaming into the hardly-won entrance of the port, and the background is formed by the outline of the rugged and abrupt cliffs which continue the coast line into the farthest distance, till their sombre forms blend at last with the angry billows, or the wild and dreary sky above them.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF THE ENGLISH BATTERIES.

This drawing, like all those which depict Sebastopol as it was, derives a new and deeper interest from the glorious success which has so recently crowned the patient perseverance and the long-protracted efforts of the Allied Armies. Since the period when the view was taken, sad havoc has been made by war's unmannerly hand among the proud palaces and the stately edifices of the "white-walled city by the sea;" and, though the attempt of its late masters to complete the ruin and desolation of a place they were compelled to abandon to their foes may have partially failed, few can doubt that for long, if not for ever, its ancient "glory has departed."

The offensive works of the English on both attacks, which form the principal subjects of the picture before us, have been constantly in course of modification and change by the progress of the siege, and its termination will probably restore to the ploughshare and the harrow the ground so long usurped by trenches and batteries. But the latest posterity of Englishmen will continue to seek with avidity and to study with attention all that tends to elucidate the history of one of the most remarkable and important military operations on record. They will trace with eager curiosity and with an honest pride the slow but certain process by which, in spite of the severest privations, and of the most determined resistance, their heroic forefathers drove an obstinate foe into his furthest entrenchments, and, within one short year of their landing in his territory, finally expelled him from a stronghold he had fondly deemed impregnable.

The works on both sides are here shown as they existed at the end of last year, and the close proximity of the French advanced batteries on the extreme left of the picture to the Russian defences opposed to them, indicates forcibly how much had even then been accomplished. Next to these on the right, and skirting the ridge of the ravine which separated the English and the French, are the batteries of the English "left attack," generally known as the "Three-gun" and "Green-hill" batteries. Beneath these, and still further to the right, lies in fancied security the beleaguered city, in which, as yet, scarcely a trace of injury is visible, protected towards the centre of the picture by the terrible Redan, around, beneath, and within which the most precious blood of England has twice been poured forth like water. Across the calm unruffled surface of the great harbour, in whose waters the Russian fleet for a while contrived to postpone the just and inevitable chastisement of the Sinope massacre, the eye falls on Fort Constantine, and the other sea and harbour defences of the North side. On the right the works of the partially dismantled Malakoff Tower and the Gordon Battery of our right attack are interchanging messages, not such as

"Fly on wings of swift-heeled Mercuries,"

but which are couched in tones of thunder, and borne on the pinions of a sterner Bellona than the wildest myth could even faintly shadow forth.

Far away a cloud of smoke points out the position of the Diamond Battery, commanded by the dauntless Captain Peel, and manned by his gallant and ever cheery tars, whose ceaseless energy and reckless daring

W. Simpson, del. R.M. Bryson, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son, lith.rs to the Queen

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY CAVALRY BRIGADE.

25th October 1854

contributed so largely to the final success, and vindicated for the fleet their share in a triumph from which a recreant foe would fain have excluded them.

In the distance the Armadas of France and England, drawn up in proud array, observe the offing; and, like grim dogs of war, keep watch and ward, lest the destined prey escape from the dread embrace which is every day tightening around it, never again to be relaxed until its annihilation is accomplished.

CHARGE OF THE HEAVY CAVALRY BRIGADE,

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

In the background of this picture the eye, already familiar with the scene, recognises the crowded harbour of Balaklava, and the Genoese forts surmounting the heights which shut it in on the east; on the left the ground rises gradually to the bold and magnificent promontory of Cape Aia and the chain of hills which skirt the whole of the south-eastern extremity of the Crimea. In the middle distance on the right, on a hill overlooking Kadikoi, we observe a sailors' battery protecting our lines; beneath it are the church of that village, and the camp and intrenchments of Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders, in front of which the 93d Regiment are drawn up in line. It is the moment when they have so successfully repulsed the Russian cavalry, who had been detached to attack them, and who are now flying, faster than they came, to the shelter of their position. The foreground is occupied by the camp of our Light Cavalry Brigade, which was shamefully plundered by the flying Turks, after they had abandoned the redoubts; and the squadrons of the Heavy Cavalry are seen sweeping down in admirable order, and at an irresistible pace, to encounter the dense masses of Russian horsemen who are advancing to meet them. We shall make no apology for introducing in this place Mr. Russell's account of this splendid feat of arms, which, as well as his description of the charge of the Light Cavalry brigade, we have ventured to borrow from his inimitable letters, in the conviction that no other pen, least of all our own, could do equal justice to these unparalleled achievements. After narrating the flight of the Turks, and their re-formation on the flanks of the Highlanders, Mr. Russell thus pursues his story:—

"As the Russian Cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at the distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some 1500 men along the ridge—Lancers and Dragoons and Hussars. Then they move *en échelon* in two bodies, with another in reserve.

"The Cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our Cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon-bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet: gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak, topped with a line of steel.* The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onwards through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense, every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock: but, ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. 'Bravo, Highlanders! well done!' shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. 'No,' said Sir Colin Campbell, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep.' The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however turned in a moment on our own Cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians, evidently *corps d'élite*, their light-blue jackets embroidered with silver

lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our Cavalry gave out the warning blast, which told us that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian Cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarcely enough to let the horses gather way, nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian Cavalry brings forward each wing as our Cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart; the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the Red-coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. 'God help them! they are lost!' was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming up to swallow our handful of men.

"By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse, in less than five minutes after it met our Dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip; in the enthusiasm officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and, thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again.

"Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, Aide-de-Camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say 'Well done!' The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. 'I beg to thank his Lordship very sincerely,' was his reply. The Cavalry did not long pursue their enemy. Their loss was very slight, about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our Heavy Dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our Light Cavalry.

SECOND CHARGE OF THE GUARDS

AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

The Battle of Inkermann has already been described at length in another part of this work. Mr. Simpson has chosen for delineation in this view the moment when the Guards, reinforced after their first check, are making their second successful charge into the well-known Sandbag Battery, from which they had been driven at an earlier period of the day by overwhelming numbers.

The rear and flanks of the battery as well as the sides of the steep ridge above the Tchernaya are crowded with the innumerable hosts of

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SECOND CHARGE OF THE GUARDS

When they retook the two gun battery at the battle of Inkermann.

the Russian infantry, whose closely-packed columns in vain struggle to keep at bay the thinned but undaunted line of their resolute assailants. Already the contest is becoming hand-to-hand, and the foreground is filled with a mêlée of Russians and Grenadiers, clubbing their muskets, and interchanging bayonet thrusts, as they near each other in the deadly strife. The sides, the front, and the interior of the battery, are thickly strewn with the dead and the dying of either side, and grey great-coats, flat caps, and bearskins, muskets and accoutrements, lie all around in inextricable confusion. Clouds of smoke in the centre of the picture indicate the fierce and continuous musketry fire which is rolling along the hostile lines, till it dies away in the far distance at the base of the hill, where the Russians have posted their artillery, dragged up to its top during the favouring obscurity of the preceding night. A shell from one of these guns is bursting in the very midst of our Grenadiers, close to the spot where four soldiers are carrying off to the rear on a stretcher an officer, evidently severely wounded. On the right the picturesque ruins of Inkermann, and the placid waters of the Tchernaya, bordered with a fringe of over-shadowing trees, present a scene of peaceful repose, which contrasts strangely and mournfully with the fearful spectacle of havoc and desolation, and with the fierce raging of the storm of human passion, on the field of battle.

Such a scene, so vividly portrayed, cannot fail to awaken in every heart, not dead to the kindly influences of Christian charity and love to his fellow-men, the most earnest longing for the consummation purchased at so dear a price,—purchased with the life-blood freely poured from thousands of noble hearts, and with the agonised tears of those to whom the loved and lost were dearer than life itself,—a longing for peace honourable, just, and enduring,—not an insult to the dead, but a pledge of happiness and security to the living, and to the unborn generations who shall bless and cherish the memory of the heroes who perished to obtain it.

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise."

LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT KHUTOR KARAGATCH.

A group of unpretending farm buildings, with a few stunted trees in front of them, and a sentry pacing up and down his monotonous beat, mark the head-quarters of the British Army in the Crimea. The winter's sun throws the faint shadows of the trees on the white walls of the building, and enlivens the general aspect of the scene.

A group of French and English Officers in earnest conversation, several led horses in different parts of the court-yard, and mounted orderlies arriving and departing, give an air of business to the foreground inseparable from the centre of the vast and complicated machinery of a large army in an enemy's country. It was here that Lord Raglan lived through the long and dreary winter, and amidst circumstances the most trying, with prospects which seemed each day to grow darker, with the army which he loved perishing before his eyes, assailed by the most senseless calumny and the most galling detraction, his heroic courage, his unshaken confidence in the fortunes of his country, never for a moment quailed. The weight of an enormous responsibility, the failure of an enterprise in which he had engaged from a sentiment of the most exalted chivalry rather than with any expectation of success, grief for the repeated loss of near and valued friends, and the assaults of a disease which selects as its peculiar victims those who are exposed to severe mental anxiety, at length combined to break the noble spirit which they could not bend. He died as he had lived, calmly and grandly, surrounded by the affectionate veneration of all who had the privilege of his intimacy, and bewailed with the sincerest sorrow by the men whom he had commanded, by the Allies, and by his country.

Justice has long since been rendered to the eminent qualities which distinguished him as a man, a citizen, and a soldier: his gentle and conciliating manners, so peculiarly fitting him for the delicate and difficult duties of a divided command,—his unvarying affability, his kindness of heart, his courage, "which rivalled that of antiquity,"—his unswerving devotion in the path of duty,—all these were known and admitted, even by those who affected to deny to him the more brilliant characteristics of a great general. But time, which has silenced his calumniators, and trans-

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LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD QUARTERS AT KHUTOR KARAGATCH.

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DISTANT VIEW OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD QUARTERS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

W. Simpson del. – R. K. Thomas lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

A QUIET DAY IN THE DIAMOND BATTERY.

Portrait of a Lancaster 68 Pounder, 15th Decr 1854.

ferred the blame once so lavishly and so unjustly bestowed upon him to the really guilty, has also matured the results which he had so ably prepared, though he was not permitted to behold them. The fall of Sebastopol, and the circumstances which attended it, have amply vindicated the wisdom and the policy of many of his actions which were once the most freely censured; and every day adds another distinguished name to the cloud of witnesses whose position enables, as their convictions command them, to enhance the lustre of a name, which England will ever count amongst those of the bravest, the wisest, and the best of her sons.

DISTANT VIEW OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

We have here the subject of the preceding sketch viewed from a distance, and connected with the surrounding camps, and the offensive and defensive works of the contending armies. The position of the English and French batteries is again clearly indicated, and beyond them are seen the Russian defences and the town, with the English fleet in the far distance. The several camps are those of the 3d and 4th Divisions, of the Heavy Cavalry, and of Captain Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery. On the extreme right is a small farmhouse, surrounded with tents, below which are those of General Scarlett. The emaciated body of a dead horse in the foreground tells its own tale, and informs us that the difficulties and disasters of winter have already commenced,—disasters typed at once and augmented by the fate of the wretched animals who perished by thousands on the road to the camp, the worn-out victims of fatigue and starvation.

A QUIET DAY IN THE DIAMOND BATTERY.

PORTRAIT OF A LANCASTER 68-POUNDER, 15TH DECEMBER, 1854.

A quiet day! an interval of calm between the past and coming storm, a brief intermission in the rolling of the thunder,—a moment of repose snatched from the toil and turmoil, the anxiety and harass, the dread

monotony of the protracted strife. The unwonted silence is unbroken, save that now and again the rare report of some isolated gun comes lazily down the wind, and is formally answered from the opposing battery,—an interchange of cartels which just serves to assert the continuance of hostilities, and to vindicate the vigilance of the combatants. We are looking down into the interior of the Diamond Battery, so called because manned by sailors from Her Majesty's ship Diamond. The gabions and sand-bags, which form so important an element in the construction of works of this description, are carefully delineated in this picture, from which the curious in the secrets of military engineering may take a lesson in the art. Standing, sitting, and lying about the batteries, are groups of the devil-may-care sons of Neptune, displaying that happy *abandon* and easy grace of posture which distinguish them, whether on their own element or on shore. It is easy to gather from the innovations on their "nautical rig," which has suffered, not indeed a "sea change," but a terrestrial metamorphose, that they are rapidly accustoming themselves to this new phase of their amphibious existence, to whose exigencies they have accommodated themselves with their wonted facility.

Behind the traverses we catch a glimpse of the military guard of the trenches, whose costume *de rigueur*, and stiff precision of attitude, form a striking contrast to the unfettered garb and careless demeanour of the tars. Looking over the parapet, and utterly unconscious, or if conscious unmindful, of the hail of Minié bullets which such an apparition never fails to elicit from the ready rifles of the Russian outposts, stands Captain Peel, a son of the late Sir Robert Peel, whose already distinguished career gave promise when he volunteered, among the first, for duty in the trenches, of the brilliant and dashing services which he has since rendered there. Immediately below Captain Peel is Commander Burnet.

But what is that colossal object in the centre of the drawing, on whose portrait—evidently a labour of love—the Artist has bestowed so much of care? Reader! those round and flowing outlines, that exquisite proportion of parts, that smooth and brightly-polished surface, those vast yet not unwieldy dimensions, appertain to one of the creations of the War,—a joint and felicitous improvisation of Vulcan and of Mars, capable of hurling to an incredible distance missiles to which the terrible bolts of Jove himself are but as pop-gun pellets. It is a Lancaster 68-pounder gun, an implement of destruction Titanic in its forces, and "beautiful exceedingly" in the stern beauty of fitness for its terrible purpose. So

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THE FIELD OF INKERMANN.

grand an actor in the bloody drama of War was not likely to escape the attention of the spectators on the other side of the house, and the fracture observable on the gun-carriage proves how well the enemy's artillerymen were able to mark their appreciation of this great performer's powers.

Such are the main features of this interesting scene; the accessories in the shape of round shot, grape, and cases of shell ready for use, huts and sleeping-holes for the men, and the sadly suggestive and too necessary stretcher, are familiar to every one who has visited any of the batteries, and need no more than indication to the general reader.

THE FIELD OF INKERMANN.

The fields on which the great battles of the world have been decided are objects of interest to the remotest generations of men, and while the sites of large and populous cities become a topic for antiquarian disputes, and shrines once the most frequented cannot now boast a single worshipper, an endless succession of pilgrims continues to visit with pious enthusiasm and assiduous culture spots most frequently devoid of any remarkable natural beauties, but which are hallowed and endeared by the imperishable memory of the glorious deeds of which they have been the theatre. Though other contests have been marked by far greater mutual carnage, and have been attended by immediate results of higher moment, yet the real importance of the successful resistance at Inkermann can scarcely be overrated; and the enormous disproportion between the forces of the Allies and those of their assailants casts a halo over the victory, only less brilliant than the inextinguishable radiance which for ever illumines the deadly struggle at Thermopylæ.

Few Englishmen, then, will be inclined to undervalue so careful and accurate a delineation of the ground which is enriched with the blood of their compatriots, of their friends, and of those nearer and dearer to them still, as is given in the drawing now under our consideration, and which illustrates, as nothing else could, the nature and conditions of the great battle, which so completely frustrated the well-grounded hopes of the Russians, and enabled the Allies to maintain the siege through the long and trying months of winter.

The reader who has accompanied us thus far in our task will have no difficulty in recognising the two-gun battery on the slope of the hill above the ruins of Inkermann, which, with a slight breastwork, seen on the left of the picture, formed the only works of defence existing on the 5th of November.

He will as easily renew his acquaintance with the hills occupied by the Russian artillery, but which are now crested with a line of French batteries. Starting from the one immediately above the head of the harbour, the next to his left is the "Batterie du Clocheton;" then on the summit of Cossack, or Shell Hill, the eminence in the middle distance, he will perceive the "Batterie des Trois Nations;" lower down, and on the extreme left, the neatly-finished work, surrounding a group of tents, is called the "Batterie du Champ-de-Bataille." Sebastopol is again visible in the distance, and to the left of it, quite on the sky-line, the Picket-house, a small building, from which an admirable view of the town was obtainable. We shall close these remarks by an extract from the letter of a gentleman who visited the field two or three months after the battle, and who thus describes his impressions:—

"Immediately after lunch we set out for Inkermann, and R * * *, most good-naturedly to gratify a wish of mine, started from the spot where the Grenadiers' Camp stood on the night preceding the 5th; and we followed the exact road taken by the Guards to the Sandbag Battery, when they first came up with the Russians.

"As he rehearsed the events of that incomparable day, amidst the scenes and on the very spots of ground where they took place, I was deeply impressed with the glorious, but sad and solemn memories, his narrative and the place so vividly called forth. There, on the very ground on which I stood, had occurred that fearful and thrice-repeated death-struggle, which ended in the final ejection of the Russians from the battery; and as I listened to the thrilling narrative of the heroic deeds of a handful of men, the most difficult thing to realise was that he who told the tale, and who had been an actor in the strife, should be there again a living and breathing man.

"We wandered together over every inch of the fatal field not interdicted to us by the French sentries, and at every step we stumbled on unmistakable relics of the tremendous slaughter inflicted on the Russians. Though every visitor to the field, and their name is Legion, bears away with him some memento, the ground is still thickly strewn with Russian

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SENTINEL OF THE ZOUAVES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

pouches, great-coats, bayonet-hilts, cartridges, and accoutrements. Round shot and large fragments of shell are everywhere to be seen; and were the most inexperienced man suddenly placed amidst such a mass of these objects, he would need no *cicerone* to tell him, 'Here was a great battle fought.'

"One of the most striking peculiarities of the field is the constant recurrence of large patches of fresh earth. These are the graves where the countless myriads of the Czar, and the gallant sons of France and England,—fewer, yet all too many,—lie in their last sleep: and one could not contemplate them without speculating on the mysterious doom which compels men, who have no inborn hostility to each other, to this wholesale mutual slaughter.

"So it has ever been, so may it soon for ever cease to be, are the obvious reflection and the earnest prayer evoked by such a spectacle."

SENTINEL OF THE ZOUAVES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Winter indeed—and winter in an enemy's country! Snow everywhere —snow in the sky and on the earth; snow on the hills and in the valley— on the fragile tent and on the substantial city; snow on guns and gun-carriages; nay, even on the shaggy coat and dark capote of that grim-looking Zouave sentry, who seems to defy the weather even as he does the foe. Brave souls! how many associations of glory and of mirth, of reckless daring and heroic contempt of death, of ready wit and never-failing resource, of cheerfulness under privation, and gaiety under fire, of strange contrasts and quaint fraternizations with eccentric "insulars;" how many a reminiscence of camp-fire revelries, of furtive foragings and extemporaneous *cuisines*, dear to the heart of Soyer, spring up at the very mention of the name of Zouaves! Methinks even now I see their strange yet picturesque costume, their ample beards and closely-shaven polls, their swaggering gait, their quick intelligent eye, their air of latent devilry, and look of epicurean *insouciance*. Who, that has once seen, shall yet forget the ever-varying humours, the salient characteristics, of these *enfants gâtés* of the French Army, who unite the contrasting qualities of the sons of civilisation and of the children of the desert—equally prepared

with the bayonet and the repartee, the bullet and the *bon-mot;* at once the staunchest of friends and the sternest of foes, and always first in the fray and latest at the feast?

Fair reader, your gentle bosom warms with the tenderest emotions of charity and compassion as you contemplate that solitary soldier, exposed to the harsh inclemency of the winter's night; but take comfort, a short space more and he will be relieved; a little while and the *pot-au-feu* will be removed from the blazing embers of the camp-fire, and, as he discusses its savoury contents in the society of a few of the choicest spirits of the regiment, cold and hardship will be alike forgotten amidst the enlivening strains of the *chanson-à-boire,* in which "Papa Nicholas" is relegated to a locality where the thermometer never falls within many degrees of zero.

COMMISSARIAT DIFFICULTIES.

THE ROAD FROM BALAKLAVA TO SEBASTOPOL AT KADIKOI, DURING THE WET WEATHER.

Shade of Macadam! if ever thou

Revisitest the glimpses of the moon,

avert thy bewildered gaze! Let no return of mundane curiosity lead thee to the world-renowned Balaklava, or tempt thee to wander on the classic plateau of the Chersonese. Rather betake thee to the smooth broad highway of the Great North Road, or seek a congenial resting-place for thy shadowy feet where the impetuous coursers of the Brighton "Age" erst spurned with galloping hoofs the fast-receding ground. On this remote peninsula, and on this treacherous soil, thy grand invention is undreamed of or untried. The well-crushed granite, the gently-arching causeway, are alike unknown; and beneath the Cimmerian blackness of the sky the road lies buried fathom-deep, *horresco referens!* in still more black Cimmerian mud. There is indeed no longer any road, but one deep watercourse of slush and filth—one huge illimitable Slough of Despond.

In vain Turkish arabajees and Tartar buffalo-drivers, in vain the stoutest-hearted artillerymen, contend with the slimy element; at every pace a broken wheel, a foundered ordnance-waggon, an inextricable gun, mark and increase the hopeless difficulties of the dreary pilgrimage. On

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COMMISSARIAT DIFFICULTIES.

The road from Balaklava to Sebastopol, at Kadikoi, during the wet weather

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THE GRAVES IN THE FORT ON CATHCART'S HILL

Of the Officers 4th Division who fell at Inkermann.

on, brave hearts! the army must be fed, the siege-train be supplied; the front must be attained, though every step be but a deeper difficulty—though blows and persuasion alike fail to extract one solitary effort more from the out-wearied beasts of burden, whose mud-bedraggled corpses lie at every yard thicker and thicker on the fatal strand.

Shade of Macadam, listen yet! and bear back to thy else sorrow-haunted limbo the accents of hope and encouragement. From out this chaos order shall yet arise; the navvie and the wheelbarrow shall avenge thine insulted manes; and tones of sweetest import shall ere long soothe thy ghostly tympanum, telling of the inauguration of the Railway from Balaklava to Sebastopol.

THE GRAVES IN THE FORT ON CATHCART'S HILL

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FOURTH DIVISION WHO FELL AT INKERMANN.

Cathcart's Hill is familiar to all who have visited the British position before Sebastopol as a point from which an excellent view of the town was to be obtained; it is, and ever will be, memorable as the last earthly resting-place of some of the most conspicuous among that band of heroes who sacrificed themselves on the fatal field of Inkermann for their country's honour, and for the civilisation of the world. The heroic and chivalrous Cathcart, the brave and gentle Strangways, the gallant Goldie, lie here surrounded by the honoured ashes of their companions in arms, whose rank only was less illustrious, whose fate was all as glorious. A brief enumeration of their names and services will be all which our limits will admit of. Major Townsend was killed by a fragment of a shell at the moment when he was endeavouring to save the guns of his battery, already almost in the possession of the enemy, whose skirmishers had picked off, with a fire of deadly precision, the majority of the gunners at their post. His devotion cost him his life, but it effected its object; and, thanks to the intrepidity of Lieutenant Miller, the last of the compromised guns was safely withdrawn.

Colonel Seymour, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, the Adjutant-General of the Fourth Division, had been already wounded before Sir George

Cathcart fell. He still rode on, and, dismounting when his chief was seen to fall, was bayonetted in the act of giving him succour. Major Wynne and Lieutenant Barker, both of the 68th, were shot about the same time; and Lieutenant Dowling of the 20th here also met his fate. Lieutenant-Colonel Swyney fell at the head of the 63rd, as he was gallantly leading them in a charge, in which Lieutenant Curtois and Ensigns Tysden and Clutterbuck, of the same regiment, received their death-wounds. This last-named officer was carrying the Queen's colour, and the last words he was heard to utter, before he was struck down, were, "Come on, 63rd." Captains Stanley and Bland fell at the head of 170 men of the 57th, after performing prodigies of valour and feats of individual heroism, such as Homer loved to sing, and which animated the courage of their men to a pitch of desperation.

Captain Cartwright, of the 1st battalion of the Rifle Brigade, was pierced with balls as he stood encouraging the young soldiers of his company to stand firm under a murderous fire from the enemy.

Lieutenant Hurt of the 21st was the only officer of that regiment killed at the battle of Inkermann. Lieutenants Tryon and Godfrey of the 1st battalion of the Rifles, Captain Lye of the 20th, and Assistant-Surgeon Lloyd, whose graves are the only ones remaining to be noticed, did not fall at Inkermann, but they perished in services as arduous and as nobly-rendered in the self-same cause. Lieutenant Tryon especially distinguished himself in the capture of some Russian rifle-pits, which annoyed and obstructed the progress of our working-parties before Sebastopol, a task which he discharged with such gallantry and discretion as to call for the marked approbation of Lord Raglan, and to elicit a tribute of the deepest sympathy in the fate of an officer of such high promise from General Canrobert.

Side by side in the unbroken slumber of death, as they were together in the furious mêlée and in the resistless charge, the fallen brave lie beneath the unpretending mounds, which tell a prouder story than the sculptured splendours of monumental marble. In their lives they were sublime,—in their deaths immortal; and if the end which sanctified their earthly struggle, and shed unfading glory around its close, could be achieved at no less costly sacrifice, its triumph may serve to assuage the bitterness of unavailing grief in the survivors. They also have to fight the good fight in the stern and protracted battle of life. There also wounds and reverses, and weariness of heart, tax the fortitude and sap the

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CHARGE OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY BRIGADE, 25TH OCTOBER 1854.

Under Major General the Earl of Cardigan.

patience of the spiritual soldier; but in resignation and submission, in the belief that the grave is not life's goal, in the hope that soars above it to a world where partings are unknown, they may emulate the dauntless courage and the generous self-devotion of those whom they lament, and claim with them a purer, a holier, and a more lasting kindred, than the sweetest ties of earthly and perishable affection.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY BRIGADE,

25TH OCTOBER, 1854.

We have elsewhere attempted to describe the theatre of this magnificent charge, and it is merely necessary to add, in further explanation of this drawing, that the ridge of land intervening between the foreground and the range of hills in the distance separates the ground of the Heavy Cavalry Charge from that of the Light Cavalry. We shall now leave the reader in the hands of Mr. Simpson and of "Our own Correspondent:"

"Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against him. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not near so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared, without a thought, to rush on almost certain death. It is a maxim of war that 'Cavalry never act without a support,' that 'Infantry should be close at hand when Cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous,' and that it is necessary to have, on the flank of a line of Cavalry, some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our Light Cavalry had was the reserve of Heavy Cavalry at a great distance behind them, the Infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns were reached, of a mile and a half in length.

"At ten minutes past eleven our Light Cavalry Brigade advanced. The whole Brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubt on the right with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and

splendour of war. We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position! Alas! it was but too true—their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part, discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death.

"At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second; they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses.

"They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale—demi-gods could not have done what we had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity, without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had

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HUTS AND WARM CLOTHING FOR THE ARMY.

just ridden over them, and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes, as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns."

HUTS AND WARM CLOTHING FOR THE ARMY.

The road from Balaklava to the front, in another phase of its Protean existence. The Commissariat and its difficulties seem alike to have disappeared, the mud has given place to snow, and the leaden sky overhead is painfully suggestive that there is, in the words of the immortal Mr. Swiveller, "plenty more where that came from." The landscape is dreary enough in all conscience, and the thought of men passing their nights in such weather in the trenches, with no warmer couch than a snow-drift, and no other roof than the dull and gloomy canopy of heaven, may well awaken a feeling of self-reproach in the Sybarites at home, who shiver before the ruddy glow of a sea-coal fire, and starve beneath piles of blankets heaped Pelion on Ossa. But more cheering reflections arise as we watch that long line of horse and footmen, of mules and beasts of burden, struggling with and staggering under the weight of an unwonted load, almost exceeding their diminished powers of endurance, yet far too precious to be rashly cast away. For the warm clothing so "long looked for" has "come at last"—the terrible disaster involved in the distressing fate of the Prince is at length retrieved—the hardy sons of Britain, whose iron constitutions have borne up against sickness and exposure, shall yet experience warmth and comfort, of which they had long despaired. Slowly, partially, and scantily indeed are the first supplies distributed; for awhile even the hospitals are but shabbily supplied; frost-bite must still claim its victims; and the hardships of winter must drag on a lingering existence ere they vanish for ever in the genial presence of spring. But the worst is over. "*Hambre que espera hartura*," says the

Spanish proverb, "*no es hambre.*" Hunger, with a leg of mutton in the perspective, is hunger no more; and many a poor fellow, who looked with eyes of envy on his more fortunate and warmly-clad comrade, may have derived support and courage under delay and disappointment from the thought that his own turn was not far distant, and that his weary warfare with the elements was well-nigh ended.

This picture, with its double tale of sufferings gone by and of present succour and relief, has also like all human scenes its grotesque side. This is furnished by the strange and uncouth appearance of the men and animals, whose identity is obscured, confused, and at times annihilated by the vast accumulations of skins and furs under which they labour on the road. "This drawing," says Mr. Simpson, "is no caricature of life as it appeared during the winter season in the Crimea. The strange-looking animal in the foreground is a mule laden with buffalo-hides; behind which is a soldier bearing sheep-skin cloaks; the Hussar behind him is one of Lord Cardigan's regiment.

"A little on the road in front, and recognisable by his helmet, is one of the Heavy Cavalry, employed at this time in pulling up half-famished mules to the camp, laden with the wood for the huts; the figure encumbered with coats, shoes, and flannel comforters, is one of the 'Guards.'"

Such were the fantastic forms evoked by the genius of Winter; and, while we may now afford to bestow a smile on the ludicrousness of the spectacle, none will forbear a prayer that no British Army may ever again go through the tragic scenes of which this drawing preserves but a passing episode.

CAMP OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

We are here gratified with a peep at the local habitation of "Jack ashore." With his usual handiness and ready adaptation to circumstances, he has a thousand little contrivances for making himself at home in his unaccustomed mode of life, and in and around those symmetrical rows of neat-looking tents there is abundance of knick-knacks and devices for comfort, of which dwellers in camp have usually no notion. As we gaze upon the well-remembered scene, crowds of grateful recollections come back upon us; the unfailing welcome, the flowing hospitality, the un-

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CAMP OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

W. Simpson, del. W. L. Walton, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE CAMP OF THE 1st DIVISION.

Looking North towards the Camp of the 2nd Division. The Heights of Inkermann in the distance.

stinting cheer, the hearty merriment, and the genial warmth of social intercourse in which we were permitted to share among these tents, are present to our mental eye, as they will ever be enshrined amongst our most cherished memories.

The most conspicuous object in this drawing is the marquee of Captain Lushington, pitched in the centre of an enclosure thrown up for its protection, in one corner of which the "Union Jack," denoting the command-in-chief, is displayed. To the right we observe a tall bell-shaped tent, which is the residence of Captain Peel, the darling of the dauntless *Koh-i-nohrs*. The group of officers in the foreground on the right consists of Mr. Maxse, the naval aide-de-camp at head-quarters; Captain Burnet, whom we have already seen in the society of our friend the 68-pounder; Captain Peel; Captain Lushington, the gallant commander of the Naval Brigade; and Captain Moorsom, the ingenious inventor of the shell which bears his name. Knots of happy-looking tars are dispersed about the camp chatting and enjoying themselves, and one minute object on the left of the drawing proves that some habits of nautical life are still preserved on shore. This is the bell with which they make the hours as on board ship, and whose clear tones are responded to with equal alacrity, whether they announce the expected and well-earned repast, or utter the never-neglected summons to the perilous and wearisome service of the batteries.

CAMP OF THE FIRST DIVISION,

LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS THE CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION: THE HEIGHTS OF INKERMANN IN THE DISTANCE.

This view and that representing the camp of the Second Division have a special interest for those who had friends or relatives engaged in the great battle of the 5th November, the brunt of which was borne by these two divisions. It was from these tents, to which so many were never to return, that the brigade of Guards, roused from slumber by the sounds of a sharp musketry fire on their right, marched with dauntless hearts and unfaltering step into the very thickest and hottest of the fight. Their road lay past the tents of the Second Division, and, by carrying a straight line up from the left of the officer on horseback in the foreground to where the

high ground in the distance slopes down to the Tchernaya, the reader will obtain a correct idea of the exact spot where they entered the battle. The Second Division camp is just visible on the rising ground above the group of soldiers in the middle distance. The tents of the Grenadier Guards extend from the windmill on the extreme left to where these soldiers are standing; those of the Coldstreams are seen in the distance; those of the Fusiliers on the right, with two marquees, which are the hospitals belonging to the latter. In the foreground the skeleton of a horse tells the well-known tale of difficulty and privation, and a string of mules and a rough country cart, drawn by the patient and hardy buffaloes, are toiling through the snow, with their hardly-earned store of provisions from Balaklava. Outside several of the tents may be observed the bear-skins of the men, placed there to air; an attention which evinces the pride and appreciation of its usefulness with which the Guards regard their favourite head-dress, the only one, it has been stated, which was never thrown away either on the march or in action.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE 26-GUN BATTERY,

ON THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE FRENCH ATTACK.

This description of the picture under our consideration refers, of course, only to the French left attack, as distinguished from their works on the extreme right at Inkermann. Running the eye along the horizon, commencing on the left, will be seen the Flagstaff Battery, or, as our Allies term it, the "Bastion du Mât;" next to this the Garden-wall Battery; then a portion of the town of Sebastopol, and the Dockyard Creek, at the entrance to which, on a tongue of land, stands Fort Saint Paul. Proceeding again to the right, on the high ground are the spacious and beautiful barracks, the battery in front of which is called the "Barrack Battery;" further on, the Redan; and, terminating the line, the Round Tower, or, as it is now generally designated, the "Malakoff," and its batteries. Several of the ships of the Russian fleet, every one of which has since been burnt, sunk, or destroyed, are to be distinguished in the creek, or in the main harbour beyond. Below the barracks is the suburb

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SEBASTOPOL FROM THE 26 GUN BATTERY ON THE EXTREME RIGHT OF FRENCH ATTACK

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HEAD OF THE HARBOUR, SEBASTOPOL.

of the town, in which General Eyre so gallantly and successfully established himself during the unfortunate attack of the 18th June. The valley on the right of the picture, and which divided the English and French attacks, is still studded with a few trees, whose tops and branches, like every other feature of the landscape, are covered deep with snow. A working party is busily employed in labours which soon render those engaged in them insensible to cold, while the guard of the trenches, with their muskets piled against the parapet, are condemned to a state of inaction which demands, evidently not in vain, a recourse to artificial means of promoting that genial circulation of the blood, without which the hardships of so severe a service are liable to be terminated by a "relief," sometimes deemed even more welcome than the arrival of comrades in the regular course of duty.

One characteristic group, a little to the right of the others, must not be passed over unnoticed. Three French riflemen, under the shelter of a projection of the rock, are eagerly on the watch for the chance of a shot at the enemy; and woe to the unwary Russian, who, looking over a parapet, or peeping through an embrasure, shall bring himself within range of those ready rifles, for they are wielded by hands which never tremble, and directed by eyes which never err; and the bullet which speeds from their deadly grooves is urged on its flight by the breath of the destroying angel.

HEAD OF THE HARBOUR, SEBASTOPOL.

This is a scene of tranquil beauty and repose, heightened rather than diminished by the evidences everywhere presented to the eye that here, as all around, War claims the landscape as his own. The lazy stream of the Tchernaya creeping into the blue placid waters of the bay; the rounded outlines of the hills, stretching away in gentle undulations to the horizon; the passing shower over Inkermann East Lighthouse, and which, with a few fleecy clouds, breaks up and relieves the monotony of the azure vault; — all these are contrasted, and yet blended, with the harder forms of batteries and earthworks, and with the picturesque yet significant puffs of whitest smoke which issue here and there from their guns. The most important of these works, at the time of the execution of the drawing, was

the New Mortar Battery, on the extreme right, which it was supposed would destroy not only the Lighthouse Batteries, but the shipping in the harbour. The latter portion of the task has been fully accomplished, though by other means; and perhaps the principal interest of the picture now attaches to the *rapprochement* of the English works of attack and the Russian batteries on the north side of the harbour, which have afforded a temporary and precarious shelter to the vanquished defenders of the town. Three of these are here shown; namely, two on the left, close to Inkermann West Lighthouse, and a third on the hill in the centre; but the chain of defences is prolonged westward till they terminate at Fort Constantine.

The Tchernaya, or black water, derives its name from the sluggish character of its current—the Orientals, both Turks and Russians, being accustomed to denominate all slow and turbid streams black, while those which flow rapidly are called white. When Dr. Koch visited Sebastopol, he rowed up the Tchernaya, which he found near its mouth fully deserving of its name, as he states it to have been filled with muddy, marshy water, and choked up with reeds and various aquatic plants. The desperate conflict of the 16th of August, in which the Russians displayed more than their usual obstinacy and contempt of death, charged the dull colour of the waters with the bright red hues of human blood, and impeded the course of the current with the innumerable corpses of the devoted men whom the fierce legions of Gaul hurled back into the river from their vain and fruitless attack.

GRAVES AT THE HEAD OF THE HARBOUR OF BALAKLAVA.

War has its victims other than those who perish by the sword and bullet; fever and cholera are ever in its train, and not unfrequently carry off those whose vocation is not in the battle-field, for whom alive there are no laurels, and dead no glory. At Balaklava there are many graves whose tenants were of this class, men who perished at their post and in the faithful discharge of their duty, and who sacrificed their lives to their country as surely and not less heroically than the soldier who falls at the summit of the breach he has mounted, and with the shout of victory ringing in his ears. A few of these narrow resting-places are marked by

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GRAVES AT THE HEAD OF THE HARBOUR OF BALAKLAVA

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SEBASTOPOL FROM THE SEA

Sketched from the deck of H.M.S. Sutton

unpretending head-stones, with a brief and simple inscription, but the majority are undistinguished, save in the memory of those who mourn their occupiers. It is at the funeral of one of the humbler of those whose remains lie thickly around, close to the calm basin whose waters are crowded with so many evidences of activity and life, that we are here invited to attend. The body of a sailor from one of the ships in the harbour has just been consigned to the earth, and, as the clergyman with bare head reads the impressive and pathetic burial service of the Church, the rough and often thoughtless children of the deep, whose hands have fashioned the grave to which they have borne their comrade, listen with bowed heads and with mingled feelings of reverence and sorrow to the solemn teachings of the holy rite. They think with full hearts of him who is gone from among them, whose earthly voyages are for ever ended, and who has attained the last and surest haven from the storms and shipwreck of the troubled sea of life. Or they muse, perhaps, on the fate which has laid him under a hostile soil and in a foreign land, far from the quiet village home and the peaceful churchyard, under whose green turf he may have fondly dreamed to seek repose in the evening of his days. Meanwhile the ceaseless bustle of the road hard by goes on, uninterrupted for a moment even by a scene like this; the living stream of energy and hope flows on careless of the dead who so near

"Lie unknown and unnoticed.—
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE SEA.

SKETCHED FROM THE DECK OF H. M. S. SIDON.

All our acquaintance with Sebastopol has hitherto been formed from various points in the Allied position on the South side, and the reader, who has accompanied us thus far in the series, must be tolerably conversant with the relative situations of the works of attack and defence, as well as

with the general aspect of the town as seen from the plateau above it. We are here presented with a far different and more panoramic view. Taking our stand on the deck of the Sidon, one of our ships of war engaged in the blockade of the port, we embrace at a glance the entrance to the harbour, the whole of the sea-ward defences, several of the forts on the North side, a considerable portion of the town, and of the heights immediately above it, and the lofty and magnificent chain of hills on the horizon, amongst which the *Tchatir Dagh*, or Tent Mountain, is conspicuous, from its size, its peculiar shape, and its isolated position.

The foreground derives interest and animation from the graceful grouping and easy natural attitudes of the sailors on the deck of the Sidon, where we are introduced to another accurate and elaborate "portrait" of one of those gigantic implements of destruction which have inaugurated a revolution in every branch of scientific warfare; the subject, in this instance, being a pivot-gun weighing 87 cwt., and which throws an 8-inch solid shot.

Mr. Simpson's enumeration of the several objects of importance in this drawing is at once so graphic and so lucid, that we should be guilty of presumption were we to attempt to substitute for it any description of our own. He says,—

"On the top of the red cliff at the extreme left of the picture is the Wasp Battery; inwards from it is the North Fort; below these on the point of land is Fort Constantine; the long fort behind it is Fort Maximilian. On the South side is a very dark building, this is Fort St. Nicholas; to the right of this fort is a long line of guns forming the Quarantine Battery. At the entrance to the Quarantine Harbour, just above this, is the commencement of a long loop-holed wall, which extends to the very right of the picture; it ends at a now roofless building just behind the Flagstaff Battery, which is indicated by the smoke of a gun. With the exception of some suburban patches of houses now in ruins, the city of Sebastopol is enclosed on this side by the wall, and the tops of the houses alone are visible over it. The dark-coloured dome which surmounts the Church is seen above the wall; to the right of it is a large building, which is said to be a military club-house; to the right of this again is a building with a green roof, said to be the Theatre; over this is indicated the position of the Malakoff, beneath which are a great number of earth-works; not far from these, close to the sea, are still existing remains of the ancient Chersonesus; they are immediately above the men hoisting the flags. This

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EMBARKATION OF THE SICK AT BALAKLAVA.

drawing gives a correct idea of what are termed 'the heights above Sebastopol.' They are the greyish-green ground between the long wall and the snow-covered mountains in the distance; the highest point of this ground being 'Cossack' or 'Shell Hill,' exactly over the building with the green roof, the field of Inkermann being just in the hollow. To the right, between that and the next eminence on the southern side of it, precisely between the two lines to which the flags are attached, is the position of the camp of the Second Division. Over fort Saint Nicholas is the Inkermann West Light, from which the Russians can throw shells upon Cossack Hill; upon the higher ground behind is the Inkermann East Light. The foreground represents the deck of Her Majesty's ship Sidon, engaged in the blockade of the port of Sebastopol; the two flags being hoisted are part of a sentence, and express the word 'Russians,' the men being engaged in reporting to the Admiral of the Fleet the arrival of some of the enemy's troops and waggons."

EMBARKATION OF THE SICK AT BALAKLAVA,

LOOKING SOUTH.

Amongst the many offices of friendship and good-fellowship which their superiority in numbers enabled the French to render us during the winter, none was of more value or more highly appreciated than the assistance afforded by them in conveying our sick to Balaklava. Decimated as was the British army by disease, worn out by fatigue and privation, and occupying a position to whose enormous extent their diminished numbers were daily becoming more and more inadequate, the exigencies of the siege, and the still more pressing necessity of supplying hour by hour "all life needs for life," taxed their overstrained energies to the utmost, and left but a small margin of available means for the transport of the sick, who at times accumulated in the field-hospitals in a proportion which bade fair to outnumber their still healthy comrades. In this trying conjuncture our warm-hearted Allies came to the rescue, and for many weeks long trains of

their mules, bearing the simple, but ingenious and most useful, litters which they employ in this service, were to be seen wending their way from the front to Balaklava, conducted by French soldiers, and under the charge of one of their officers. As this melancholy convoy neared the point of embarkation, which was at a wharf at the head of the harbour, above the shipping, and which, from the purpose to which it was destined, was known as the "Sick Wharf," mounted orderlies cleared the ever-crowded road, and secured a free and safe passage to the boats for the unfortunate sufferers. This wharf, which presented an original and happy combination of sanitary reform and engineering skill, was the conception of the able and energetic Commandant of Balaklava, Colonel Harding, who employed for its foundation the vast quantities of filth and rubbish, which were carried away from the dirty little town by his orders.

At this point the invalids were received by the Naval Officer in charge of the pier, and placed in the small boats which were to convey them to the ships destined to carry them to Scutari. So rapidly and well was the whole duty performed, that the writer has seen more than one hundred sick men brought down to the wharf, removed from the litters, and all of them embarked, in less than half an hour. Too many of them, alas! only entered the fatal walls of the hospital at Scutari, to be carried out ere long on other stretchers to the crowded burial-ground; and it was in gazing on these pale faces and emaciated forms, and reflecting on their too probable destination, more, perhaps, even than in the contemplation of the complicated carnage and mutilation of a field of battle, that the conviction of the appalling horrors of a state of war was fully brought home to the heart and conscience.

This is the darker side of the picture: it had a brighter one, and not a few of those who, entering the hospital with but frail hopes of recovery, are now restored to health and strength, will ever recognise with gratitude the tender care and constant attention of which they were the objects, at the hands of the overworked and scantily rewarded men, on whom was thrown so fearful a responsibility of life and death. And in their humble prayers for their benefactors at the throne of grace, *her* name assuredly will not be the least fervently uttered, who, quitting the luxuries and refinements of an English home, braved on her errand of mercy with unquenchable fortitude the fury of the elements, and the stealthy attacks of the pestilence that walketh in darkness; whose gentle hand soothed the fevered brow,

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A QUIET NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

Greenhill Battery (Major Chapman's) 29th. Jany. 1855.

and whose consoling accents calmed the troubled spirit in the hour of distress and anguish—who stayed not day or night in her ceaseless labour of love, until she herself well-nigh fell a victim to her care for others.

The drawing represents the Sick Wharf at the moment of embarkation, and the spectator is supposed to be looking in the direction of Kadikoi and the Camp. The Naval Officer in charge, in the foreground, who is supporting the sick soldier into the boat, is Lieutenant Goss. On the right of the picture is Dr. Costello, and behind him Dr. Anderson. The large building on the hill-side, in the background, is the General Hospital at Balaklava.

A QUIET NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

A SKETCH IN THE GREENHILL BATTERY (MAJOR CHAPMAN'S), 29TH JANUARY, 1855.

This picture forms the pendant to that entitled "A Quiet Day in the Batteries," which has already been noticed. A full moon pours its broad calm radiance on the landscape, shedding "beauty and deep softness" even on the stern interior of a battery. The brightness of the atmosphere renders alike impossible the stealthy sortie of the garrison and the furtive labours of the working party, and the guns, which have neither friend to shelter nor foe to repel, have stilled for a moment their iron-throated clamours, and left free utterance to the truer and holier, but too often unheard, "voices of the night." Leaning against the traverses, or stretched on the ground, with a gun-platform for a pillow, the defenders of the work are enjoying a repose troubled by no dreams of coming strife; a group of officers, amongst whom, wrapped in his ample capote, is the field-officer of the night, are whiling away the long hours in pleasant chat; while a few of the more wakeful among the men are seated round the cheerful blaze of a fire, enjoying the benign influence of the soothing weed, or absorbed in reveries of which the distant home and the absent-loved are the ever-recurring theme.

Sebastopol is not visible, but the direction in which the guns are pointed sufficiently hints its position. The gun on the right is distinguished

as No. 1 gun, No. 2 battery siege train; it weighs 56 cwt. and throws an 8-inch shot; but its powers are in abeyance, and the sand-bag with which the breech is muffled is emblematic of the lull in hostilities. Cape Chersonese is seen in the distance; and the silver-white waters of the bay, studded with ships lying peacefully at anchor, complete and sustain the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

THE CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION,

LOOKING EAST. JANUARY 1855.

This is a companion picture to that of the First Division Camp, and, like it, requires but little explanation. The main features of the landscape are the same, relieved, however, by the bold forms of the high range of hills in the background. The camp of the First Division is now seen in the distance, on the far edge of the plateau, and between it and the windmill is a camp of Zouaves. This windmill was one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the position, and of inestimable value to a bewildered wanderer amongst the mazes of tents which stretched for miles away in every direction, with a provoking uniformity not unfrequently puzzling to the "oldest inhabitants" of the camps. Not the least comfortless among the numerous sufferers from the rigour of winter in this Ishmaelitish form of existence were the wretched horses, which may be seen picketed in various directions amongst the tents, and exposed to the bitterest weather, with but scanty clothing at the best, and too often with none whatever. Of the results of this *al fresco* stabling, with the thermometer below zero, we have already had a striking illustration. At this period many attempts at huts were beginning to spring up about the camp, but want of transport and the long distance from Balaklava rendered it almost impossible to bring up the wood for roofing them; and tents, as the reader will perceive, were still in a decided majority.

There are few amongst the British public who have not visited Chobham or Aldershot, and who are not, therefore, familiar with the picturesque appearance presented by a "canvas town" on a fine day, and beneath a summer sky. A smaller number, perhaps, are acquainted with the pecu-

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THE CAMP OF THE SECOND DIVISION, LOOKING EAST.

January 1855

W. Simpson, del. _W. L. Walton, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen

THE RUINS OF INKERMANN AND CITY OF CAVERNS.

liarly unreal and phantasmagoric aspect of tents at night before the lights are extinguished; but only those who have witnessed it can form an idea of the dreary and desolate-looking objects they become with a leaden sky above them, and the snow lying thickly around. In recalling the misery of which this gloomy exterior was but the type, we may well congratulate ourselves on the fair prospect of winter quarters this year for our gallant Army in the Crimea.

THE RUINS OF INKERMANN, AND CITY OF CAVERNS.

Inkermann, or, as its name imports, the City of Caverns, has long furnished material for antiquarian discussions, the merits of which are not even in the present day decided.

"At the distance of a quarter of a mile across the valley," says Mr. Russell, "the sides of the mountains, opposite to the ridge of the plateau on which our camp stands, rise abruptly in sheer walls of rock, slab after slab, to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet. A road winds among those massive precipices up to the ruins of Inkermann—a city of the dead, and gone, and unknown—where houses, and pillared mansions, and temples, have been hewn out of the face of the solid rock by a generation whose very name the most daring antiquaries have not guessed at."

The general opinion however among modern travellers appears to be, that these singular excavations were the work of monks or persecuted Christians, Arians probably, under the Byzantine Empire. The caves consist of chambers with Gothic windows cut out of the solid stone, of churches, chapels, monasteries, and sepulchres, all executed with the most elaborate care and skill. In these strange and inaccessible retreats it is conjectured that the schismatic inhabitants of the Chersonese sought and obtained refuge from the persecutions of the dominant and intolerant Greek Church. The largest chapel, the front of which is seen in the drawing immediately under the ruins, presents all the features of Byzantine architecture, and is about twenty-four feet long by twelve broad. Sarcophagi, usually quite empty, have been found in many of the cells: these latter are often connected with each other, and are approached by stairs cut in the living rock. Such are the caves of Inkermann:—the origin of

the ruined fortress, which crowns the cliff out of which they are hewn, is buried in obscurer doubt and in a remoter antiquity. By some it is believed to have been raised by the Greeks, others assert that it was a Genoese stronghold, while Dr. Grant assumes with confidence that it was the work of Diophantes, the General of Mithridates, and called by him Ctenos, or Eupatoria. However this may be, the absence of any reliable tradition as to its date, seems to favour the hypothesis which throws that date the farthest back. On the opposite side of the valley is a portion of the aqueduct, which fills the docks of Sebastopol with the waters of the Tchernaya. This aqueduct or canal is twelve miles long, and pierces the cliff at the point where it is lost to sight by a magnificently constructed tunnel, three hundred yards in length. At the back of the arches is a deep ravine or quarry, from whence the materials for building the City of Sebastopol were drawn, with the advantage of water-carriage for them the whole way. Skirting the quarry, the Inkermann road traverses the foreground; here our outlying pickets are posted, the smoke from their fires curling round the cliff on the right. Above them is the advanced French picket of Zouaves. On the high cliff above the picket is a four-gun battery, from which the Russians fire into the camp of the Second Division, and annoy our outlying pickets. The foregrounds of this view, of that representing the head of the harbour, and of the view of Sebastopol from the East, are in each case at the rear of the Russian position at the battle of Inkermann.

HIGHLAND BRIGADE CAMP,

LOOKING SOUTH.

The portion of the defences of the rear of our position between Balaklava and Kadikoi was entrusted during the winter to a battalion of the Rifles, to the Marines who had been landed from the ships of war, and to the Highland Brigade, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell. Besides these a certain number of Turks held part of the position, and if, after their conduct on the 25th of October, only doubtful reliance could be placed on their fighting qualifications, it

W. Simpson, del. — W. L. Walton, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

HIGHLAND BRIGADE CAMP.

Looking South.

cannot be denied that they rendered the most essential service by aiding in the construction of the admirable lines of Balaklava, whose strength was so evident, that the Russians never attempted to assail them subsequently to that date. These Turks must not be confounded with the veterans of Omer Pasha, who made so gallant and successful a stand against the Russians on the Danube; the former being only raw levies, hastily gathered together at Constantinople, and few of whom probably had seen a shot fired before they landed in the Crimea.

The lines of defence, which may be traced from the foreground of the picture to the point where they disappear round the shoulder of the summit of the opposite hills, consisted of a high and solid embankment, with a deep ditch or trench in front of it, strengthened by batteries in all the most commanding situations. On the summit itself there is a redoubt, surrounded by the camps of the Rifles and Marines. Below these, on the left, may be observed a camp of Zouaves, and, still more to the left, the camp of the 79th Highlanders. At the foot of the next eminence, and on a detached hillock below it, on the left, is seen the camp of the 42nd Highlanders. On the top of the hillock to the right of this stands the chapel of St. Elias.

Below the hillocks, and between them and the trenches, are the tents of the Turks, and the curious mud-huts or caves in which they burrowed during the winter, but which were destroyed in the spring by Omer Pasha's orders, when he assumed the command. On the right of the second hillock, and just above the railway, which with the road from Balaklava is seen winding through the valley towards the front, are the tents and huts of the 71st Highlanders. The huts in the foreground form the camp of the 93rd Highlanders, on the right of which are some more Turkish tents.

The square building on the extreme right is the Head-quarters of Sir Colin Campbell; who is seen standing in the foreground, in conversation with Major Gordon, the officer in the sheepskin coat. The other officers composing the Staff may be thus distinguished. Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling is leaning on the gun nearest to the spectator, with a telescope in his hand; standing against the second gun is Capt. Mansfield, A.D.C.; next to him in a sitting posture, Major Shadwell, A.Q.M.G.; and on his left Capt. Maxwell.

The harbour and shipping at Balaklava, shut in by the hill on which are the Genoese forts, are visible in the distance.

THE RAILWAY AT BALAKLAVA.

The history of this extraordinary undertaking is well known. When first suggested it was regarded by many with suspicion and distrust, as a visionary and impracticable scheme, resulting from ignorance of the different exigencies of a country in a high state of civilization, and which for forty years had enjoyed profound peace, from those of an invaded and far-distant land, on which the assailants could only maintain a precarious footing by mere force of arms. The Russians, it was contended, would never permit such a work to be accomplished; its progress would be interrupted and delayed by frequent attacks, while those engaged in its construction would be constantly harassed and annoyed, and in all probability many of them carried into captivity. The country, too, was not adapted for the construction of a railroad—the gradients would be too steep, the soil too treacherous; while the heavy rains, which were known to deluge the Crimea at that season of the year, would either prevent its being made at all, or render it entirely useless when made.

Such were the objections started by those who never believe in the possibility of success until after its achievement, and who are then sure to wonder that any doubts could ever be entertained of results, which from the first were palpable to *them*. If, as is well known to have been the case, the expedition itself was judged in this unfair spirit, it can scarcely be matter of surprise that the projected railway should have been criticised in a similar strain. The then government, however, wisely closed its ears to these lugubrious croakings and sinister predictions; and, appreciating at a glance the immense importance of the advantages which would accrue both in the comfort of the army and the more vigorous prosecution of the siege from so vast an increase in the means of transport, it closed gladly and at once with the proposals of Messrs. Peto, Betts, and Brassey. These gentlemen, who were already widely known from the gigantic scale on which they had contracted for works of a similar nature in various parts of the world, offered to construct a double line of rails from Balaklava to head-quarters, and to such other points in the front as might the most facilitate the operations of the Commissariat. In the most liberal and patriotic

W. Simpson, del. — W. L. Walton, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE RAILWAY AT BALAKLAVA.

Looking South.

spirit, they declined to derive any pecuniary benefit from the transaction, demanding only to be reimbursed the expenses they should actually incur. They were to engage the whole of the staff, including a large body of the herculean labourers technically known as "Navvies," for whom they established a separate Commissariat, totally independent of the Government; and were to convey to Balaklava in ships freighted by themselves all the necessary *matériel*, including rails, sleepers, stationary engines, &c. &c.

How well and how rapidly they redeemed all their pledges it is unnecessary to dwell on; suffice it to say, that, within three short months from the sailing of the first of their ships, the railway was in full operation in conveying to the front enormous quantities of clothes, provisions, and munitions of war. It has been frequently supposed that the trucks were drawn by locomotive engines, but this is an error; the great steepness of the gradients not rendering this mode of traction desirable. At first the huge cart-horses, which may be seen similarly employed in England on railways in the course of construction, were alone used to drag the trains up—but it was soon found from experience that mules were easily taught the peculiar kind of action necessary to clear the sleepers and to get the train into motion, and they were consequently very extensively used in the service. Where the incline was beyond the powers of these animals, stationary engines, fitted with a sort of endless rope, supplied their place. In returning, the trucks descended merely propelled by their own momentum, and the peculiar rapid rattle of the wheels thus induced used to recall irresistibly the memory of home, and of scenes to which sounds like these were a familiar accompaniment.

The point of view selected by the artist is where the railway leaves the town of Balaklava, and passes the thickly-crowded harbour. The turbaned figures in the foreground to the left of the picture are Croats; those on the right are of the native Tartar population.

THE NEW WORKS AT THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL ON THE RIGHT ATTACK,

FROM THE MORTAR BATTERY ON THE RIGHT OF GORDON'S BATTERY.

In the foreground of this picture are seen a 13-inch and a 10-inch mortar; the former is just being "laid" for throwing a shell into the enemy's defences. Two artillerymen are carrying the ponderous missile to its destination, and further to the left another is engaged in filling a shell to be ready for the next discharge.

The ground is strewed with carcases, or empty shells, with ammunition barrels, and with the various implements employed in loading these vast engines of destruction.

In front of the Mortar Battery is a covered way connecting it with the new Eight-Gun Battery in advance of Gordon's Battery, and which is to be distinguished on the extreme left of the drawing. To the right of the covered way the reader will perceive another new battery in course of construction. In front of this the English advanced trenches skirt the edge of the dark ground in the middle distance, till they meet the French trenches at a point marked by the commencement of a series of small zigzags, which approach very closely to the advanced trenches of the enemy. At this point the ground between the two is covered with gabions, and it was along the entire length of these trenches that the determined sortie of the enemy was made on the 22nd of March. In this sortie several hundred men fell on both sides, and the dead lay so thickly on the neutral ground, that an armistice of a couple of hours was agreed to for burying them. On the extreme right of the drawing are shown the French batteries on the left of their Right Attack.

Turning now to the Russian defences, we easily recognise on the left the familiar aspect of the Round Tower, on the right of which, in a dip of the ground, is another Russian battery; the Mamelon, from which a gun has just been fired, being in the centre of the picture. Beyond the Mamelon in the distance are slightly indicated the numerous batteries, which had, at the time when the sketch was taken, been lately thrown up by the Russians on the North side of the harbour, as well as an encampment of their troops.

W. Simpson, del. — F. Jones, lith

London, P & D Colnaghi & Co

Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen.

THE NEW WORKS AT THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL ON THE RIGHT ATTACK.

From the Mortar Battery on the right of Gordon's Battery

W. Simpson del. F. Jones, lith. London, P & D Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son Lith^rs to the Queen.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE HEIGHTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE HEIGHTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Christmas, even in the Crimea, if we may credit the story told by the spirited and inspiriting sketch now before us, might almost be apostrophized in the very language in which Sappho celebrated the praises of Hesperus. The season and the hour combine in

> " bringing all good things,
> Wine to the thirsty—to the hungry cheer;"

and though intervening seas, and Circumstance—more relentless than the ocean itself—deny the absent to the warm embrace and the hearty grasp of home-keeping friends, the

> " Soft hour, which wakes the wish and melts the heart,"

reunites them once more in an incorporeal bond of sympathy, defying alike distance and time.

What though the wintry blast howl without, drowned at intervals by the sullen thunder of uninterrupted warfare; what though hardships and sufferings be in the background, and a doubtful future in the perspective; what though some of the convivial party shall perchance only quit the festive board for the danger-fraught monotony and the bitter cold of the trenches; one interval shall at least be snatched from the reign of carking anxiety, one hour at least devoted to the sacred memories of home, and to the genial duties of mirth and good fellowship. Such would seem to have been the thoughts of the group of Officers of the Third Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to whose Christmas dinner in an enemy's country we are here honoured with an invitation. Honoured, indeed, if there be honour in the society of men who have braved with unquailing courage all that war has of most repulsive as well as of most terrible in its aspect, and who have relinquished at the call of duty, and without a murmur, all that civilized life has to offer of most seductive to the young, the wealthy, and the gay.

The interior of the tent in which these votaries of old Father Christmas are assembled is a happy illustration of how much may be accomplished with slender materials, when the heart is in the work. In

effect, what more graceful drapery could be devised than the time-honoured colours, which have so often led the chivalry of England to victory, and to whose imperishable mementoes the glorious names of Alma and Inkermann have been so lately added, in memory of fields on which those who now sit under their folds played so conspicuous a part? The chandelier, formed of bayonets lashed round the tent-pole, is a triumph of engineering skill, possessing a *couleur locale* which would delight the heart of a French novelist, while the unsullied whiteness of the ample table-cloth is at once suggestive of mystery, and provocative of admiration.

Balaklava must have been ransacked once and again to furnish the plentiful supply of viands under which the table groans, and which speaks volumes for the activity and resources of the caterer for the mess; and last, not least,

"The spring-dew of the spirit, the heart's rain,"

champagne, cooled in no artificial ice, sheds its sparkling influence on the cheerful gathering.

The portraits, commencing with that of the officer in the foreground on the left, and following the natural course of the bottle, which he holds in so caressing a grasp, are those of Captain Frederick Bathurst, Captain Sir Charles Russell, Captain Charles Turner, Captain Lord Balgonie, Captain Burnaby, Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay, Colonel F. W. Hamilton, Lieutenant-Colonel Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Captain Higginson, Lieutenant R. W. Hamilton, Captain Sir James Fergusson, and Captain Verschoyle. There are few of these names which are unconnected with some stirring incident of the war, some feat of individual heroism; but details of this description are inadmissible amidst the festivities of a Christmas dinner, and we forbear. It may perhaps be permitted us to express a wish, which our readers will not fail to echo, that the approaching Christmas may be as pleasantly passed by these gentlemen as the last; and that, should any future artist depict the meeting with which they celebrate its return, he may substitute for "on the heights before Sebastopol," the magic words "at home."

W Simpson del.—F Jones, lith. London, P&D Colnaghi & Cº Day & Son Lithrs to the Queen

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE EAST, OR EXTREME RIGHT OF ENGLISH ATTACK.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE EAST,

OR EXTREME RIGHT OF ENGLISH ATTACK.

This is another near and interesting view of Sebastopol itself, as distinguished from its defences. Mr. Simpson's description of this drawing has already been published, and we will venture to reintroduce it here, in his own words. He says:—

"You will perceive two building-sheds, like those at Deptford or Woolwich; to the left of them is a church; a little higher up, more to the left, are some very white-looking buildings, which I understand to be the barracks; immediately above them, to the left, is a Grecian Doric building, surrounded with columns like the Parthenon; I have heard it called the public library, or military library, I am not certain which; just beneath this building commences a long ridge of high ground, which has been made into one mass of earthen fortifications, and at which they are still working. While I was sketching I could see large masses of men at work on them. At one end of this ground are the remains of the Round Tower. All along the side of the town is a continuous line of fortifications, trenches, and batteries, down close to the harbour. On the extreme left of the picture I have indicated a Russian battery by the smoke of its guns; this is what they call the Flag-staff Battery; it is in front of the French attack.

"If you look close, you will see in the distance Cape Chersonese, the lighthouse, and the French fleet. In the middle distance you will observe a long track studded with little spots like buttons; these are the outlying Russian pickets; behind every one of these lurk their riflemen, and the entire length of the left side of the valley is occupied by them. At times they venture up on the side of the valley to the right, and then occurs the scene, which I have given in the foreground, of our men skirmishing away to receive them, each side skulking behind stones, or whatever else offers a shelter.

"Besides the forts on the North side there are a great many earthen works thrown up—I have indicated most of them; there is a tolerably large village on the North side. In the foreground are the parallels which are now being constructed.

"I have put every ship exactly as I saw it on the first day of the year."

VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BALAKLAVA,

LOOKING TOWARDS SEBASTOPOL.

SHOWING THE GROUND OF THE BATTLES OF THE 25TH OCTOBER AND OF THE 5TH NOVEMBER, 1854, AND THE LINE OF OUR DEFENCES SINCE THE 25TH OF OCTOBER.

This view, which is taken from the Camp of the Marines situated on an eminence above Balaklava, which from its commanding height was generally known as the "Crow's Nest," is very interesting, as presenting at a glance the whole of the plateau occupied by the Allies on the South side of Sebastopol, the fields on which three important battles were fought, and the line of defences protecting the position in the rear. The peculiar form of the Heracleotic Chersonese, and the frequent undulations of the ground, made it always difficult from the valley to realize correctly the bearings of many of these points; but from an altitude such as this the case is different, and the reader, who will have the patience to accompany us in the following explanation of the elaborate details of Mr. Simpson's drawing, will obtain a more accurate notion of the conformation of the country, than is possessed by many who passed months in the Camp. Starting then from the extreme right of the drawing, the first object which arrests our attention is a conical-shaped hill, under the shoulder of which nestles the picturesque little village of Kamara, occupied by the Sardinians from the date of the Allied advance on the Tchernaya. Below the village, and almost in a line with it to the left, are the peculiar-looking hillocks or mounds on which were erected the redoubts captured from the Turks at the commencement of the battle of Balaklava. Behind the right-hand one of these hillocks winds the road leading to Mackenzie's Farm, and which crosses the valley of the Tchernaya. Between the road and the redoubts is the ground of the Light Cavalry charge. Just in front of the left-hand redoubt is the point at which the 93d Highlanders received the Russian Cavalry in line. In a straight line from this, but considerably more to the left, is the ground of the Heavy Cavalry charge. Still more to the left, and on the side of the opposite range of hills, is the camp of the 93d, forming two sides of a triangle, and defended by a breastwork. Immediately below, and slightly to the left, lies the village of Kadikoi, past which winds the road from Balaklava to the front. The Genoese fort on the extreme left marks the position of Balaklava itself, and nearly in the centre of a line drawn from hence to the tents of the 93d is seen a

W. Simpson del. J. F. Jones, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BALAKLAVA LOOKING TOWARDS SEBASTOPOL.

Shewing the ground of the battles of the 25th Octr and of the 5th Novr 1854, and the line of our defences since the 25th Octr.

W Simpson, del. E. Walker, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, lith.rs to the Queen

EXCAVATED CHURCH IN THE CAVERNS AT INKERMANN

Looking West

French camp. Returning now to the valley of the Tchernaya, the ground on this side of the river rises gradually towards the left, till it reaches the abrupt shoulder of the cliff at Inkermann, in front of which, and still following the same direction, is the field of that great battle. Further on in the same line the Woronzoff Road leads up to the heights before Sebastopol, the precise situation of which may be determined by carrying a line from a point slightly to the left of Kadikoi to the horizon. Sebastopol itself is nearly in the centre of the belt of smoke on the sky-line. The extreme north-western projection of the plateau to the sea is Cape Fiolente. The foreground is occupied by the Camp of the Marines, protected by powerful batteries, no less than by the natural strength of the heights; and between the Marines and the 93d are descried the Camps of the 42d and 79th Highlanders.

EXCAVATED CHURCH IN THE CAVERNS OF INKERMANN,

LOOKING WEST.

"There can be no doubt that the remains here represented are those of a church, the plan of which, running east and west, can be clearly seen; the arch on the right must have formed one of the transepts. The external front has fallen down, but in parts, towards the outside, the arches, and in some places the mouldings upon them, can be easily traced. One of the side-chambers still bears evidence of having been decorated with paintings. These caverns are in the hands of the French, who have built up walls in the openings, and left loop-holes in them, from which they keep up a constant fire on the Russians, who are similarly fortified in the caves on the opposite side of the river. One of these loop-holed walls has been thrown up where the front of the church formerly stood, and the Chasseurs de Vincennes keep sentry at the spot. In the view, looking out of the church, the Inkermann West Lighthouse is almost visible; it is on the southern extremity of the most distant ridge of land. Across the flat ground is the road which passes the head of the harbour; the stream running by it is the Tchernaya." Dr. Koch visited a crypt on this side of the river which he was informed had been a church, but does not seem to have found any traces of sculpture or other ornaments,—a fact which he accounts for from the quality of

the stone, which he states to be the same soft marl out of which a portion of the tunnel of the aqueduct is excavated, and which would therefore soon yield to the destroying influences of time. It is probable, however, that he never saw the subject of this drawing, and only entered another portion of the caverns.

The extreme contrasts of light and shade in this sketch will not fail to strike the reader, as well as the peculiar effect of the bold forms of the rock blending insensibly with the work of man, and thrown out and relieved against the deep blue of the sky beyond.

A HOT DAY IN THE BATTERIES.

This view gives a vivid idea of the interior of a Battery during one of the active periods of the bombardment.

It is a scene of bustle and excitement, strongly contrasting with the quiet days of which we have already had an illustration. The Battery teems with life and energy. On every side men and officers are seen busily employed in laying, loading, and firing the stupendous guns with which the work is armed. Vast clouds of thick white smoke, issuing from their muzzles, announce in rapid succession the departure of some swift-winged messenger of death. Answering puffs start from the whole line of the enemy's defences from right to left.

Shells are bursting in every direction, and the tremendous contest is urged with equal ardour and determination on either side. The wind blows the smoke away from the town, and Sebastopol, with its magnificent public buildings, its proud forts, its placid harbour, and its numerous fleet, is distinctly visible as the sulphureous cloud rolls sullenly away to leeward. The view is taken from the left of the Twenty-one Gun Battery, just at the entrance to it from the Woronzoff Road, which runs at the bottom of the hollow on the left.

In the foreground are one 13-inch and two 10-inch mortars, and to their right the siege-train guns, and those of the Naval Brigade. In front of the battery extends our second parallel, and in the hollow beyond is a third or fourth line of trenches. The reader will easily recognise the Redan in the great mass of batteries and embrasures towards the centre, nor will he have forgotten the appearance of the

W. Simpson. del.. E. Walker, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

A HOT DAY IN THE BATTERIES.

W. Simpson del. — E. Walker, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen.

A HOT NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

Barrack Battery on his left, or the Malakoff on the right. The barracks, Forts Saint Paul and Saint Nicholas, and the other great buildings of the town, have been so frequently pointed out, that any fresh indication of their relative positions would be superfluous. The bit of water visible at the end of the Woronzoff Road is the head of the Dockyard Creek.

A HOT NIGHT IN THE BATTERIES.

This vivid portrayal of the appearance of a battery at night, during one of the severe bombardments, is taken from a portion of the Greenhill Battery, or left attack.

The gun in the foreground, which is being charged, is No. 7 gun; No. 6 is the next, which the captain of the gun is in the act of laying; No. 5 is the siege-train gun, which has just been discharged. Next to this is a little hut constructed against the traverse by the men to shelter themselves from the weather during the "quiet" days or nights, as they may happen to be.

In the battery on the right are a Sapper, and some men carrying sand-bags and gabions to repair any injuries which may have been done to the embrasures.

Such are the main objects in the sketch; the occupations of the actors are much the same as on a "hot day;" the scene of their labours is identical, but night adds a wild fantastic horror to a spectacle which, even under the broad eye of day, is grand with the terrible majesty of destruction. At each discharge of the guns, sheets of the most vivid flame shoot forth with inconceivable rapidity, illuminating with their fierce and lurid light the weather-beaten forms and excited countenances of the men, penetrating into every nook and corner of the battery, and revealing with startling distinctness every accident of the ground, every detail of the colossal engines to which the red glow owes its birth. Miles away to the rear, like summer lightning, are seen the continuous flashes, brightening the sky from the horizon to the zenith, and accompanied by volumes of sound which echo from the hills, fill the air, and make the earth tremble. Shells traverse the heavens in all directions, rising with a gradual and protracted flight till their twinkling fuse seems lost among the very stars, whence they descend with unerring

aim and ever-increasing momentum to the devoted spot which they are to shatter and destroy. And now a pale pinky glow diffuses itself over the lower regions of the atmosphere, and, emerging from the centre of its soft nebulous light, rocket after rocket, from the French batteries on the left, hiss like fiery serpents through the air, darting forked tongues of flame into the heart of the distracted city; ere long a shed or a store-house is ignited in the town, and as the fire, nourished by a redoubled shower of missiles from the batteries all along the line, spreads and intensifies, the lingering spectator by the Victoria Redoubt, or on Cathcart's Hill, gazes on a scene whose brilliancy and beauty make him half unmindful of the dread meaning of sorrow and of death with which it is pregnant.

Gradually the storm of war dies away, the roar of the artillery is heard at longer intervals, the flashes intermit, the dark pall of smoke rolls slowly off to sea, and night resumes its long usurped attributes of silence and serenity.

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

CAVES IN THE WORONZOFF ROAD, BEHIND THE TWENTY-ONE GUN BATTERY.

The so-called Valley of the Shadow of Death is a ravine lying in rear of our batteries, and into which the shot and shell from the Russian works, directed at our batteries at too long a range, roll down. So vast has been the accumulation of these missiles, that an accurate description of it would appear to exceed the limits of credibility. This drawing was executed before the period of the second bombardment, and the number subsequent to that event was of course far greater. When the writer visited the Greenhill Battery in April, the whole extent of the road from side to side, for a very considerable distance, was literally paved with round-shot of all calibres, and with large and small fragments of shell, so that a horse had the greatest difficulty in picking his way through the labyrinth of obstacles thus presented.

Before witnessing the scene, he had mentally accused those who had described it to him of unconscious exaggeration; after being ocularly convinced of their accuracy, he felt strongly the hopelessness of attempting to realise it to others. What it has now become, after several suc-

W. Simpson on stone. E. Walker, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

Caves in the Woronzoff Road behind the 4th Gun Battery

W. Simpson del. J. Needham lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, lith^rs to the Queen.

RUSSIAN RIFLE PIT.

Now part of the British advanced trenches, on the left of the right attack, or Gordon's Battery

cessive bombardments, he is forced to confess himself incapable of conceiving.

The caves in this ravine were occupied by the reserve guard of the trenches; those in the next ravine to it, which were still more spacious, were used as powder-magazines, and rendered perfectly bomb-proof by a screen of sand-bags.

The position of the battery is shown in this picture by the puffs of smoke on the horizon. On the left is seen a portion of the trench leading into the battery. The foreground is occupied by a group of men carrying away a wounded comrade on a stretcher; behind them, on the hill-side, are some others employed in a similar sad office. On the road is an artillery waggon carrying up ammunition for the battery.

RUSSIAN RIFLE-PIT,

NOW PART OF THE BRITISH ADVANCED TRENCHES, ON THE LEFT OF THE RIGHT ATTACK, OR GORDON'S BATTERY.

This is one of the pits which was taken on the night of the 19th April, when Colonel Egerton was killed; it is in the hollow between Gordon's Battery and the Redan, quite close to the Woronzoff Road. In the foreground of the drawing a group of men is seen busily engaged in filling sand-bags for the purpose of converting the pit into a trench, and connecting it with the rest of our works. In this service they are protected by a sharp fire from our rifles, directed through loop-holes *menagés* in the parapet with sand-bags. The Russians are not ignorant of what is going on, and several round-shot lying on the ground, one of which has knocked over a gabion, and a shell bursting close to the right extremity of the work, prove how anxious they are to impede the operation. The capture of this rifle-pit is thus described by Mr. Russell:—

"Last night a very gallant and brilliant little feat of arms, attended, I regret to say, by severe loss, was performed by the 77th Regiment in front of our right attack. There is nothing more remarkable in the active operations of this siege than the importance of the part played by the sharpshooters placed in those rifle-pits, which have been dug by the enemy, and which were constructed with great skill and daring, and have been defended with vigour and resolution. The pits now constructed are com-

plete little batteries for riflemen, and the fire from one well established, within 600 or 700 yards of a battery of ordnance, is sufficient to silence the guns, and keep the gunners from going near the embrasures. In front of the Redan, opposite our right attack, the Russians established some capacious pits, from which they annoyed us considerably, particularly from the two nearest us on the left-hand side. Our advanced battery, when it opened, would have been greatly harassed by this fire, and it was resolved to take the two pits, to hold that which was found most tenable, and to destroy the other. That service was effected last night. About eight o'clock the party of the 77th under Lieutenant-Colonel Egerton, supported by a wing of the 33rd under Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy, moved down the traverses towards the rifle-pits. The night was dark and windy, but the Russian sentries perceived the approach of our men, and a brisk fire was at once opened on them by the enemy, to which the troops scarcely replied, for, firing a terrible volley, they rushed upon the enemy with the bayonet, and after a short but desperate struggle, drove them out of the two pits and up the slope behind them. Once in the pits, the Engineers, Officers, and Sappers and Miners, set to work to strengthen the defences, and threw up a gabionade in front, and with great coolness and courage proceeded to connect the trench of the nearest of the rifle-pits with our advanced sap." The enemy kept up a heavy fire of round, grape-shot, and shell upon them, and about two o'clock in the morning made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to regain the pits.

"It was while setting an example of conspicuous bravery to his men that Colonel Egerton fell mortally wounded. The rifle-pit is now in our hands, and a smart fire is kept up from it. Its fire is most serviceable, not only against the embrasures of the Redan, but in reducing and disturbing the fire of the Russian rifle-pits on its flank."

The next morning the other rifle-pit, captured after a feeble resistance, was levelled and filled in with earth.

PRINCE WORONZOFF'S PALACE,

NEAR YALTA, ON THE SOUTH COAST OF THE CRIMEA.

The Castle of Alupka, the world-renowned residence of Prince Woronzoff, is situated at the base of the wild, precipitous, and barren rocks which form this part of the south-coast range of the Crimea, and whose savage

W. Simpson del. J. Needham, lith. London, P&D Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, lith.rs to the Queen

PRINCE WORONZOFF'S PALACE.

Near Yalta on the South Coast of the Crimea.

grandeur presents the most striking contrast with the exquisite beauty and luxuriant vegetation of the grounds which surround the palace, and descend in a brilliant mass of flowers and foliage to the very water's edge. These grounds, the result of twenty-five years' personal superintendence and care, exhibit one of the highest triumphs of landscape gardening, and vie with, if they do not surpass, the happiest creations of our English artists. Exotic plants of the rarest species and of the most gorgeous hues, selected with admirable taste and discrimination from the flora of Southern Europe, of the East, and even of America, clothe in beauty the gardens and terraces which slope down to the sea, climb the rugged sides of the rock, and peep out of unexpected nooks in its volcanic fissures.

Trees of the most varying foliage embosom the château, and throw out with a mass of verdure its picturesque outlines. Thick hedges of evergreens enliven the plantations, and contrast with the dark lustreless leaves of the laurel; here is a delicate-leaved acacia, there a large-flowering magnolia; the lotus-tree, the weeping ash, the silver protea, the tree of life, the shrubby jasmine, are accumulated with a profusion which would exhaust the vocabulary of a forester; and lower down the weeping willow sweeps the surface of the water with its gracefully pendulous branches. The palace, which has been designated the Alhambra of the Crimea, is thus described by Oliphant, in his "Russian Shores of the Black Sea:"—

"We descended abruptly to the Castle of Alupka, the residence of Prince Woronzoff, passing through extensive vineyards which belong to this property.

"The numerous domes and pinnacles, which peep out over the trees as we approach, indicate a palace oriental in its style and magnitude; while the glittering cupola and tapering minarets of the elegant mosque, which almost adjoins it, lead us to imagine that the noble owner of all this magnificence is Hadjy-Selim-Ghiri-Khan, at least. A few moments more, however, and we find to our perplexity, that we are driving under the lofty walls and frowning battlements of a feudal chieftain's fortress; and as we pass through the solid gateways into the spacious court-yard, and look up at the massive square tower and belfry to correspond, we find it difficult to decide whether the building before us bears most resemblance to the stronghold of the Black Douglas or the palace of the Great Mogul.

"Notwithstanding the mixture of such incongruous styles of architecture, the general effect of this splendid château is charming. The Prince has spent an almost fabulous amount of silver roubles upon the house and

grounds, and has succeeded in rearing an edifice worthy of the scenery amid which it stands. The taste displayed is unexceptionable. Placed almost upon the borders of Europe and Asia, the Eastern character so strongly developed throughout the structure is most appropriate; while the dash of feudalism, as suggestive of the former uncivilised condition of the West, is a graceful allusion to the present state of that country in which it is situated."

It is only necessary to add to this felicitous little sketch, that the ships in the foreground of the drawing are a three-decker, bearing the English Admiral's flag, and a steam despatch gun-boat.

THE MONASTERY OF SAINT GEORGE AND CAPE FIOLENTE,

LOOKING WEST.

Cape Fiolente, called by the Tartars "Ai Bûrûm," or "the Holy Promontory," is believed by antiquaries to be identical with the Parthenium, or Virgin's Promontory, of the ancients. Nearly on the spot now occupied by the Monastery the temple of Diana, of which Iphigenia was the priestess, is supposed to have stood. The monastery consists of a small green-domed church, a large refectory, and some moderate-sized cells, and is ornamented by terraces and gardens constructed by the monks on the face of the cliff. This romantic spot is thus graphically described by a recent traveller in the Crimea:—

"Here stood that Temple, dedicated to Diana, in which the lovely daughter of Agamemnon, the fair Iphigenia, officiated as priestess; herself a victim offered up for immolation to the Goddess, but spared to exercise on others the cruel rites which she had fortunately escaped. Hence then were thrown the remains of those Greeks, sacrificed upon the marble altar of the Virgin, whose worship required, and whose wrath could alone be appeased by, streams of human blood. Perhaps the very spot on which we rested had oft been stained with the gore of the mangled corpses of the wretched shipwrecked mariners. We descended by a narrow zigzag path cut in the face of the mountain, on every nook or ledge of which the monks have planted trees and flowers, making little terraced gardens in the midst of the

W. Simpson. del. J. Needham. lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE MONASTERY OF ST GEORGE AND CAPE PTOLENTS.

Looking West.

W. Simpson del. J. Needham lith. London, P&D Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith. to the Queen

THE LIGHT HOUSE AT CAPE CHERSONESE.

black charred cliffs. From the shore we looked up and perceived the Monastery, some hundreds of feet above us, and fifty feet beneath the summit of the precipice. Near to us on the right, as we faced the sea, was a great isolated basaltic rock, rising above its neighbours.

* * * * *

"The Monastery of St. George hangs as it were to the face of the cliff, and the only entrance to it is by a door and flight of steps cut in the rock at its summit.

"From a little terrace in front a magnificent view over the Black Sea is obtained."

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE CHERSONESE,

LOOKING SOUTH.

Cape Chersonese is situated at the extreme western point of the Chersonesus Heracleotica, and as this point forms also the south-western extremity of the Crimea, from which the coast trends constantly to the northward, it naturally presented a most suitable spot for the erection of the handsome stone lighthouse which is the subject of this drawing. The terrific storms which sweep over the surface of the Euxine at certain periods of the year, as well as the thick and foggy weather for which it is proverbial in winter, joined to the stern and precipitous character of great portion of the coast, render such beacons as this an indispensable necessity. Soon after the flank march from Balaklava, the lighthouse fell into the hands of a party of our sailors, who, finding it in darkness, to their great glee compelled the lighthouse-keeper to illuminate it.

After this it came of course into the possession of the French, who established their base of operations in the several bays which indent the Chersonese towards the west; and has no doubt since been of inestimable service as a guide to the innumerable fleet of transports ever departing and returning on their ceaseless errand to supply the gigantic cravings of an army, two thousand miles away from home. In the foreground of the drawing, one of these vessels, whose eccentric build and rig proclaim her at once as a Turkish craft, is being towed out by three boats' crews, so as to obtain an offing, and make a fair start.

Light fleecy clouds scudding past the crescent moon seem to give promise of a squally evening, and the already perceptible ripple on the water conveys the pleasing intelligence to our Turkish friend, that the sails he is already beginning to shake out will not flap idly against the mast for lack of a breeze. Soon the lighthouse will be far behind, and its cheering and protecting ray will sink below the distant horizon; but none the less

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light.

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

'Sail on,' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man.'"

The

CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH BY

EDWIN BRACKENBURY

Accompanied by forty one double tinted Plates

FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN ON THE SPOT

BY

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

2ND SERIES

A Proof-proof before letter Malakoff

London Published [illegible] 1856 by
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BY

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PREFACE.

THE following pages have been written solely for the purpose of illustrating Mr. Simpson's admirable series of drawings of the Seat of War in the East. These embrace so wide a field, that I felt it impossible to do them anything like justice without prefixing to the detached descriptions of the several plates a brief historical narrative of the leading events of the Campaign. This was commenced in a former volume of this work,* and in the present one is carried down to the fall of Sebastopol,—an event which terminated at once the Campaign and the War. The story has been so often told already by some of the most eloquent writers in England, and more especially by Colonel Hamley, who is scarcely less graphic and far more candid and accurate than any of his rivals, and whose valuable book will always be an authority on the subject, that I feel the foregoing explanation to be necessary as an apology for having ventured to handle a theme, of which all that is known has been said before. This work, then, professes to be no more than a compilation from sources already available to the public. In the execution of this humble, but perhaps not unuseful, task, I have aimed chiefly at

* The Campaign in the Crimea—First Series.

accuracy: and if I have failed in securing this most important quality of an historian, I can honestly aver that it has not been for lack of painstaking and careful research. My principal authorities have been the public despatches of the Allied Generals and Admirals, but I have derived many hints and much valuable information from the works of Colonel Hamley, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Woods: and if I have omitted to acknowledge any other similar obligations, it has been the result of oversight, and not of an unfair intention to rob any contemporary author of the fruits of his labours.

London, March 1856.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Frontispiece	vii
Historical Introduction	1
Disembarkation of the Expedition to Kertch at Kamish Bûrûn, and the Blowing-up of St. Paul's Battery	79
Fortress of Yenikale, looking towards the Sea of Azoff	80
Kertch from the North	82
Straits of Yenikale, with the Bay and Town of Kertch, from the Old Fortress of Yenikale	88
Funeral Cortége of Lord Raglan leaving Head-Quarters	88
The Town Batteries or Interior Fortifications of Sebastopol, from the advanced Parallel of Chapman's Attack, 23rd June, 1855	91
Burning of the Government Buildings at Kertch, 9th June, 1855	91
Interior of Lord Raglan's Head-Quarters. A Council of War	93
Camp of the Fourth Division, July 15th, 1855	94
Cavalry Camp, July 9th, 1855	95
Camp of the Light Division from the Woronzoff Road	95
Camp of the Third Division	96
Sketch in the Interior of the Mamelon Vert, looking South	97
Battle of the Tchernaya, 16th August, 1855	98
Valley of Tchernaya, looking North	100
Balaklava, showing the state of the Quays and the Shipping in May, 1855	101
Cape Aiya, looking North, towards Balaklava	102
The Valley of Baidar, from near Petroski's Villa, looking East	103
The Attack on the Malakoff	104

PAGE

The Interior of the Redan, taken from the left face, looking towards the Salient Angle, looking South 105

Church in the rear of the Redan, looking North, showing the effects of Shot and Shell 107

Sebastopol from the rear of Fort Nicholas, looking South . . . 107

The Investiture of the Order of the Bath, at the Head-Quarters of the British Army before Sebastopol 108

The North Side of the Harbour of Sebastopol, from the top of the Harbour, 22nd June, 1855 109

Ditch of the Bastion du Mât 110

Docks at Sebastopol, with Ruins of Fort St. Paul 112

Interior of the Malakoff, with the remains of the Round Tower . . 114

Kamiesch 116

Fort Nicholas 117

Public Library and Temple of the Winds 119

Quarantine Cemetery and Church, with French Battery No. 50 . . 120

The Admiralty 121

Hospital and Cemetery at Scutari 125

A Ward in the Hospital at Scutari 126

Church of St. Peter and St. Paul 128

Sebastopol from the ancient Kherson 129

The Redan, and advanced Trenches of the British Right Attack . . 132

Ditch of the Malakoff, Gervais Battery, and Rear of the Redan . . 134

Mine in the Bastion du Mât 135

Bastion du Mât from the Bastion Centrale 135

FRONTISPIECE.

This drawing is designed as a contrast to the Frontispiece of the First Series, in which some of the embrasures of the Malakoff are shown, as yet uninjured by shot, neatly revetted, and finished with the care which the Russians delighted to bestow even to the last on the detail of their defences. Here everything is in disorder and confusion—the battery knocked to pieces, guns disabled, gun-carriages smashed, and the ground strewed with the dead bodies of Russians, in the attitudes in which they were frozen by the icy hand of Death. It is, in fact, a picture in miniature of the horrors and desolation caused by War.

The bomb-proofs, the entrance to one of which is here given, were constructed of immense beams of wood taken from the dockyard, laid horizontally to form a roof, on which earth was heaped up to a thickness which no shell could penetrate.

The horizontal beams were supported by smaller uprights, also of wood; and round the walls were shelves for the men to lie upon.

Mr. Simpson, when he visited one of these chambers, found the interior filled with worn-out uniforms, old clothes, and boots, spoons, and dishes, cobblers' tools, and what not, proving that the men while in the batteries carried on their usual occupations,—a circumstance explained by their only being relieved about once a-week, and not, as our men were, every twenty-four hours.

Most of the Plates which I have endeavoured to illustrate in the following pages refer either to the events of the summer of 1855, or to the interior of Sebastopol and its defences; and, as I quitted the Crimea at the end of May in that year, I have been able to bring but little of my own personal experience to the task. Mr. Simpson has, however, kindly placed at my disposal the whole of his private letters and notes bearing on his drawings, and from this unexceptionable source I have derived much valuable assistance.

The travels of Clarke, Koch, and Oliphant have also been of great service to me in throwing light upon localities of which even yet comparatively little is known; and I have to acknowledge a similar obligation to the works of Prince Demidoff, Mr. Scott, Captain Spencer, and especially to that of Mr. H. D. Seymour, which contains much interesting information not elsewhere to be found.

THE MALAKOFF, OR ROUND TOWER,

FROM THE TWENTY-ONE GUN BATTERY.

This sketch, forming the frontispiece, represents the Round Tower as it appeared after the first day's bombardment. The tower, which is round only on the side facing our attack, was never repaired or remounted with guns, as it presented too lofty and distinct a mark to the allied artillery.

The defences of the Malakoff, so long maintained by the Russians, and at last so nobly won by the French, consisted in the subjacent and surrounding earth-works, which the enemy strengthened continually during the progress of the siege. The nature and importance of this work are thus graphically described in Marshal Pelissier's admirably lucid despatch of the 14th September.

"This work, which is a sort of earthen citadel of 350 metres in length, and 150 metres in width, armed with 62 guns of different calibre, crowns a mamelon, which commands the whole of the Karabelnaia quarter, takes in reverse the Redan, which was attacked by the English, is only 1200 metres from the South Harbour, and threatens not merely the only anchorage now remaining for the ships, but the only means of retreat open to the Russians, namely, the bridge thrown across the roadstead from one bank to the other."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that it was the capture of this powerful work which virtually terminated the siege.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

THE Winter months of 1854–55, chequered as they were by disaster, disease, and death, and branded, as the corresponding period of every year in such a climate must inevitably be, with the stigma of inaction, were not destitute of their share in preparing the brilliant successes of the Spring. "The slow sad hours that bring us all things evil, and all good things from evil," brought not only the golden fruit of a salutary experience, sown in necessary ignorance and blind routine, and reaped amidst the chaos of an exploded system; their course was marked through every moment of its tedious duration by a steady and constant tendency to the accomplishment of the first great end of the expedition. This end was never lost sight of even in the gloomiest period of the season, and when the strength of the British Army was reduced to its lowest exponent. Few indeed were the days on which some addition, however small, was not made to the park of the siege train, and to the accumulation of munitions of war, in readiness for the renewal of operations. These almost imperceptible instalments gradually swelled into a respectable aggregate, increased still more rapidly as finer weather, better roads, reinforcements, and finally the railway, multiplied the means of transport in a progressive ratio, which in April enabled the Allies to open the second bombardment. Prior, however, to that important operation, the virtual commencement of the second campaign, several events had occurred to which an overwhelming interest attached at the time, and a brief retrospective glance at which is essential to the completeness of our narrative. Whilst the Army in the Crimea was contending with cold, and rain, and mud—with exposure, and want, and overwork, on the bleak plateau of the Chersonese, a salutary change had gradually been worked in public opinion at home. The overweening confidence in the power and prestige of the

Allies with which the starting of the expedition was regarded, and which the brilliant victory of the Alma, following so closely upon it, served only to augment, had given place to a calmer and more rational appreciation of the gigantic nature of the contest, and of the courage, the obstinacy, and the resources of the foe. This change of views, instead of daunting or discouraging the nation, imparted a sterner resolution, a more earnest depth, to its unswerving determination to prosecute to the end the serious war, in which the honour as well as the interests of England were now inextricably involved. The immediate result was the fall of a ministry, whose original constitution, however well adapted to the complicated exigencies and clashing interests of a state of peace, was fatally deficient in that directness of purpose and unity of will which are indispensably requisite to the successful conduct of a great war. The subsequent course of those members of the Cabinet who have not returned to office has justified the national prescience; and their advocacy of a peace impossible both in time and terms has proved that, when they had exhausted every effort to avoid a collision, they had accomplished their mission, and reached the limits of their capacity. The universal voice had long distinguished one of their colleagues as eminently fitted to guide the helm of state through the region of storm and danger; and, when Lord Palmerston assumed the direction of affairs, it was with the full benefit of a chart of the shoals and sunken rocks where his predecessors had made shipwreck. Of that shipwreck we have already hinted the cause; and it would be unfair to cast blame individually on the members of the late Government, of whom, one who has been perhaps the most unsparingly censured, devoted, we firmly believe, no ordinary energy and no common talents to the honest and faithful performance of duties, which, owing to a faulty system, were beyond the powers of any single individual. The advent of the new Cabinet to power was marked by reforms, which the heterogeneous composition of the old had rendered impossible. Departments, whose divided responsibility and independent action were the fruitful causes of embarrassment and delay, were simplified or amalgamated; the administration of the War Office was centralized, and its anomalous branches placed under the direct control of one supreme chief; and the ministry, weeded of lukewarm friends and disguised foes, became every day more in unison with the declared policy of the nation. The result has been that steady improvement in the whole conduct of the war, to which the successes of the campaign which has just closed are mainly due, and which justify still more sanguine anticipations as to the operations of next spring.

In the Crimea the Allies contented themselves with maintaining their position in the face of a powerful and restless enemy, without assuming the initiative until thoroughly prepared to strike a vigorous blow.

The Russians, on the other hand, gave at intervals very unmistakeable evidences of vitality, but without attempting to repeat the gigantic enterprise which failed so signally at Inkermann; their object, probably, being to convince the Allies that their resources were still unexhausted, and their courage, in spite of every reverse, unquenched.

The first of these demonstrations was made with the view, apparently, of celebrating the opening of the Russian new year; and on the night of the 12th and morning of the 13th January they opened a tremendous fire on the Allies along the whole length of their lines, accompanied by a vigorous sortie on the French, which was repulsed with considerable loss; and the cannonade, having lasted with little result for nearly an hour, then ceased.

During the remainder of January skirmishes more or less severe were constantly occurring between the Russians and the French, but without in any one instance enabling the former to check the steady advance of the latter's siege-works, or altering perceptibly the relations of the belligerents. Meanwhile important changes, affecting essentially the condition and comfort of our own army, had been carried out. The whole of the warm clothing for the troops had arrived, and the threatened gloom of February and rigours of March lost much of their terrors for men, who were now amply equipped to brave them. The health of the army, though still far from satisfactory, was beginning visibly to improve: and huts erected for hospitals might be seen dotted about the camps. The severest trials with which our soldiers had had to contend, were excessive work, and want of sufficient repose: to remedy these evils, the French now began to relieve us on the extreme right; and, extending themselves from our right attack in the direction of Inkermann, divided the labours of the siege in a proportion more in keeping with the relative strength of the two armies than heretofore.

One other event, to which more importance was attached at the time than was justified in the sequel, signalised the first days of the new year. Omar Pasha, whom the Austrian occupation of the principalities had reduced to comparative inaction, arrived in the Crimea, and assumed the command of the Turkish auxiliary force in that quarter. The conditions of the siege, in the actual operations of which only French and English troops were permitted to share, and the difficulties of a triply-divided command, contributed to make his position an anomalous one; and though he rendered on more than

one occasion essential service to the common cause, and by his admirable faculty of organization brought the army of which he was the chief into a high state of efficiency, it was universally felt that energy and talent such as his demanded an independent theatre of action.

It was in obedience to these convictions that he was ultimately invested with the command-in-chief in Asia, where the events of a short campaign fully demonstrated, that, while the soldiers of Oltenitza and of Silistria had not degenerated, their general still possessed the same wisdom in council and the same rapidity in action which interposed on the Danube so unexpected an obstacle between the sanguine Russians and their long-coveted spoil.

February opened with still more cheering prospects. The weather, though with occasional relapses to cold, had become on the whole much milder, and during great portion of the month a hot dry wind prevailed, under the influence of which the moisture from the earth was rapidly absorbed, and the roads and the surface of the plateau soon became hard and practicable for wheels. The railway had now made considerable progress, and was actually at work in conveying stores to a point beyond Kadikoi. The sphere of operations of the "Times Fund" had been extended from Scutari, where its judicious and energetic administrator Mr. Macdonald, had rendered assistance quite disproportioned to the comparatively limited means at his disposal, to Balaklava; and here the sick and wounded were furnished prior to embarkation with comforts, otherwise unattainable, and for this reason, as well as for their timeliness, inappreciable.

The Crimean Army Fund, too, was in full operation, and the eagerness and emulation with which its aid was accepted by the army formed the most gratifying response to the liberality of those who originated and contributed to it.

In addition to these auxiliary and supplemental resources, provision was now made for a more permanent method of meeting the wants of the army, based on the commercial principle of supply and demand; and the sutlers and shopkeepers, who had been expelled from their usurped domiciles in Balaklava, were organised in a bazaar, situated on the slope of the hill above the railway at Kadikoi.

This settlement was generally known in the camp as Vanity or Donnybrook Fair; and, while the migration brought every article of luxury or necessity within easier reach of the front, it liberated a large number of houses in the town, which were at once devoted to the formation of regimental stores.

Meanwhile the belligerents were not idle.

On the side of the Allies, the batteries of our third parallel and the French right attack at Inkermann were armed. The Russians reoccupied the line of heights in front of Balaklava which had been abandoned by them earlier in the winter, strengthened the fortifications of the Malakoff, and pushed their works of defence with a vigour which gave them much of the menacing aspect of a counter-attack.

The initiative in the first serious action of the campaign was assumed by the Russians, who, on the 17th of February, attacked Eupatoria in force. Omar Pasha had recently landed here with a Turkish division, and the disembarkation of his troops was still actually proceeding while the battle was raging.

On the 15th several large convoys, accompanied by bodies of troops, were observed marching from the eastward along the north shore of the Sasik Putrid Lake, a large body of water extending mostly towards the southward and eastward of Eupatoria, and divided from the sea to the south-west by a narrow strip of land. This movement caused Omar Pasha to place the garrison on the alert, but nothing further occurred on the part of the enemy until the morning of the 17th. During the preceding night, favoured by the darkness, the troops intended for the attack, part of whom had left the camp before Sebastopol six days previously, while the remainder consisted of detachments from Perekop and Simpheropol, threw up around the place a sort of irregular parallel consisting of earthen mounds, intended as a cover for their artillery and riflemen, and calculated to protect the former from a *coup-de-main*. These works were thrown up on the ridge of a gentle range of heights fronting Eupatoria on the land side, behind which the Russians had mustered a large force of cavalry and infantry, supported by a powerful artillery, the whole amounting, it is supposed, to between 30,000 and 40,000 men of all arms.

The attack commenced at daylight on the 17th by a strong cannonade on the intrenchments of the town, from guns of heavy calibre, among which were several 32-pounders. The enemy at first made a powerful demonstration along the whole front of the Turkish position; but finding that the left was protected by a well-directed fire from the ships of the Allies, consisting of the English vessels Curaçoa, Furious, Valorous, and Viper, the French steamer Véloce, and the Turkish steamer Schehfaer, they soon concentrated the attack against the centre and right. In consequence of this change of tactics, and at the request of Omar Pasha, the Viper, the Véloce

and the Schehfaer, took up a position on the right, where they contributed energetically to the result of the day. The Generalissimo at the same time reinforced the right with some battalions of infantry and pieces of artillery which he withdrew from the left; and for two hours the enemy continued their fire without ceasing from the position occupied by their artillery, supported by a vigorous fire of skirmishers, without any material result. At the end of this time their infantry, carrying planks and ladders, prepared to assault the town on the right or north-east side, where the smallest number of guns were mounted.

Five battalions advanced to within 400 yards of the fosse, protected by a fragment of wall belonging to an old cemetery. And hence two of the five battalions were pushed on to a point 300 yards nearer, when, received by a brisk musketry fire, they were compelled to retire in confusion. Twice more was the assaulting column urged forward only to be driven back as often; and in one of these movements of retreat it was pursued by a Turkish battalion, who, making a sortie from the town, fell on it with the bayonet's point, while the small body of the Turkish cavalry, which did not number 300 horses, charged it on the flank.

Disheartened by these repeated reverses, and hopeless of making any impression on the stubborn valour of the Turks, the Russians, after four hours and a half of hard fighting, were compelled to beat a sullen retreat, with a loss in killed and wounded estimated at over 2000 men; whilst that of the Turks and of the few French who were engaged amounted to only 101 killed and 286 wounded.

Pursuit in the face of a crushing artillery fire sustained with energy until the retreat was effected, and with an inferiority of cavalry in the proportion of one to twenty, would have been madness; and the Russians were once more permitted to retire unmolested—broken and discomfited, but not destroyed. The lesson, however, which they had received was so severe as to secure Eupatoria from any future attack, and the success of the gallant defenders of the place, though to a certain extent barren, if judged by the light of subsequent events, was of inestimable value in strengthening the *morale* of the Turkish army, and in confirming its well-placed confidence in its chief. Assailed by a vastly superior force, and defended only by works in an imperfect state of completion, the stout-hearted defenders of Kalafat and Silistria once more presented an obstinate barrier to the overwhelming tide which has so often vainly menaced them with annihilation, and proved themselves the worthy allies rather than the helpless dependants

of their Western brothers-in-arms. The Turkish infantry rivalled our own soldiers in coolness and concentrated energy; lining the parapets of their works, they reserved their fire until the enemy were so close that every volley told with withering effect; and when their turn for attacking arrived they sallied out with a vigour and impetuosity which carried everything before them.

The guns of the artillery were served with a steadiness, and directed with an accuracy, which were the admiration of British officers, whose Indian training rendered them no mean judges of the question; and the mere handful of cavalry showed a dash and intrepidity which, had their numbers been larger, would have rendered the event still more decisive. The superior officers of the army were found at all points animating the men by their presence and example, and manifesting a contempt of danger which led them to expose themselves wherever the strife was most deadly, or the fate of the day most dubious.

This self-devotion cost the life of an officer whose loss was deeply deplored, no less by Omar Pasha than by the whole army. Selim Pasha, the Lieutenant-General commanding the Egyptian troops, who thus met a soldier's death, is the same bold officer whose name will be for ever associated with a deed of heroism which rivals the most widely-celebrated feats of the ancient Paladins. At the time of the fearful massacre of the Mamelukes by order of Mehemed Ali in 1811, this gallant trooper leaped his horse from the walls of the citadel of Cairo, and alone escaped a fate intended to have been universal. The noble horse perished on the spot; but so deep was the impression produced in the minds of his enemies by this unparalleled deed, that the Mameluke, though made prisoner, was spared to prove his gratitude by a life of services and a death of glory. He was succeeded in the command of the Egyptians by Suleiman Pasha, who had been wounded during the battle.

For some time after the 17th the Russians continued to receive reinforcements from Simpheropol, and maintain a threatening attitude at about five miles distance from Eupatoria; but the defences of the town were strengthened with such rapidity and vigour, that as early as the 20th, Colonel Simmons reported to Sir Edmund Lyons that the position was already doubly as strong as on the former day, and that there were nearly twice as many guns mounted; and this fact, no doubt, was not unperceived by the enemy.

Eupatoria thus remained in the hands of the Allies, who lost no time in

establishing even more solid guarantees for its safety than the valour and constancy of its defenders; and this course, no less than the serious character of the attack of the 17th, demonstrated forcibly the importance which was attached on both sides to its possession. After the fall of Southern Sebastopol it was universally believed that it would become the basis of a series of operations having for their object to threaten the rear of the Russian force on the Mackenzie plateau, and to intercept the supplies coming from the north to the south of the Crimea. Marshal Pelissier seems to have shared this opinion, and a large French force was transferred to this point, which, after several ineffectual reconnaissances, was compelled by the physical obstacles presented by the conformation of the country, and by the total want of water during the period still available for field operations, to desist from the enterprise. Another campaign would doubtless have told a different story, and proved that the blood shed by the Turks in the battle of Eupatoria was not after all spent in vain.

But we are anticipating, and it is time that we should return to the more important theatre of action in the Chersonese.

Up to the 19th of February, the weather had been fine and temperate, and at times even sultry, and on the evening of this day preparations were made for a reconnaissance on an extended scale; in which Sir Colin Campbell with his Highlanders, and a French detachment under Generals Bosquet and Villenois, were to take part. Information had been received that a force of some thousands of Russians was encamped in the neighbourhood of Tchorgoun, and the Allied Generals had reason to believe that by a movement of concentration, secretly planned and rapidly executed, it would be easy to cut off this body of the enemy, and either destroy or take prisoner every man composing it. The French assembled at their head-quarters soon after midnight, under arms and ready to march, when the weather suddenly changed; rain began to descend in torrents; soon after the wind chopped round to the northward, blowing every moment with greater severity, and accompanied by blinding storms of hail and snow. Our allies, convinced that the enterprise was now impossible, returned to their quarters; and Major Foley, the British officer attached to the French head-quarters, was at once despatched to acquaint Sir Colin with the change of plan. The messenger unfortunately lost his way in the snow; Sir Colin, deaf to all considerations but those of duty, marched off his division at the appointed hour, and, joined by Brigadier-General Villenois,

who, though aware of the counter-orders, chivalrously determined not to abandon his colleague, pushed on in the direction of Kamara and Tchorgoun.

The result was what was to have been anticipated. The darkness was more favourable to the enemy than to the Allies; the alarm was given, the Russians retired towards the Tchernaya, and the English and French, who, in so short a space of time, had suffered severely from frostbite, returned weary, cold, and disheartened to the position. The reconnaissance had failed, the enemy were warned, and the scheme, impracticable to-day, became impossible to-morrow.

For some time past the French had now been steadily pushing their approaches through the ground of which they had relieved us on the right, and were gradually nearing the Malakoff, which they threatened to take in flank, if not in reverse. Alarmed at their progress, the Russians, with their usual secrecy and dispatch, threw up during the night between the 22nd and 23rd February a redoubt upon the incline of Mount Sapoune, an eminence which forms the right side of Careening Bay, and which is a spur of the ridge running down in the direction of the town from Inkermann.

This work was called the Selinghinsk Redoubt, after the regiment principally employed in its construction, and which was still actively engaged in its completion when, on the following night, it was attacked by the French, to the number of 1500, under the immediate command of General Monet, and directed by Generals Bosquet and Mayrau.

Up to 2 o'clock A.M., the moon, which shone with peculiar brilliancy, had illumined with its soft clear rays the whole panorama of the siege, throwing into strong relief the frowning outlines of batteries and trenches, and rendering distinctly visible the small space of neutral ground which at that time separated the opposing works. No sooner however had the moon sunk below the horizon, than the French, calculating on the darkness to insure a surprise, silently and stealthily formed their columns of attack in front of their advanced trench, which was distant about 300 yards from the new redoubt. Cautiously as this movement was executed, it did not nevertheless escape the lynx-eyed vigilance of the Russian outposts, who reported it at once to one of their superiors.

As the French neared the redoubt, still cherishing the belief that they were unperceived, they received a heavy fire of musketry from some Russian battalions posted in advance of the work. Undismayed by this

warm reception, they pushed on with alacrity, driving the enemy before them, and in another moment the Zouaves had scaled the redoubt, and were involved in a hand-to-hand encounter with its defenders. For a space the latter wavered, and victory hung in the balance; but, reinforced by their reserves, and supported by a terrible fire from some of the batteries and from the steamers in the port, they again rallied and drove the French over the parapet. Twice was the attack renewed by the impetuous assailants, but each time with the same fortune; till, after an hour of the most desperate efforts, they abandoned any further attempt, and finally retreated to their trenches.

The loss on both sides in this sharp action was very severe, and both sides claimed the victory; the French on the score of having effected their object by the demolition of the redoubt, which they were enabled to accomplish during their temporary possession of it; and the Russians on the plea that their adversaries were unable to maintain the advantage they had gained.

General Monet, who rendered himself conspicuous in this affair by his coolness and courage, was severely wounded: but the advantage gained by our gallant allies was of a somewhat questionable character, as no attempt was subsequently made by them to follow it up.*

Whilst these events were taking place on shore, a French and an English steamer, the Fulton, Captain Le Bris, and the Leopard, Captain Giffard, inaugurated by a very dashing exploit the commencement of that naval campaign in the South whose brilliant and important results have so amply vindicated the ancient fame of the British navy. "Captain Giffard," says Admiral Lyons, "in conjunction with His Imperial Majesty's Steamer Fulton, captured and destroyed ten 50-cwt. 6-inch guns, and burnt seven large boats, two ranges of barrack buildings, also a quantity of military stores and provisions, near the Boghaz of the Kouban Lake on the 22nd instant, and I beg leave to call their Lordships' particular attention to the fact, that this gallant service was performed during weather which must have rendered its accomplishment exceedingly difficult, and

* Mr. N. A. Woods, in his recently-published narrative of the past campaign, transfers by a singular error the scene of this French attack from the Selinghinsk Redoubt to "the eminence afterwards so well known as the Mamelon," which was not in fact occupied by the Russians until the night of the 10th March.

In pointing out this inaccuracy it is far from our intention to detract from the merits of a work whose copious information, graphic descriptions, and great impartiality, render it one of the most valuable contributions to the history of the war.

that Vice-Admiral Bruat and I consider that it reflects the highest credit on Captain Giffard, Captain Le Bris of the Fulton, and on the officers and men of both nations employed on the occasion."

It may here be remarked, and it is an observation which happily will require to be repeated on more than one similar occasion, that this successful operation, involving serious loss of men as well as of material to the enemy, was unattended on our side by a single casualty.

March, like February, was cold in its commencement, but Spring was now advancing with gigantic strides, and already announced its advent by a rapid and luxuriant vegetation quite unparalleled in our own more equable climate. The long-desired change was soon distinctly visible also in its effect upon the condition of the cattle, and on the health and spirits of the men, who, relieved from excess of work, and no longer suffering from exposure to an inclement sky, were urged at once by leisure and inclination to renew the long-forgotten sports of their native village green. Under these improved conditions, officers and men were eagerly looking forward to an active resumption of the siege, now so long in abeyance, when the sudden intelligence of the death of the Emperor Nicholas eclipsed for the moment the interest attaching to all other subjects, and diverted into a new channel the ever-restless spirit of speculation.

So completely identified in the minds of most men had the late Czar been considered with the war, in which he was generally felt to be not only carrying out the hereditary and traditional policy of the empire, but also to be stimulated by the strongest feelings of wounded pride and personal pique, that it was not unnaturally conjectured that the difficulties which had hitherto forbidden the conclusion of peace would now be at an end. The Emperor Nicholas was pledged by every consideration of prudence and ambition to the successful issue of the terrible struggle to which he had challenged the nations of the West: on this hazard he had staked the reputation of a lifetime for political wisdom and practical sagacity—the prestige which he had painfully acquired and steadily fostered among all the nations of Europe: and, more than all, his own personal and all-powerful influence over the people who acknowledged his sway, and had hitherto regarded him as all but infallible. While he lived, therefore, it was to be anticipated that, once plunged into the war, he would exhaust every resource and brave every peril rather than submit to a defeat, which for him would have amounted to political extinction. No such foregone conclusions hampered his successor, who, it was argued,

might, without sacrificing dignity or consistency, gracefully inaugurate his opening reign by restoring to his people and the world the inestimable blessing of peace.

These sanguine anticipations resulted from a too-willing credence yielded to the oft-repeated fallacy that the war was unpopular in Russia, and from a very general ignorance of the power and influence possessed at the court of St. Petersburg by the old Muscovite or War party. Every reverse of the Russian army had been so confidently represented as a triumph to a people compelled to rely for information on a government interested to deceive them, that an abrupt conclusion of peace, followed by the inevitable revelations which must succeed, would have shaken, perhaps subverted, the throne of Alexander II. War therefore became, though for different reasons, as necessary a policy to that monarch as to his father, and the abortive result of the Vienna negociations was the natural consequence of the bad faith in which they were entered into on the part of Russia, who saw in them only an expedient for gaining time.

During the last year a different tone has pervaded the despatches from the enemy's military commanders in the Crimea, and the Russian mind has been so gradually prepared for the possibility of an unfavourable issue of the war, that now, when the moment of exhaustion has actually arrived, the people, driven by their own sufferings to long for peace, will probably regard its attainment, not only without surprise, but with satisfaction and delight. Beyond a change in the supreme command in the Crimea, which was now transferred from Prince Menschikoff to Prince Gortschakoff II., the removal from the scene of European politics of an actor who for so many years had played on that scene by far the most conspicuous part, was unattended by any immediately perceptible effect upon the situation of affairs. It were idle now to speculate upon what might have been the course of events had the Czar's life been prolonged; the ultimate issue would in all probability have been identical, nay even more decidedly favourable to the interests of Western Europe: but the extensive experience, the restless energy, the unbending will, the intellect at once subtle and profound, which combined constituted the vast personal ascendancy of that great and remarkable man, could not but have exerted an influence in prolonging and embittering the contest, from which he had deliberately excluded all possibility of retreat.

Sanguine however were the anticipations aroused by the great event of the day, to which, on its first announcement by Lord Raglan to the enemy,

they refused their belief; and this not only at the seat of operations, where in many minds the wish might well be father to the thought, but even at home under the guidance of a comparatively enlightened public opinion. However this might be, preparation on either side was nevertheless not slackened, and the siege, which for a while seemed to keep even pace with tardy and fruitless negociations, ere long outstripped, and soon consigned them to oblivion.

Early in March the Russians, having seized on a mamelon, or hill in shape like a truncated cone, in advance and to the proper left of the Malakoff Tower, proceeded rapidly to entrench and arm it. This eminence, hitherto known by the English as Gordon's Hill, and when fortified named by the Russians the Kamschatka Redoubt, was destined to play an important part in the subsequent operations of the siege, and was in fact long regarded both by assailants and defenders as the key of the position. So much progress had been made in this work by the 11th, as to demand the most serious attention of the Allies, who at once determined to push with the greatest energy their joint attack in this direction. To this end the English the same night commenced the construction of a parallel to unite the right of our right attack with the left of the French on the Inkermann heights, and on the following evening our Allies began a corresponding parallel from their side in order to effect the contemplated junction. The rocky nature of the ground rendered it extremely difficult to obtain cover; little advance therefore could be made during the day, and the process was necessarily a slow one; but on the 17th the communication was established between the French and English trenches. That night a severe and twice-renewed struggle occurred between the French and the Russians for the possession of some rifle-pits in front of the Mamelon, which greatly harassed the working parties of the former: but the result was unfavourable to the French, and the pits remained the next morning in possession of the enemy. The rifle-pits, which, with others constructed in advance of various portions of the defences, rendered the most essential service to the enemy, by impeding our works as well as by keeping down our artillery fire, are thus described by Mr. Russell:—

"They are simple excavations in the ground, faced round with sand-bags, which are loopholed for rifles, and banked round with the earth which has been thrown up from the pit. Each of these pits contains about ten men. They are in fact little forts or redoubts for offensive proceedings against the besiegers, armed with rifles instead of cannon. Practice has

made the men placed in them expert, and it is likely they are picked shots, for their fire is exceedingly good, and if a man shows for a moment above the works in front of these pits he has a small swarm of leaden hornets buzzing round his ears.

Notwithstanding this check, the French still persevered in pushing towards the Mamelon, on which the Russians continued to labour in constructing a formidable work, which hourly advanced to its completion, in spite of the interruptions caused by a heavy artillery fire from the well-served batteries of the Allies. On the morning of the 22nd of March, the French once more renewed the struggle for the rifle-pits, and succeeded in driving the enemy out of those in their immediate front; but nothing further of importance occurred during the day. At night, however, the Russians, who could no longer view without uneasiness the Allies constantly gaining ground in the direction of the Mamelon, made a sortie of a more comprehensive character and on a grander scale than any on which they had hitherto ventured. Their troops, to the number it is stated of 15,000, attacked *en masse* and with fearful yells the head of the sap which the French were carrying on towards the Mamelon, and then bore to the left of their new parallel of which we have already spoken above, into which they succeeded in penetrating, and of which, spite of the gallant resistance opposed to them, they obtained temporary possession. Having broken through, they then threw themselves upon the right of the English parallel, succeeded in crossing the works, and took up a position in the rear of the French left, which for a moment was exposed to a murderous cross-fire. General D'Autemarre, the French General on duty in the trenches, distinguished himself in this emergency by his coolness and presence of mind, and a battalion of the Chasseurs-à-pied, coming up in support, charged the enemy in the ravine and drove him back from this point with considerable loss. Meanwhile the body of Russians which had reached our parallel were met by the guard of the trenches, consisting of detachments of the 77th and 97th regiments, who, although thus taken suddenly both in flank and rear, exhibited the utmost coolness and resolution. Captain Vicars, who commanded the detachment of the 97th, was the first to come in contact with the enemy; making his men lie down, he waited till the Russians were within twenty paces, when, springing to their feet, the redcoats, after pouring in one murderous volley, closed, and with the unfailing bayonet quickly drove the Russians out of the trench. Vicars himself fell, as he was encouraging his men by his voice and by his

example. He had struck down two Russians and was in the act of cutting down a third, when a ball, fired by a man so close to him that his coat was singed by the fire, entered his uplifted arm near its junction with the shoulder, and stretched him lifeless on the earth. "Nothing," says an artillery officer, in narrating the fate of this heroic soldier, "could have been more noble, devoted, and glorious than his conduct in this, his first and last engagement." A testimony, it may be added, which was amply confirmed by Lord Raglan. The detachment of the 77th rivalled the courage of their comrades of the Light Division. Major Gordon, of the Engineers, who was in command of the whole party, and was conspicuous no less for his skilful arrangements than for his personal valour, was wounded in two places on this occasion, in which officers and men vied with each other in bravery and devotedness.

The attention of the troops in our advanced works having been by these transactions drawn to the right, the enemy took occasion to move upon and succeed in penetrating into the left front of our right attack, near a battery where two 10-inch mortars had been recently placed. They were led by an Albanian, whose picturesque national costume, studded with richly inlaid pistols and costly daggers, rendered him especially conspicuous, and who was easily recognised as having on more than one previous occasion led with the greatest daring sorties from the garrison. Leaping on to the parapet of the mortar battery, he discharged one of his pistols into the breast of Captain the Hon. Cavendish Browne, of the 7th Fusiliers, who instantly fell mortally wounded. He was the next instant shot himself, and is stated to have fired, as he lay on the ground, another pistol into the magazine of the battery, but fortunately without effect. Foiled in his deadly purpose, he was forthwith deprived of the power to meditate further mischief, by being bayoneted to death. The 7th and 34th regiments, who had been at work in the neighbourhood and had been brought up by Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden of the Royal Engineers, charged the Russians with the bayonet, almost without having fired a shot, and speedily ejected them from the battery and from this part of the parallel. A separate attack was at the same time made on the English advanced batteries on the extreme left, which were still unarmed, and which for a moment were in the hands of the Russians: who however here also were speedily driven out by the working parties, whom Captain Chapman, Royal Engineers, having collected and reformed, led with the utmost gallantry against them.

Thus was this strong sortie of the garrison of Sebastopol repulsed at all points with severe less to the enemy, who were deeply discouraged at the failure of an enterprise planned on a scale calculated for the most important results, and exhibiting a combination at once profound and extensive. "The prisoners we have taken," writes General Canrobert, in his despatch of the 23rd of March, "declare that their losses were enormous, and we think in fact that this disorderly combat, as all night combats are, and where the firing lasted for many hours, must have cost the Russians, considering the masses they brought forward, 1000 to 1200 men at least *hors de combat.* The ground in front of our parallels was strewn with the slain."

The French loss was estimated by the same authority at above 300 killed and wounded, while our own number of killed, wounded, and missing amounted to about 90. Among the missing were Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly of the 34th, who was also wounded, and Captain Montague, R.E. Both of these officers were prisoners in the hands of the Russians, the latter having been taken in the attack on our extreme left.

This desperate conflict was succeeded by one of the most curious and interesting episodes of the siege. On the 24th a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon for about three hours, to commence shortly after noon; and at the time appointed a white flag was hoisted at the summit of the Mamelon: the signal was repeated from the other Russian batteries, and answered in the same way from our own trenches. Colonel Hamley and the correspondents of the "Times" and "Morning Herald" have each devoted a considerable space in their respective works to a minute and detailed description of this armistice, and our readers will readily pardon us for reproducing from these sources a few of the most striking features and incidents of that event.

Colonel Hamley, to whom the world is indebted for a work no less remarkable for its manly simplicity of style, and scrupulous accuracy of detail, than for the comprehensive views which it enunciates, and the unflagging interest it excites, thus describes what he saw:—

"At noon the firing had almost ceased, and, at the appointed hour, a white flag was elevated over the Mamelon, while one appeared simultaneously on each of the French and English works, when those who had been watching for it at once streamed down the hill to the scene of contest. The spectacle that followed was one of the strangest that had occurred during the campaign.

"While we went down the slope to the ravine, the French burial parties

advanced from their trenches, and hundreds of Russians came out from behind the Mamelon and approached our works, some of them bearing stretchers.

"Passing through the interval in our rearmost intrenchment where it crosses the ravine, we first saw a small heap of bodies, six Russians and two Frenchmen, lying on the side of the hill, having probably fallen within the French lines, and been collected there during the preceding night. At the point where the advanced trench meets ours, the ravine is very rugged and broken, and those who had ridden down left their horses there. The first object I saw there was the body of the Albanian leader, who had fallen in our trenches, borne by four of our men on a stretcher to the outside of the parapet, where it was received by Russian soldiers. It had been partially stripped, and covered again with his while kilt and other drapery, leaving his feet bare, as also his breast, on which, as on Count Lara's, appeared the scars of several old wounds. In a deep gully, below the verge of our slope of the hill, lay a Russian on his back. He had been wounded in the neck, and had lain there since the night before last, suffering and alone, on a bed of loose stones, with his head, which he had pillowed on his forage cap, lower than his body. Judging from his aspect, his case was by no means desperate. His comrades, at the call of our men, who discovered him, flocked round and carried him off. I crossed the broken ground, which was sprinkled with dead, to the opposite side of the ravine, in front of the French parallel, where a crowd of Russian and French officers and soldiers were intermixed, with a good many English officers as spectators.

"Many, both officers and men, wore orders and medals. Between these groups passed and repassed the burial parties, lifting each grim gory figure from its face or back, placing it on a stretcher, and bearing it, with the dead legs swinging and dragging, and the arms vibrating stiffly to the steps of the bearers, to be added to the dreadful assembly. Not one of those looking on could feel secure that in the next twenty-four hours he would not be as one of these."

"The day," says Mr. Russell, "was beautifully bright and warm. White flags waved gently in the faint spring breeze above the embrasures of our batteries, and from the Round Tower and Mamelon. The instant the flags were hoisted, friend and foe swarmed out of the embrasures. The Riflemen of the Allies and of the enemy rose from their lairs in the rifle-pits, and sauntered towards each other to behold their grim handiwork. The whole of the space between the Russian lines and our own was filled with

groups of unarmed soldiery. The sight was strange beyond description. French, English, and Russian officers were walking about saluting each other courteously as they passed, and occasionally entering into conversation; and a constant interchange of little civilities, such as offering and receiving cigar-lights, was going on in each little group.

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"But, while all this civility was going on, we were walking among the dead, over blood-stained ground, covered with evidences of recent fight. Broken muskets, bayonets, cartouch-boxes, caps, fragments of clothing, straps and belts, pieces of shell, little pools of clotted blood, shot—round and grape, shattered gabions and sand-bags, were visible around us on every side, and through the midst of the crowd stalked a solemn procession of soldiers bearing their departed comrades to their long home. I counted seventy-seven litters borne past me in fifteen minutes, each filled with a dead enemy. The contortions of the slain were horrible, and recalled the memories of the fields of Alma and Inkermann. Some few French were lying far in advance towards the Mamelon and Round Tower, among the gabions belonging to the French advanced trenches, which the Russians had broken down. They had evidently been slain in pursuit of the enemy."

The Special Correspondent of the "Morning Herald," after describing the appearance of the advanced trench on which the sortie had been made, proceeds to say:—

"At the left end of this work was the little mortar battery. Several broken Russian firelocks were here; and between the mortars, in a row, lay some eight or ten Russian corpses, with their little round caps laid over their faces. In the corner several blood-stained stretchers leant against the parapet. Captain Chapman, R.E., was here with one or two artillery officers; and behind, where the little groups stood chatting, lay the body of the Albanian chief, who had led so many sorties against the English. It was that of a man in the prime of life, well-formed and muscular. His weapons were gone, and his body had been partially stripped. The jacket was open, and showed three deep bayonet thrusts in the chest, and the healed scars of two former wounds were plainly visible. The countenance had a horrible expression; the blood which had flowed from the mouth had dried upon it; the eyes were staring wide, and the rich black hair was matted and frowzy. His flowing kilt, all torn and soiled, had been used as a kind of shroud, and partially enveloped the corpse. Outside the work, the dead lay thick, and just as they had fallen. About one hundred were there in all.

"On the right, the appearance of the French trench showed that the struggle there had been long and doubtful. This work had almost all been completely destroyed, and, though every effort during the two nights which had since elapsed had been made to repair it, it was still in rather a dilapidated condition. The gabions had been pulled away, and were lying in heaps in front of the work, and in a long train, up to the Malakoff Tower, just as the Russians had thrown them away in their flight. The enemy's dead were here in serious numbers.

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"It certainly was an extraordinary scene. Everything was at once so warlike and yet so peaceful. Grim batteries were frowning down upon the spot from every side; yet the white flag was floating, and the parapets and embrasures were quite hidden with people eagerly gazing upon the spectacle below. The different troops soon met—the privates grinning and offering each other pipes, the officers bowing to one another as if all were on the most friendly terms, and as if in the course of a couple of hours they would not be doing their very utmost to murder and destroy the very men on both sides to whom now both sides were so polite. Across from our trenches, in the direction of the Malakoff Tower, a man with a white flag was leading a large fatigue party, carrying many of the enemy's dead. Russian fatigue parties were also busy round and inside the French trench, engaged in the same melancholy duty; while the idlers, of whom there were considerable numbers spotted about, were picking their way among masses of stone, pieces of shell, piles of round shot, dead Russians in every attitude of agony, torn sand-bags, gabions, fascines, bayonets, broken firelocks, thousands of flattened bullets, unused cartridges, and all the litter of a scene of combat. The Russian officers were well and neatly dressed in long fine great coats, white cross-belts, and swords. Two or three had quite a profusion of handsome rings on their fingers. All seemed to speak French well; some were very friendly and chatty, offering our own and the French officers cigars; while others were polite, but very grave and reserved, bowing to the Allied officers when they passed, but never entering into conversation, or appearing to pay the least attention to anything but the duties in which they were immediately engaged.

"The Russian soldiers were both dirty and ragged, but beyond this defect in their appearance were well enough. They were very fine young men, and all in robust health, with round ruddy faces, on which was a perpetual grin at everything our men did or said. Their uniform was a short

thick great coat of grey frieze, with waist-belts of the same material, round flat caps, and light leather boots; in fact, just the uniform of the men we fought at Inkermann; none had the helmet or other equipments of the Imperial Guard. The stretchers which they brought to carry away their dead had evidently been much used for such work, as the canvas was perfectly black and stiff with blood. One or two were properly made; the rest were strips of canvas, clumsily tied to rough poles of wood. The bodies of nearly all the slain were those of very fine young men."

Soon after three o'clock the armistice terminated, and the white emblems of a peace, transitory and fallacious, and which served only to place in stronger relief the stern realities which for so brief a space it had interrupted, were hauled down from trench and battery; and, even as the last flutter of their snowy folds vanished from the gaze, the iron messengers of death once more flew fast from side to side on their ill-omened errand.

This was the longest burial-truce which took place during the siege, and was for this reason selected for special description by the several authors from whom we have quoted: nor will the space thus devoted to an event which had no direct influence on the course of the war be grudged by the reader, to whom one of the most striking peculiarities of modern civilised warfare is thus forcibly brought home.

But for these and similar amenities which the progress of enlightenment has grafted on the sterner and more ruthless practice of older times, war, even now the most fearful of the scourges which desolate the earth, would become once more the reproach of humanity and the jubilee of fiends. Terrible are the smoking ruins of great cities, the abandoned homestead and the desecrated hearth — mournful the necessity which changes to a barren waste the plain once teeming with fertility and smiling with nature's beauty—which bids man, God's image, deface and mar God's image, man—which blights manhood in its prime and promise, cuts off the flower of a nation, and fills a land with wailing; horrible, with a horror which no language, however eloquent, can depict, the spectacle presented by a field of battle; yet such, alas! are the ordinary and inevitable accidents of war: but who can conceive what war would be, were the wantonness of destruction permitted to reach its furthest limits, and the fiercest passions of our fallen nature left unchecked save by their own exhaustion?

Nothing, perhaps, has a gentler or more humanizing influence, nothing more tends to soften the rancour and awaken the better feelings of belligerents, than an armistice for burying the dead. Brought face to face with

each other while employed in rendering the same pious offices to comrades who have fallen in a cause which both alike deem sacred, the most inveterate foes must for a while recognise the common humanity which clothes them all — must feel that, after all, those whom they met in the death-struggle yesterday, and those with whom they shall strive for life itself to-morrow, are men of like form and passions with themselves; that the stiff, cold clay, which once answered with an equal hatred to their own defiance, and which is not now more unconscious of hostility or love than they themselves may be, or ere another sun, once in life and energy, gladdened a home perchance as dear and happy as their own; where a sister will mourn the hero of her day-dreams — where a mother's grey hairs may go down with sorrow to the grave — where one dearer than all else on earth may never smile again.

And men, in whom, however faintly, such thoughts as these have been aroused, will not, even when the blood is up and the sword is flashed, forget them — will not refuse the cry for quarter, nor deny the hand of succour nor the voice of comfort to a wounded foe.

Nothing, perhaps, excited the interest and curiosity of our own officers so much as the opportunity afforded them on this occasion of meeting and passing in review those of a corresponding rank in the Russian service. The high bearing and the courteous demeanour of these gentlemen were the theme of universal remark in camp, whenever the incidents of the armistice were discussed: nor were these qualities matter of surprise to those acquainted with the Russian military system. Drawn for the most part from the higher classes, and uniting to the special training required by his profession that mental cultivation and those more graceful accomplishments which, whatever may be said to the contrary, are not inconsistent with the most thorough technical knowledge nor with the most reckless personal daring — the Russian officer is pre-eminently to his men what the human soul is to the human body. The soldiers, drawn in masses from the extremities of the empire, and submitted, from the moment in which they are torn from their homes, to an iron discipline enforced by a harsh and unrestrained use of corporal punishments, become speedily but parts in one vast system, and wheels of one enormous machine, imposing from its bulk and admirable in its adaptation to certain exigencies, but deficient in plasticity and in originative power. It is the officers who breathe the spirit of life into this inanimate form, call forth its latent energies, direct its secret springs, and guide and control its action: it is the officers who change the

vis inertiæ, the passive obstinacy of the Russian soldier, into a still more dogged and obstinate attack; and convince him, in spite of defeat, that he is not defeated. If the defence of Sebastopol was, as history will undoubtedly pronounce it to have been, most ably planned, most energetically carried out, most resolutely, nay sternly, protracted, the largest share of the merit is undoubtedly due to the officers of the garrison, who had established such a moral ascendancy over the troops under their command, that no labour seemed irksome, no enterprise impracticable, if undertaken under their auspices. If, in every battle which has taken place in the Crimea, the Russian columns, mown down, crushed, and shattered by a hellish fire of artillery, have returned to the attack long after success became an impossibility, and have retired with a solidity and an organisation which have awed pursuit, it is because their commanders were the first to brave danger and the last to shun it. Their conduct to those prisoners of war who have fallen into their hands has been on the whole remarkable for gentleness and humanity; and on more than one occasion those highest in command have not denied the tribute of a generous admiration to the gallant deeds and the high qualifications of their powerful enemies. The destruction of the "Tiger," slaughter of Sinope, and massacre at Hango, are the dark spots which deface this picture, and will probably be urged in contradiction of its accuracy; but, sad and disgraceful to the Russian arms as these reminiscences undoubtedly are, the blame due to them attaches more justly to the vices of a barbarous system than to the character of individuals.

To those gallant sons of France and England whose chivalry will forbid them to do injustice to the enemy in contending with whom they have reaped their own unfading laurels, we must appeal for confirmation of this perhaps unpopular view of the Russian officer, and by them we feel confident that confirmation will not be withheld.

The latter days of March were unmarked save by some unimportant night skirmishes between the French and Russians, and the energies of the Allies were unceasingly devoted to pushing with vigour the preparations for the second bombardment. The railway was now in a state of completion to the summit of the plateau, and daily carried up a quantity of ammunition for the batteries, variously estimated at from 70 to 200 tons. The Land Transport also, which had recently arrived from England, and was rapidly brought into a state of efficiency by the unwearied activity of Colonel McMurdo, charged with the superintendence of this branch of the

service, was now at work for the same purpose, and the accumulation of powder, shot, and shell applicable to the coming operations was enormous; the English batteries alone being supplied with no less than 500 rounds for each gun, and 300 for each mortar.

Before closing the chronicle of this not uneventful month, we must not omit to mention two dashing and successful feats performed by a few of the steamers of the allied squadrons on the north-eastern coast of the Black Sea. Earlier in the month, Lieutenant Armytage, in command of Her Majesty's steam-vessel Viper, was despatched by Captain Giffard to examine the mouth of the Kouban Lake and the coast as far as the Tower of Djimiteia—a work which had been recently erected for the defence of the direct communication between Anapa and Kertch. After having dispersed a small body of Cossacks, whom he observed at the former point, Lieutenant Armytage proceeded along the coast to the south-eastward, until abreast of the martello tower of Djimiteia. Anchoring the Viper bow and stern at about 500 yards from the beach, he opened fire, and, with the aid of some parties whom he landed for the purpose, speedily succeeded in destroying the fort and barracks, setting fire to the granaries, spiking and disabling the two guns of the fort, and destroying the ammunition: the whole being effected without a single casualty among the crew of the Viper. This steamer also took part in the subsequent affair, which is thus referred to by Sir Edmund Lyons in his despatch of the 17th March:—

"I have the honour to inclose for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a letter which has been addressed to me by Captain Giffard, stating that, while making a reconnaissance near Soujah Kalé, with Her Majesty's ship Leopard under his command, and accompanied by Her Majesty's ships Highflyer, Swallow, and Viper, and also by His Imperial Majesty's steam-ship of war Fulton, he was informed by the Circassians in the neighbourhood that the enemy had so reduced the strength of that fortress by the removal of men and guns to Anapa, that they were ready to attack it by land, if he would do so by sea; and that he, wishing to encourage the natives and to embarrass the Russians, had assented to the proposal, and moved the ships to within 1000 yards of the south face of the fort, where he performed his part; but that, on finding the Circassians did not perform theirs, he withdrew, after having driven all the garrison out of the place, with the exception of a few gunners in the earthen batteries, and having also dismounted several guns, and done considerable damage to the arsenal and public works, leaving the garrison

about a mile from the place, surrounded by Circassians, who were collecting reinforcements.

"The ships appear to have been well placed, and to have fired with great effect; and Captain Giffard expressed his thanks to Captain Le Bris, his able coadjutor on former occasions, as well as to Captain Moore, Commander Crauford, and Lieutenant Armytage, and their respective officers and ships' companies, for their support. Of Captain Giffard himself I may perhaps be permitted to observe, that this is not the first time that his zeal and gallantry have been conspicuous since he has been under my command."

The casualties caused in the performance of this service were as usual slight, amounting, in all the vessels employed, to only one man killed and four wounded.

It is now time that we should revert to the renewal of the bombardment: before doing so it may not be superfluous to observe that the aspect of the works of offence had undergone a considerable change since the memorable 17th of October: the principal batteries of the right and left attacks were the same as before, but they were now augmented, strengthened, and extended.

"The works of the besiegers," says Colonel Hamley, "though extraordinarily diffuse and extensive, had now assumed the appearance of regular scientific attacks. The batteries, no longer isolated nor confined to one line, were connected by parallels; and those in advance were approached by regularly constructed boyaux or zigzag trenches." The fire which could therefore be concentrated on the town was at once heavier in weight of metal and wider in circumference in proportion to its radius; and sanguine anticipations were again formed as to the decisive advantages which this enlargement of the means of offence would involve.

In accordance with an arrangement previously made between Lord Raglan and General Canrobert, the batteries of the Allies once more opened upon Sebastopol, soon after daylight on Easter Monday the 9th of April. The rain, which had fallen in torrents during the night, continued through the day, accompanied by a tempestuous wind, which drove the thick vapours from the earth in the direction of the town, and, obscuring the enemy's works, rendered it extremely difficult, if not impossible, for our artillerymen to fire with any degree of accuracy or to test the results of their practice. They speedily however succeeded in establishing a decided superiority of fire over the enemy, who, evidently taken by surprise, scarcely

replied at all during the first half-hour, and after that with a feebleness which astonished, while it encouraged, their antagonists.

In truth the elements, however unfavourable they might appear to our own gunners, were doubly so to the Russians, who, blinded by the rain and scud, could scarcely stand to their guns. In spite of the direction of the wind, the low sullen booming of the guns reached the town of Balaklava and the camps above it, announcing the long-desired intelligence; and camps and town were plunged into a still more feverish excitement by the flying reports which each succeeding hour brought down from the front.

Now it was confidently asserted that the fleets had run in and engaged the sea-ward forts; that Fort Constantine was dismantled, and that the Royal Albert, having forced the barrier of sunken ships, had penetrated into the great harbour, and was attacking the town from the sea: anon the Bastion du Mât was taken, or the Mamelon destroyed: while the general assault was universally declared to be imminent. The old feeling of hope, dormant through so long a period of depression, doubt, and inaction, revived with a magical suddenness; the most impracticable sceptics of the evening were transformed into the most fervent prophets of the morrow; and no story which had success for its theme appeared too extravagant for the willing credulity of the anxious listeners. But amidst this enthusiastic throng of converts and believers there were others who, appreciating at their true value the current camp "shaves," and trained by careful reflection of the past to a calmer judgment of the future, drew hope from sources less fallible if more remote—who noted with satisfaction the 'vantage ground obtained by the Allies even on the very first day over the palpably weakened resistance opposed by the enemy, and who watched with rational joy the slow compression of a grasp destined, at a time distant indeed but secure, to prove fatal to the foe.

The following eloquent description of the opening of the Allies' fire is borrowed from Mr. Wood's work:*—

"A heavy mist hung over the sea, and partly over Sebastopol, while both were obscured, every now and then, by the clouds of rain which were driven before the wind. The north side was almost completely invisible, though the mouth of the harbour was clear, and a heavy sea running in broke in a line of wild breakers over the sunken ships. Beyond one or two guard-ships, our fleet was not visible in its accustomed place. Where it had moved to I cannot say; but, as far as I could judge in the very misty state of the weather, the vessels had left their old moorings.

* Vol. ii. pp. 335, 340.

"In Sebastopol itself everything was quiet and clean as usual. The huge black shears in the dockyard stood out conspicuous, as did also the topmasts of a two-decker anchored just under them. Where the head of the harbour could be seen, two or three large boats could be observed crossing it near the land, but no other signs of activity were visible either on the water or in the town. The latter indeed appeared almost deserted; all around its handsome barracks, its rows of stately houses, its spacious churches, with their green roofs and handsome cupolas, not a soul was visible.

"It was five o'clock; none of the clocks in Sebastopol could be heard to strike, as the wind was very strong and blowing up the harbour and across the town. Each moment the weather became thicker and more wet, so that in a few minutes hardly any of the town was visible. The grim line of batteries however remained pretty well in view, though they also were as quiet as inside the walls. In the Malakoff a few soldiers could occasionally be distinguished in the embrasures, and a small party crossed between it and the Mamelon, but this was all. On the left of the Redan was some black mass, but whether soldiers or not it was impossible to say. It was now past five, and, though the atmosphere was by no means clear, it was at least as clear, if not clearer, than it seemed likely to be at a later hour. Yet there were no signs in our batteries. The men were in them as usual; perhaps they displayed a little more bustle, but nothing to induce one to believe that they were preparing for a long and fierce encounter with a foe they were determined to vanquish, but whose defences, both in earthworks and guns, far surpassed theirs both in solidity and number.

"Suddenly, at about a quarter past five o'clock, three guns were fired from our left attack. In a second afterwards, running up and down the line, from the little mounds and hillocks near Inkermann — from the broad commanding positions of Chapman's and Gordon's batteries — from quiet, picturesque ravines where no one dreamed of guns lurking — high from the rear on steep and lofty ridges — and away down to the left, where the French works stretch out over low marsh-lands to Kamiesch — from every point of our lines, came a hundred streaks of flame and masses of smoke. For a minute after there was silence, and then the great concussion came rumbling on, slowly mastering both wind and rain, and swelling into a roar that seemed to fill the heavens and earth. The shells and balls of the first discharge made of themselves a perfect uproar, as they fell like iron hail full on the enemy's batteries. Some shot were short, and went bounding towards the works, scattering the earth like water; some were too high, and passed clear over everything into the town; but the great mass were well-aimed and true, and passed full

into the embrasures, clearing all before them. The shells burst everywhere about like crackers, and the stunning explosions of the great mortars made themselves conspicuous over every other noise, as the huge bombs rushed through them, carrying death and destruction into the Mamelon and Malakoff. After this first tremendous volley each gun worked as it could, and a regular file fire of mortars and heavy guns commenced upon the place.

* * * * *

"From a little after nine till past three all in the camp were left to their own conjectures as to the progress of the bombardment. The mist and rain were so dense, that it was difficult from the heights to distinguish the fire even of our nearest batteries; not only was it impossible to see what we were doing, but even to hear was difficult. The wind swept from the camp towards Sebastopol, and this, with the thickness of the atmosphere and rush of the rain, drowned almost every sound, except the dull and apparently very distant concussion of the large mortars.

"So perfect was this quietness, that it seemed quite impossible to realise in the deserted aspect of our camp that a struggle on which not only the reputation but the very existence of the troops engaged depended was taking place within half a mile of our lines, and that 154 English, nearly 200 French, and between 400 and 500 Russian guns and mortars were firing away almost as fast as they could be loaded.

"The storm of missiles from the Allied batteries continued without intermission during the whole of the 9th, nor did the men who were working the guns slacken in their efforts or show any symptoms of fatigue, in spite of the increased difficulties and the augmented labour imposed on them by the deep and muddy condition of the trenches. Considerable impression was made on several of the Russian works; the Mamelon was for a time silenced entirely, one face of the Redan was reduced almost to the same condition, while the French succeeded in inflicting serious injury on the Bastion du Mât. At night however the Russians succeeded once more in repairing the injuries sustained in the day, and the next morning they re-opened fire with considerably increased energy. The morning was hazy, and for some time there was a drizzling rain; towards afternoon the weather cleared, a change which both actors and spectators hailed with delight. During the day the Naval Brigade, who suffered throughout the second bombardment in an excessive ratio compared with their military comrades, lost the services of Lieutenant Twyford, a highly distinguished young officer, who was killed by a shot, which also wounded and for a time disabled another energetic and valuable officer, Captain Lord John Hay. The practice on both sides

was excellent, and all accounts agree in stating that, had the Russian fire been as heavy and sustained as it was steady and accurate, the losses on our side would have been incomparably more than they were. On this night an attempt was made to convey six 32-pounder guns, from the first parallel, into one of the advanced batteries prepared for their reception; but so heavy, tenacious, and impracticable had the ground become in consequence of the rain, that several hundred men were after repeated efforts unable to move one gun from the point at which it had foundered. The Russians, guided by the noise, opened fire on this party, and at the first shot knocked off the muzzle of another gun; and that and the others were then left in the second parallel till the following night, when the guns were at last got into the battery, and by daylight placed in the embrasures. Four of them which opened on the 12th were silenced by a crushing fire directed on them by the Russians, but on the 13th and 14th the whole of them were again worked with success, purchased it is to be regretted by very heavy casualties among the gunners.

"As time wore on, the firing on both sides slackened day after day, until that of the Allies, gradually diminishing, finally reached the same limits to which it was confined prior to the 9th of April. It was evident therefore that the assault must still be postponed; the Russian defences, though seriously injured, were still neither breached nor destroyed, and the relaxation of the vigour of the attack would afford the besiegers leisure and comparative impunity in repairing the damage they had sustained.

"What then, it may be asked, had been gained in return for the sacrifice of life, the enormous expenditure of ammunition, the impaired efficiency of the siege-train, which had been the necessary results of the second bombardment? The events which we shall now narrate, and which occurred during the continuance of the cannonade, afford at once the clearest and the most satisfactory solution of this important question. It will be necessary to remind the reader that the two most important Russian works fronting the French left attack were the Flag-staff Battery or Bastion du Mât, the most advanced work on the left of the ravine, which separated the French and English attacks at the head of the inner harbour, and the Central Bastion, which continued the line of fortifications further to the left. Both of these works were protected in front by a strong chain of ambuscades or rifle-pits, terminated at the extreme left by a cemetery, which afforded a strong natural cover to the Russian sharpshooters thrown out in advance of the Central Bastion. During the days between the 9th and 12th of April, the French batteries kept down so successfully the fire of

the enemy, that at night they were enabled to push considerably their approaches in the direction of the Bastion du Mât: and on the night of the 13th-14th General Pelissier organised an attack for the purpose of wresting from the Russians and securing to the French engineers the corresponding portion of ground in front of the Central Bastion. The force destined for this operation was divided into two parties—the one directed on the ambuscades of the right under the command of General Rivet, the other directed on those of the left, and commanded by General Breton.

"In spite of the most vigorous resistance on the part of the enemy, whose reserves two or three times rushed forward to repel the assailants, both the objects of this combined movement were effected with the most complete success. The French, with more than their usual impetuosity, carried all before them; and no sooner were the Russians driven out, than the ambuscades, notwithstanding the solidity of their construction, were rased to the ground by the engineers, protected in their work by a few companies of the line, and a new parallel was formed even while the struggle was actually taking place. This important operation, so happily terminated, cost our Allies 40 killed and 117 wounded. The terrible fire maintained from the Bastion du Mât rendered it impossible for the French to construct a new parallel in this direction in a similar manner, without sustaining a loss disproportionate to the object to be gained. They had recourse in consequence to an engineering expedient, which was attended with the wished-for result. Several small mines had been formed in front of the bastion, and on the evening of the 15th the train was fired, and, aided by the destructive effects of the explosion, the engineers were enabled to lodge themselves in an immense fosse in front of the work, the possession of which was not contested by the enemy, and to form a trench half way between the third parallel and the salient of the bastion. No sooner did the lurid pillars of flame announcing the explosion of the mines shoot up into the dusky night, than the Russians, alarmed beyond measure, opened a heavy fire of cannon and musketry in every direction from that part of the town, which they kept up for a considerable time on the whole left attack, fortunately without any serious injury to the Allies. The French replied with a shower of bombs, which inflicted severe loss on the thickly-massed troops by whom the fortifications were lined, and for more than an hour the firing on both sides was terrific. General Bigot, who had been wounded in the face by a rifle-ball, died in the course of the night; and his loss was deeply lamented by the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, as well as by all who were acquainted with the high qualities for which he

was so eminently distinguished. His body was interred the next day, and Lord Raglan and the principal officers of his staff attended the funeral.

"It is difficult to overrate the importance of the achievement just commemorated, as every inch of ground gained in the direction of the bastions was a step towards their destruction—a fate postponed, notwithstanding the serious damage they underwent in this bombardment, by the inexhaustible resources, both in artillery and labourers, which the Russians could still bring to bear for the renewal of the armament of their works."*

These events on the left of the Allied position were followed at a short interval by others on the right of the English attack, with a similar design, of equal moment, and no less gloriously accomplished, which are thus described in Lord Raglan's despatch of the 21st April:—

"The rifle-pits in front of the approach from the advance of our trenches on the extreme right were attacked and carried by assault the night before last in the most gallant manner by a detachment of the 77th regiment under Colonel Egerton, forming part of the additional force sent to reinforce the guard of the trenches in the evening. The resistance of the enemy, although obstinate, was speedily overcome by the impetuosity of our troops, and the pit, which it was desirable to retain, was, without the loss of a moment, connected with our approach, and thereby furnished protection to the working party to continue its labours without interruption for a considerable time. At the interval, however, of about three hours, the enemy brought a heavy fire of artillery and musketry upon the party in advance of the pit, into which they retired, and which they effectually defended and maintained. But this brilliant achievement was not accomplished without considerable sacrifice of life; and it is most painful to me to have to announce to your Lordship the death of Colonel Egerton of the 77th, who was unfortunately killed when forming troops for the support of those on the extreme advance, and that of Captain Lempriere, of the same regiment, who fell in the first affair, in which also Colonel Egerton received a contusion that only incapacitated him for duty a few minutes; and five officers were wounded, three of them dangerously.

"Colonel Egerton was an officer of superior merit, and conducted all his duties, whether in the camp or in the field, in a manner highly to his own honour, and greatly to the advantage of the public; and Her Majesty's service could not have sustained a more severe loss, and it is so felt in this army and in the 77th, where he was much beloved, and is deeply lamented.

* The details of these brilliant affairs of the 13th and 15th are chiefly derived from General Canrobert's despatch of the 17th April.

Captain Lempriere was a very young, but most promising, officer. Captain Owen, whose leg has since been amputated, and Lieutenant Baynes, are both most valuable officers of Engineers, as is Captain King, of the same corps, who was wounded two nights before. Brigadier-General Lockyer, who was the general officer of the trenches in the right attack, Lieutenant-Colonel Mundy, of the 33d, who succeeded to the command of the troops engaged in the operation on the death of Colonel Egerton, and Captain Gwilt, of the 34th, deserve to be most favourably mentioned; and Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden, the officer of Engineers in charge of the right attack, distinguished himself, as he has done on many previous occasions, in a remarkable manner. The conduct of the troops was admirable."

We shall not, we trust, be blamed for the reproduction in this place of these concluding sentences of Lord Raglan, in which mention is made of those whose energy and daring insured a success so glorious alike for those who fell, and those who survived; the gratitude which such men have deserved of their country is not an empty phrase—in the affectionate remembrance of their countrymen lies their highest and purest reward, and that reward will never be denied them.

The Russian rifle-pit which was taken on this occasion is the subject of one of Mr. Simpson's drawings in a former volume of this work. Another immediately in front of it was destroyed on the morning of the 21st in the most spirited manner by a party of volunteers headed by Lieutenant and Adjutant Walker of the 30th regiment. The pit, which was found to be empty, and could not be turned to account by the besiegers, was immediately levelled and filled in without interruption from the enemy.

These operations of the French and English not only served to destroy the cover afforded for a galling fire from the enemy's practised and indefatigable riflemen, but also secured ground of the highest value for pushing the approaches, and constructing a new parallel, which was armed in the interval between this bombardment and the next, which took place early in June. In order to connect two affairs which in reality were only parts of one combined scheme, we have so far deviated from the strict chronological order as to give precedence to the events of the evening of the 19th over that which occurred on the morning of the same day. This was a reconnaissance by the Turks under Omar Pasha, who had been transferred from Eupatoria to the Chersonese in the beginning of the month, and it was made with the view of ascertaining what might be the force of the enemy on the Tchernaya. The Turks, mustering twelve battalions of infantry, advanced in the direction of Kamara, leaving a force of French and English Cavalry and Horse Artillery under

the command respectively of General Féray and Colonel Parlby in the plain on their left. This force remained inactive until, the Russian outposts having fallen back as the Turks advanced, the latter had taken possession of Kamara, when the cavalry and artillery advanced to the other hillocks of the ridge on which the village is situated, and the whole of the troops marched towards the river. On this side of it, on a height overlooking Tchorgoun, they found a post of Cossacks, who, speedily dislodged by a well-directed fire of rockets from the French, retired precipitately to the other side, where a small force with four guns only was visible. Omar Pasha did not think it desirable to move across the river, but withdrew after he had satisfied himself that the enemy were not in strength, and the troops returned to their camps, the infantry covered by the cavalry and artillery. This movement did not lead to any consequences of importance, and shortly afterwards Omar Pasha and the larger portion of his troops returned to Eupatoria, which was supposed to be threatened with an attack; but it gave the Turks an opportunity of displaying to their allies the high state of steadiness and efficiency to which they had been brought, and to many of our officers it afforded an escape from the wearisome routine of the camp, and the agreeable exchange of the stagnant atmosphere and unbroken sterility of the plateau, for the pure breezes and the luxuriant vegetation of the valleys lying between it and the Tchernaya. "Every one," says Mr. Russell, "felt as if he had beaten the Cossacks and got out of prison at last, and I never saw more cheering joyous faces at a cover-side than were to be seen at Canrobert's Hill. It was a fillip to our spirits to get a gallop across the greensward once more, and to escape from the hateful feeling of constraint and confinement which bores us to death in the camp."

Perhaps the most striking incident of the reconnaissance was when the squadrons of the English Heavy Cavalry Brigade, accompanied by the 10th Hussars, who had lately arrived from India, and whose bronzed manly faces, soldierlike bearing, picturesque yet serviceable uniform, and Arab horses, remarkable for fire and beauty, combined to form the very ideal of a nation's chivalry, passed over the fatal plain for ever memorable as the scene of the Light Cavalry charge on the 25th of October, 1854. The ground still presented traces of the unequal but glorious struggle—ever and anon half hidden by the long rank grass, or emerging in ghastly contrast from thick beds of sweet and exquisite wild-flowers, whose every petal spoke of teeming life and beauty, death's most hideous emblem, a human skeleton, decked as in mockery with a few patches of red or grey cloth, which alone distinguished it as friend's or foe's, by its dread presence

rebuked the gorgeous pageant flaunting by in seeming oblivion of a past so recent and so mournful, and of the stern interpretation put by such a past on such a present—oblivion that was but seeming, for who can tell what bitter memories of their heroic and self-doomed comrades, what unuttered longings for a speedy day and a fairer field on which to that legacy of glory and of sorrow they might add a page all glory, lurked unseen beneath helmet and cuirass, as the heavy cavalry rode amidst the tokens of the strife which told too plainly the fate of the "six hundred," or crushed beneath their horse-hoofs the gentle flowers which clothed their undistinguished graves? May this knowledge be for ever buried in their own bosoms, and may Peace yet teach them the softer lessons which even a scene like this may convey, and so humanity be spared the fearful reckoning which would be exacted were the dearest wish of their hearts realised, and it were given them to meet but once the squadrons of Russia and to close with them in the shock of mortal combat!

The closing days of April were chiefly remarkable for the gradual dying out of the second bombardment, for another sharp affair between the French and Russians in front of the Bastion du Mât, and for a review of the French troops on an extended scale held by General Canrobert, when he took occasion to impress, in a very emphatic manner, upon his officers the invincible resolution on the part of France and England to have Sebastopol sooner or later, and at whatever cost. On the 25th some curiosity and interest were excited in the camp by the arrival of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the English Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, who with his family remained for more than a week at the theatre of operations.

On the night of the 1st of May, the French attacked a counter-guard which the Russians had established in front of the Central Bastion, in which they were preparing to place guns, and in which they had already mounted nine hand-mortars or cohorns, which caused considerable annoyance to our Allies. At ten o'clock at night, by the light of a bright moon, the French troops, formed into two columns of attack, under the orders of Generals Bazaine and De la Motterouge, issued from their parallels, rushed with irresistible vehemence and without firing a single shot on the right and front of the work, and attacked its defenders with the bayonet. The Russians soon brought a heavy fire of musketry and artillery to bear on the assailants, and a severe and protracted conflict ensued, ending by the French, after repeated charges with the bayonet, succeeding in driving the enemy from every part of the work, in which they captured eight of the cohorns. The Engineers, ever ready to turn to the best account the suc-

cesses of their comrades, at once set to work, turned the parapets, and amidst a heavy fire from the Russian batteries firmly established themselves in the work, which they connected without loss of time with the French parallel in its rear. At four o'clock on the following afternoon the Russians attempted to retake this outwork, but were repulsed in a vigorous sortie which they made with this object, and suffered a severe loss from some guns which were brought to bear on them by the French, whose conduct in both affairs was exceedingly brilliant. Their casualties were heavy, but still could not have nearly equalled those inflicted on the Russians. This dashing affair advanced the French about 150 yards nearer to the Central Bastion.

On the 3d of May, a secret expedition, which had for some days been in preparation, and whose destination was pretty generally known to be the Straits of Kertch, sailed from Balaklava and Kamiesch. It was composed of about forty-eight vessels, containing 8000 French, 4000 English, 18 guns, and the proper complement of land transport and commissariat. It was admirably planned, equipped, and organised; the troops were in the highest spirits and the most splendid condition, and delighted with the novelty of the service; the Allied commanders were sanguine of success—all circumstances of time and place and weather seemed to combine in its favour, and yet, to the astonishment and disgust of those who had gone and those who had remained behind, in a few days a report, at first indignantly repudiated, was at length undeniably confirmed by the return of the expeditionary forces. On the 6th of May they had reached the appointed rendezvous, and everything was in readiness for the expected disembarkation, when a French steamer arrived at full speed with positive orders from General Canrobert that the expedition was to return at once to Kamiesch.

It is impossible to describe the disappointment and annoyance of the Allied commanders; one of them, it is asserted, who on more than one occasion has emulated the conduct of Nelson, cited as a precedent the course taken by him at the battle of Copenhagen, and proposed to ignore the obnoxious orders altogether. This suggestion, however, if it ever was made, was overruled by the stricter sense of discipline in his colleague, and the expedition returned. The extraordinary resolution thus adopted by the French Commander-in-chief was attributed to his having received a telegraphic message from the Emperor directing him to concentrate his troops, and to despatch all the transports at his disposal to the Bosphorus, to convey the French reserves there to the Seat of War. It spite of the urgent remonstrances and formal disapproval of Lord Raglan, as well as the earnest

representations of several French officers of high rank, General Canrobert persisted in considering the Emperor's commands as leaving him no discretion, and carried out on his own responsibility his determination of recalling the French portion of the expedition. This necessarily involved the return of the English: and this failure of an enterprise, commenced apparently under the happiest auspices, and abandoned in obedience to an inconceivable crotchet, resulted in General Canrobert's resignation of his command-in-chief.

In relinquishing a post in which his conciliatory manners, his amiable character, and his unquestioned personal courage had rendered him popular, but for which he was unfitted no less from his deficiency in that rare combination of various talents which goes to the making-up of a great general, than by his invincible repugnance to the assumption of individual responsibility, General Canrobert adopted a resolution which, while it redounded in the highest degree to his credit, savoured rather of the classic spirit of self-abnegation which characterised the heroic sons of ancient Rome than of the degenerate practice of more modern days. He demanded, and his request was acceded to, that he might be permitted to resume his old employment of General of the First Division of the French army, and in this subordinate capacity he continued with cheerfulness and alacrity to render services to the common cause which cannot be too highly appreciated, under the orders of his former subaltern General Pelissier, who on the Emperor's nomination now assumed the supreme command of the French army.

On the night of the 10th of May, the darkness of which favoured the enterprise, the Russians advanced in force up the Woronzoff Road, and made a determined attack on the trenches on the left of the English right attack. The firing on both sides was so extremely heavy as to warrant the belief that an affair of more than ordinary importance was taking place; but after half an hour's sharp fighting the enemy retired with a loss of about 200 men, our own amounting to only 23 killed and wounded. The attempt was renewed the following night on our left attack, but the sentries were on the alert, and at once gave the alarm, on which Colonel Macbeth of the 68th regiment, who was on duty in the trenches, got his men into order, and received the Russians with a steadiness which completely frustrated their purpose. Some of them contrived to get into the battery, where they were immediately bayoneted. A hand-to-hand struggle then took place outside the lines, in which the Russians were thoroughly worsted, retiring with severe loss. On our side Captain Lloyd Edwards and six men of the 68th were killed, and twenty-two wounded.

About this time a large portion of the Sardinian Contingent arrived. They were enthusiastically received by the English, already warmly prepossessed in their favour by the memory of their gallant bearing in the struggle which terminated so disastrously on the plains of Novara, and who viewed with generous admiration their soldierlike appearance, their picturesque and serviceable equipment, the grace and activity of their gait, and their perfect organisation, which caused this compact little force to be universally recognised as the very model of an army in the field.

General Pelissier, whose African reputation, as well as his signally dashing conduct in many of the night skirmishes so frequent during the whole siege between the French and Russians, had no doubt led to his selection as the successor of Canrobert, determined to inaugurate his command in a manner which would make an indelible impression alike on friends and foes. General Canrobert, in his despatch of the 17th April, states that all the ambuscades of the Cemetery were occupied and destroyed on the night of the 13th by the French attacking force; but it would appear that the new parallel which he there states to have been constructed in consequence of this success did not embrace the ground thus temporarily acquired, since on the 22d May, the date of the operation which we are now to chronicle, the Russians were still in possession of the Cemetery. This Cemetery and the pits connected with it formed a chain of ambuscades, extending from the Central to the Quarantine Bastions. "This cemetery," says Major Hamley, "was surrounded by a wall, and was about seventy yards square; the further wall was less than 100 yards from the wall of the town, which was of masonry, upright (those of fortified places are in general strengthened with sloping buttresses, termed revetments), and having no ditch. Between the wall of the Cemetery and that of the town was a line of rifle-screens, strongly constructed of earth and gabions, and capable of holding each at least a dozen marksmen."

These rifle-pits, connected with each other and with the two bastions, thus formed a vast *place d'armes,* from whence the enemy might impede the advance of the French works, make powerful sorties, and even take in flank the French left attack. Their possession became therefore absolutely essential to our Allies, and Pelissier determined to capture them at whatever cost. On the night of the 22d May accordingly he collected in the trenches on the left a force amounting to 1200 men; and at nine o'clock terrible and sustained artillery fire, mixed with incessant volleys of mus-

ketry, announced that the struggle had commenced. The Russians, who were quite prepared, had assembled an imposing force to resist the attack, and through the long hours of all that night, and by the uncertain light of a moon paled by the continuous and vivid fire from rifle and from cannon, the doubtful contest ebbed and flowed in waves of human blood. Five times were the ambuscades carried and retaken; but when the first gray of dawn shed its spectral light on the horrors of the scene, the Cemetery, filled with the bodies of those who had fallen on either side, and two of the rifle-pits beyond it, were in the hands of the French. During the day the Russians hoisted a flag of truce, with a view to the burial of the dead; but as a fresh attack was in contemplation for that evening the French refused to respond to it.

An enormous force, stated to have amounted to the almost incredible number of 30,000 men, was concentrated at dusk in the French trenches for the renewal of the attack, and four field-pieces, 12-pounders, were got into a position which commanded the spot on which the enemy's reserves were ascertained to have been posted the night before.

The French again advanced at the same hour as on the preceding evening, but the resistance of the enemy, though obstinate, was not protracted; overawed by the determination of their assailants, borne down by superior numbers, and their heavy columns torn and shattered by the plunging fire of the four field-pieces, the Russians after an hour's fighting retired, abandoning the Cemetery and the rifle-pits, which were immediately connected with the French approaches, and occupied as an advanced line. On the 24th there was a burial truce for six hours. In these two affairs the loss of the French amounted to 1600 killed and wounded, and that of the Russians to the appalling number of 6000.

The interval which now elapsed before the opening of the third bombardment has been devoted by the greater number of the writers on the war to recording the results of the expedition which on the 22nd May sailed for the Sea of Azoff, with a like object, but a far different event, to that which so ingloriously returned on the 8th.

The precedent thus established will be followed here, and we shall now proceed to trace out one of the most important episodes of the war, from the departure of the expedition to its return, and sacrifice strict chronological sequence, so far as may be necessary, to the completion of a narrative which forms as it were a chapter by itself. On the evening of the 22nd and morning of the 23rd May, the expedition, consisting of 15,000 men of

all arms, of whom about one-half were French, 5000 English, and 3000 Turks, under the commands respectively of General D'Autemarre, Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, and Redschid Pasha, conveyed principally in English and French men-of-war, and accompanied by a powerful flotilla of smaller steamers, sailed for Kertch.

On leaving the anchorage off Sebastopol on the 22nd, the night became so foggy that the progress of the expedition was retarded, but early on the morning of the 24th the whole of the ships and steamers reached the rendezvous off Cape Takli, the southern entrance to the straits on the Crimean side. No sooner were the fleets assembled, than they steamed rapidly up to Kamieschbûrûn, a point a few miles to the south of Kertch, which had from the first been selected at the place of disembarkation. The army landed under cover of the guns of the steam-frigates, which scoured the beach — an operation to which no opposition was offered, although six or eight light field-pieces had been observed moving along the shore; and, as soon as the first of the troops were formed, they were pushed on to the heights covering the plain on which they had landed, in readiness to cover the remainder of the disembarkation. In conformity with the precedent established at the Alma, the French were placed on the right, the English on the left, and the Turks were held in reserve. Meanwhile the steamers of light draught of water had lost no time in making the best of their way to Kertch and Yenikale, and the enemy, surprised at the vigorous action and alarmed by the formidable dimensions of the expedition, blew up the fortifications on both sides of the Straits, and retired by the road leading to Kaffa, after having destroyed three steamers and several other heavily-armed vessels, as well as large quantities of provisions, ammunition, and stores. They failed, however, in destroying their coals, both at Kertch and Yenikale, amounting to about 17,000 tons, which thus became available for our steamers. The Allies were masters of the entrance to the Sea of Azoff, and this brilliant success, achieved on the birth-day of our gracious Queen, was unattended by a single casualty which might diminish her pleasure at a good fortune so happily timed. During the day an incident occurred which called forth the admiration of both fleets, and which is thus related by Sir Edmund Lyons: "Lieutenant McKillop, whose gun-vessel, the Snake, was not employed like the others in landing troops, dashed past the forts after an enemy's steamer, and, although he soon found himself engaged, not only with her, but also with two others who came to her support, he persevered, and by the cleverness and extreme rapidity of his manœuvres,

prevented the escape of all three, and they were consequently destroyed by the enemy, and the Snake had not a man hurt, though shot passed through the vessel."

To return :—This expedition, which in the autumn was impossible from the obstacles accumulated by the Russians at the entrance of the Straits, was undertaken at the earliest practicable moment in the spring, and, says Admiral Lyons, "had it been deferred but a short time longer, there would have been many and great difficulties to overcome, for the enemy was actively employed in strengthening the sea-defences, and in replacing the sunken vessels which had been carried away by the current during the winter months. Of the forty vessels sunk last year some still remain, and a French steamer touched upon one of them yesterday."

We left the military portion of the force at the moment of their disembarcation; that night they bivouacked on the ground occupied by them, and meanwhile the landing of horses, guns, and *matériel* went on without intermission until morning, when the whole force marched off in the direction of Kertch. All opposition of course was at an end; the troops, who suffered much from the heat and from want of water, reached the town in a few hours, and, marching through it in perfect order, and without the slightest excess, arrived at Yenikale at 1 P.M. Here they found a large squadron of steamers and gun-boats, ready to proceed into the Sea of Azoff, under the command of Captain Lyons of the Miranda. Unfortunately, no sooner was the restraining presence of the English force removed, than the ill-fated town of Kertch became the scene of acts of plunder, cruelty, and violence, such as are, alas! the inevitable accompaniments of the capture by assault of a fortified place, but which are happily rare in cases where no opposition has been offered to the entry of the conqueror. Parties of English merchant sailors, Turkish soldiers, and Tartars, urged respectively by cupidity, fanaticism, and revenge, as well as by the darker and more debasing passions of our fallen nature, spread themselves in every direction through the streets of the devoted city. Houses were broken into and stripped of every valuable they contained; the museum, comprising one of the most curious and interesting collections in the world, the spoils of the immemorial tumuli of the surrounding country, was rifled, and the objects which were either incapable of removal, or which possessed no marketable value, destroyed from sheer wantonness; and even these excesses paled in the hateful presence of violation and murder. A lurid glow illumined this scene of desolation and horror, as sheet after sheet of flame rose fiercely to the sky, wrapping in a fatal embrace the stores, the magazines, and the

government buildings which lined the quay. Kertch was not completely destroyed; but her glory was departed, her beauty marred, and long years of peace and prosperity will not efface the terrible traces of the spoiler's hand. The results attained by the operations of the 24th and 25th are summed up by Sir George Brown as follows:—The opening of the passage into the Sea of Azoff, the destruction of the enemy's works, and the capture of upwards of fifty of his guns, many of them of the largest calibre and of the best construction; to which may be added the possession of the two important strategical positions of Kertch and Yenikale. "This success," adds Sir George Brown, "is mainly to be attributed to the judicious arrangements of Admirals Bruat and Sir Edmund Lyons, and to their indefatigable attention in carrying them out, as well as to the able and willing assistance they have received from the captains and other officers of the French and British navy under their respective commands." This testimony was warmly echoed by Lord Raglan, and, in reference especially to Sir Edmund Lyons, has long been confirmed by the unanimous suffrages of the profession, and the universal voice of the nation. Nothing, in fact, could have been more skilfully devised than the plan of the expedition; nothing more energetically carried out than its execution: and the rare and happy combination of coolness, daring, and judgment displayed by the English Admiral on this occasion, proved him the fit successor of the long line of naval worthies of which England may well boast, as it established for him a still stronger claim on the affections and gratitude of a people, to whom he was already endeared by his reputation for the highest gallantry, and by the winning kindliness of his disposition and manners. But, in paying a merited tribute of admiration to conduct so distinguished and qualities so eminent, it may not be out of place to recall for a moment the name of another officer, who, in command of our fleet at an earlier period of the war, rendered services to his country of scarcely inferior importance, though of a homelier and less dazzling description.

When the feasibility of the expedition to the Crimea was discussed, it was generally felt that one of the earliest and most formidable obstacles to its success would be the difficulty and danger of conveying the enormous force required for the undertaking through the perils for which the navigation of the Black Sea was notorious. That danger and that difficulty were overcome by the prudence, judgment, and skill, which were displayed by Admiral Dundas, in the embarcation, convoying, and disembarcation of the troops committed to his charge. These important and complicated operations were effected without a single casualty. An armament more complete

and better equipped than any which the world had yet seen, consisting of 600 transports, carrying nearly 60,000 men, and escorted by a fleet mounting in all 3000 guns, traversed for a week the waters of the Euxine, rendezvoused without a missing ship at the appointed place and hour, and achieved the object of its mission, with a success which it is marvellous to look back on. The 17th of October showed too clearly how little the navy could effect in aid of the active operations of the siege; and if there was one object of solicitude more important than another it was to preserve the fleet entire and intact, at a time when, in the event of any reverse, it would have been the sole resource of our army. When the expedition to Kertch took place, the greater portion of the Russian Black Sea fleet had been sunk, the army was safe in a strongly intrenched position, and the opportunity presented to the navy, as well as the mission it was called on to fulfil, had vastly changed from the time when the whole Russian fleet was afloat, and when our troops were establishing themselves in an unknown country. Equal to either emergency, admirals and fleet faithfully discharged their duty in both instances, and it may not be superfluous to remind those who have ungenerously criticised the services of the earlier commander, that the dashing feats of his successor were physically impossible till within a very short period of their accomplishment; that even that successor shared for a time the unmerited reproach of an inaction which was alike imposed on both; and that the worth of an action is not solely to be tested either by the splendour which surrounds or the popularity which attends it.

Early on the morning of the 25th May, the master of the Miranda buoyed out a channel through the Straits of Kertch on the Yenikale side; and the forts on the opposite shore, being threatened in the rear by the fire of two steamers detached for the purpose, were abandoned by the Russians, who exploded their magazines as they retired. The passage being thus cleared, Captain Lyons proceeded with the steam flotilla under his orders, to the number of thirteen vessels, into the Sea of Azoff; and, having been joined by four French steamers under the command of Captain de Sédaiges, anchored on the afternoon of the 26th off the Spit at Berdiansk, in such a manner as to command the harbour and beach. The boats of the squadrons were then despatched, under Commander Sherard Osborne, to destroy the merchant-vessels lying off the harbour, as well as some which were observed about four miles off; a task which was completed by dark,—the steamers in the meantime chasing and destroying vessels in other directions. The following morning all the ships anchored off the town of Berdiansk; and parties of marines and sailors, having been

landed, destroyed, without being molested in the task, all the shipping in the harbour, and government stores of corn valued at 50,000*l*. Here the Allies also found, run on shore, burnt to the water's edge and abandoned, four steamers of war which had escaped from Kertch, on one of which the flag of Rear-Admiral Wolff was flying. An 8-inch 62 cwt. gun was recovered from one of these wrecks. On the 28th the squadrons arrived off Arabat, which they bombarded for an hour and a half, at the end of which time a shell blew up the enemy's magazine: and, the large garrison at this place rendering any attempt at landing out of the question, Captain Lyons and his squadron sailed for Genitchi, a town situated on the northern shore of the straits of that name, and which commands the entrance of the Putrid Sea. Here he bade a reluctant farewell to his active, energetic, and esteemed colleague, who with his squadron now bore up for Kertch. All the vessels outside the Straits of Genitchi had already been destroyed or captured by the Swallow and Wrangler, which were sent on in advance; and Captain Lyons now sent a flag of truce to demand the immediate surrender of a large quantity of shipping which had passed the straits, at this point only fifty yards in width, and which were moored inside under the shelter of the cliff on which the town is built. He also intimated that all government property of every description, including the vast stores of corn accumulated for the supply of the Russian army in the Crimea, should be given up; adding that, if these terms were complied with, private property would be respected, and the town spared; but that in case of refusal all the inhabitants must leave the town. Commander Craufurd, who was the bearer of these terms, was met by an officer, apparently of high rank, who refused to entertain them, and declared that any attempt to land or to destroy the vessels would be resisted. The force on which he relied to carry out this threat consisted of six field-pieces in position, with about 200 men in support, and a party of Cossacks and a battalion of infantry drawn up behind the town. A certain time having been allowed for deliberation, and no overture being made by the enemy, our ships commenced shelling the town severely, so as to prevent the enemy from taking up such a position as would command the channel, and prevent the passage of the boats charged with the task of destroying the shipping and stores. Protected by the iron shower, the boats of the Miranda, Vesuvius, Stromboli, Ardent, and Swallow, under the command of Lieutenant Mackenzie, passed safely through, succeeded in firing 73 ships and the stores of corn, and returned without any accident. In consequence of a shift in the wind, some of the corn-sheds did not catch fire,

and the boats were once more despatched through the straits, under cover of a renewed fire from the ships. Lieutenant Buckley of the Miranda, Lieutenant Burgoyne of the Swallow, and Mr. John Roberts, gunner of the Ardent, who had gallantly volunteered for the service, landed alone and fired the stores, narrowly escaping being cut off by the Cossacks on their return. At the same time Lieutenant Mackenzie pushed on and burned the remaining vessels, under a heavy fire almost within point-blank range from field-guns and musketry; and every object of the expedition having been effectually accomplished, with only one man on our side wounded, the boats finally regained their respective ships. On this occasion ninety vessels and corn to the value of 100,000*l.* were destroyed.

The results which had been obtained in the five days which had elapsed from the entrance of the Allied fleets into the Straits of Kertch, independent of the capture of Kertch and Yenikale, are thus enumerated by Sir Edmund Lyons in his despatch of the 2d June:—"More than 100 guns, many of them of heavy calibre and remarkably well cast, have fallen into our hands in the different sea-defences. It has been ascertained from the Custom-house returns, that the enemy, on evacuating Kertch, on the 24th ult., destroyed four million one hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds of corn, and five hundred and eight thousand pounds of flour. This quantity, taken together with what has been destroyed by the Allied squadrons in the Sea of Azoff, comprises nearly four months' rations for an army of 100,000 men."

Any comment on statistics such as these would only lessen their tremendous import; but those who had accomplished so much in so short a space of time were not the men to leave their work half finished; and much still remained to do.

Captain Lyons having announced to the Admiral that by the first days of June the Allied squadrons would be in readiness to commence operations in the shallow waters of the Gulf of Azoff (the north-eastern corner of the sea of that name), a flotilla of gun-boats, consisting of twenty launches of the line-of-battle ships, armed with 24-pound howitzers and rockets, was despatched to reinforce them, and at sunset on the evening of the 2d June the launches, towed by steamers, joined the force under Captain Lyons, who had cast anchor on the preceding evening in Taganrog inner roads. The next morning at 3 A.M. Captain Lyons proceeded, in the Recruit, to carry out the measures which he had previously concerted with Captain de Sédaiges, in command of the French steamers, and, having collected the launches astern of his vessel, he despatched a flag of truce on

shore, to demand the delivery of all government property, and of all grain, flour, and provisions, in order to be destroyed.

The troops were to withdraw during this destruction to a point five miles distant, and within view of the ships: an hour was allowed for coming to a decision, and warning was given that no modification of the terms would be entertained.

At the expiration of the hour the English and French officers bearing the flag of truce were informed that the Governor, Lieutenant-General Krasnoff, refused the terms, and that, having troops at his disposal, he intended to defend the place. He himself thus states the motives which led him to this decision, and suggests a mode of settling the matter at issue quite out of keeping with these practical days, and which carries us back far away into the middle ages.

"Having consulted with Major-General Count Tolstoï, Military Governor of Taganrog, I sent the reply that my military honour forbade my giving up without a struggle the town the defence of which was entrusted to me; that our troops were ready to die for the Emperor; and that, if the enemy really wished to spare the peaceful inhabitants, I invited him to land on the coast, and accept the combat which I offered him: to decide by arms the possession of Taganrog by the result of the day's battle." General Krasnoff appears to have been disappointed that this ingenious device was not appreciated by the foe, and he seems to have been no less surprised that no descent in force was made by the Allies.

After enumerating the preparations for defence which had been made in anticipation of such an event, and alluding to the "infernal" cannonade maintained on the town for several hours, and to the "uninterrupted noise of shells bursting, fusees, and grape, accompanied by fire-rockets and rifle-balls," he proceeds to give a minute and glowing description of the repulse of about 300 of the troops who had landed, and the complete discomfiture of the Allies, a success cheaply purchased by the death of (as usual) one Cossack. In spite of the melodramatic interest which attaches to such a story so ably told, we are compelled in the cause of historical truth to have recourse to the more sober but scarcely less extraordinary narrative of Captain Lyons.

No sooner was the flag of truce hauled down, than the Recruit commenced firing, and the gun-boats, having been towed into position and then cast off, opened so heavy a fire on the beach, that all the attempts of the enemy to get into the houses which lined it, and so to save the long range of storehouses from destruction, were ineffectual. "Lieutenant Mackenzie,

adds Captain Lyons, "(the senior Lieutenant of this ship), had charge of a separate division of light boats, with rockets and one gun, to cover the approach of Lieutenant Cecil Buckley, of the Miranda, who, in a four-oared gig, accompanied by Mr. Henry Cooper, boatswain third class, and a crew of volunteers, repeatedly landed and fired the different stores and government buildings. This dangerous, not to say desperate, service, when carried out in a town containing upwards of 3000 troops constantly endeavouring to prevent it, and only checked by the fire of the boat's guns, was most effectually performed."

"By 3 P.M.," he continues, "all the long ranges of stores of grain, plank, and tar, and the vessels on the stocks, were in a blaze, as well as the Custom-house and other government buildings, and unfortunately, but unavoidably, the town in many places, and, our purpose being amply effected, the boats returned to the Recruit. The loss of the enemy in men must have been severe, as many were seen to fall. They deserve credit for the obstinacy with which they endeavoured to gain positions to prevent our effecting the object we had in view, but it was impossible to face the continuous and well-directed fire kept up. Their loss in grain of different descriptions I cannot estimate, but, as it comprises all, or very nearly all, in store at Taganrog, it must be enormous."

The only casualty incurred on our side in carrying out this service was one marine artilleryman wounded.

On the 5th June the Russians, who had already on the 28th May withdrawn from Soudjak Kaleh, evacuated Anapa, thus abandoning their last stronghold on the Circassian coast.

The garrison, estimated at between 7000 and 8000 men, retired on the Kouban river, after exploding the powder magazines, disabling the greater portion of the guns, and setting fire to the barracks, storehouses, and all the coal and grain in the place. Both Anapa and Soudjak Kaleh were at once occupied by the Circassians, and the Russians thus relinquished without striking a blow the cherished fruits of a five-and-twenty years' struggle with these hardy and untameable mountaineers.

On the preceding evening the French and English squadrons had anchored off Marioupol, a considerable town on the military high road from the provinces of the Don to the Crimea: and on the following morning an officer of each nation was despatched to demand the surrender of the place on exactly the same terms as those offered at Taganrog. No answer having been returned, a party of Marines under Lieutenant Macnamara and a body of French small-arm men were landed, and a body of 600 Cossacks com-

manded by a Colonel having retired from the town on their approach, they fired and destroyed the vast quantities of grain and other stores here accumulated, without encountering opposition or suffering a single casualty.

The squadrons now repaired to Gheisk, which they reached on the 6th, and, precisely similar terms to those tendered at Taganrog and Marioupol having been offered to the Military Governor Colonel Borsikoff, whose small force was quite inadequate to defend the town, were acceded to by him without demur.

A party of Marines and Frenchmen was accordingly again landed, and an enormous quantity of hay stacked on the beach ready for conveyance to the Crimea, and several thousand quarters of wheat, were destroyed by them.

The launches of the line-of-battle ships, having thus successfully effected the special service for which they had been detached, and completely scoured the Gulf of Azoff, returned to their respective ships.

Shortly after, the Kertch expedition, leaving garrisons at Kertch and Yenikale, and having accomplished every object originally contemplated, with a fortune immeasurably beyond the hopes of its most sanguine promoters, returned to Kamiesch and Balaklava. In one short fortnight the Russians had been compelled to abandon several strong positions both in the Crimea and in Circassia; the Allies were firmly established on two new points of the enemy's territory, which extended and varied their base of operations; the Sea of Azoff had been swept from one extremity to the other of the painfully accumulated provisions destined to supply the wants of the Russian army for months, whilst the means of transporting and storing the coming crops had been everywhere destroyed; and, incredible as it must always appear whenever the fact is recalled, these vast results, which narrowed the issue between the combatants to the fate of Sebastopol, were attained without the sacrifice on the part of the Allies of one human life. Such a triumph so achieved is, in the unexaggerated sense of the phrase, without a parallel.

Nor did the successes in the Sea of Azoff terminate here.

During the summer a squadron, under the orders of Commander, now Captain, Sherard Osborne, cruised in every direction in these waters, and destroyed the new depôts of corn and grain, the produce of the current year, which had been stored in spots fondly deemed even more inaccessible than those visited by the first expedition. The skill, the daring, and the judgment displayed by the officers of every grade, who, throughout this double series of difficult and dangerous operations, eagerly seized and splendidly improved every occasion of individual distinction, will ever reflect the

brightest lustre on the British navy: and, if their efforts were crowned with a more bloodless triumph than has attended similar services in former wars, it was not that they were inferior to their glorious predecessors in the most dashing spirit of enterprise, or the most reckless contempt of danger.

If laurels must be dipped in blood, the severe losses of the Naval Brigade on shore have only too fully answered the sad requirement: and the heroic dead, no less than the living brave, have won for the Black Sea fleet a place in the history of the war which the lapse of time and the enlightened judgment of future generations will only qualify to mark as more and more distinguished.

To return now to the more immediate operations of the siege.

At the latter end of May the whole of the Sardinian Contingent, to the number of 15,000 men, under the command of General della Marmora, had arrived at Balaklava; the English and the French had also received large reinforcements, summer was approaching, and the supply of water on the plateau was beginning to fall short. Under these circumstances the expansion of the position became a matter of absolute necessity, and accordingly, on the 25th of the month, a force of 50,000 men, consisting principally of French, Sardinians, and Turks, quitting their old encampments, marched towards the Tchernaya.

They started before day-break, but the sun rose before they reached the river, and his earliest beams lit up a scene of unsurpassed natural beauty, animated by one of those gorgeous spectacles of military splendour which occasionally relieve with a gleam of transient brightness the dark pictures of the horrors and desolation of war. For miles the eye rested on a very forest of glittering bayonets, and the air resounded with the thrilling notes of martial instruments, rising now loud and shrill, now thin and clear from the distance, above that confused murmur, so suggestive of numbers and power, which proceeds from an army on the march. The morning was bright and still and balmy: the dew lay heavy on the grass, and clung in glistening pearls on the bright-tinted fragrant wild-flowers with which the ground was literally carpeted. The road lay across smiling valleys, divided by low chains of hills, which melted in the distance, till they were blended and lost in the bolder and more romantic forms of the mountains of the coast range and the interior of the Crimea. In one of these valleys a large force of the Allied cavalry was held in reserve, and the gorgeous trappings and brilliant appearance of these troops, whose innumerable squadrons covered a vast space of ground, formed a tableau unrivalled for magnificence and beauty.

As the army advanced, the Turks re-occupied the heights in front of Balaklava, from which they were driven on the 25th of October, so as to form a support to the French, who, after crossing the intervening valley, established their left on the edge of the ridge which overhangs the valley opposite the heights of Inkermann, while their right extended to a point beyond Traktir. General Canrobert, who was in command of the French divisions, pushed across the bridge at this point; and having cleared his front by driving off the enemy, who were not in great numbers, returned to his position on the left side of the river. The ground more to the right behind Tchourgoun was occupied by the Sardinians, whose extreme right outpost was thrown back nearly to Kamara: and the line of defences was completed to the sea-shore considerably to the south-east of Balaklava, by the Royal Marines, who were advanced by Sir Colin Campbell from their old eyrie, the "crow's-nest," to a point commanding the old Baidar Road.

Meanwhile the most active preparations had been going on for opening the third bombardment. New batteries had been erected and armed, large quantities of ammunition accumulated, and an important addition made to the number of our mortars. The English had 157 guns and mortars in position, most of them in their advanced works near the enemy; the French had nearly 300 pieces of ordnance: and of the total number of pieces thus brought to bear on the Russian defences not less than sixty were mortars.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th of June, one blank gun was fired as a signal, and the French and English batteries once more opened on the place. The fire on our side was kept up with the greatest energy until the fall of evening; the Russians replied with great vigour; but it was observed that their fire was not so well directed as on previous occasions: a change which was attributed to their deficiency in experienced artillerymen, no adequate reinforcements having been brought up to make good their heavy losses in this important arm. During the night, mortars only were employed by the Allies; but the next morning the whole of the guns resumed the work of destruction with the most telling effect. This bombardment was distinguished from the preceding ones by the greatly increased mortar firing from our batteries, and the loss thus inflicted on the defenders of the Russian works was correspondingly heavy. The practice of the Allied artillerymen was admirable: shell after shell burst within the parapets of the Malakoff and Mamelon; some small cohorns in the advanced work did fearful execution among the riflemen in the Quarries—as a new trench or *place d'armes* constructed on some broken ground in front of the Redan since the last bombardment was named; and the long

guns were laid with such precision, that, in a few hours, the parapets of the Mamelon and the Redan and the face of the Malakoff looking towards our trenches were completely battered in, and the fire of these works almost silenced. It had been arranged, on opening fire, that on the second day a combined assault should be made,—an intention thus characteristically announced by General Pelissier, in a telegraphic despatch to his government. "To-day (June 6), with our Allies, we opened fire against the outer works, and to-morrow, so please God, we will take them." The outer works thus alluded to were, in the first place, the Volhynian and Selenghinsk redoubts, constructed by the Russians and unsuccessfully attacked by the French in February, and which were called by the latter the "*Ouvrages Blancs;*" then the Mamelon; and still more to the left the Quarries. The two former of these works fell to the share of the French, while the last was to be attacked by the English. "Each of these attacks," says an historian of the war, "is separated from the other by a steep and rocky ravine; that of the *Ouvrages Blancs* is separated from the Malakoff attack by the ravine of Careening Bay, and the Malakoff attack is separated from the English attack by the ravine of the Karabelnaia. These ravines inconveniently isolated the attacks, but their covered spots enabled the Allies to place numerous and powerful reserves sheltered from the enemy's fire." The evening was the time chosen for the assault, as there would still be sufficient light for the troops to see what they were attacking, while the closing-in of night would in a great measure obviate their exposure to the enemy's fire, while establishing themselves in the captured works.

General Pelissier, whose despatches are no less remarkable for the lucidity of their style, than for their accuracy and fulness of detail, thus narrates the part borne by the French: —

"At half-past six Lord Raglan was at the English observatory. I myself proceeded to the trench in front of the Victoria Redoubt, whence, as agreed upon with his Lordship, I sent up rockets as the signal for the attack. General Bosquet, who was at the battery next to the Lancaster Battery, had just received his last reports. Everything was ready, the troops were burning with ardour, and perfectly confident of success. As the first rocket went up, the Lavaraude Brigade, headed by its general, rushed forth from the second parallel of Careening Bay, and, at a running charge, carried the works of the 27th of February. Despite the fire of grape and musketry it had to face during the 200 yards it had to cross, and which caused considerable loss, the column penetrated into the battery by the embrasures and breaches. A hand-to-hand struggle ensued on every

point; a number of the defenders were killed on the spot, and we were soon masters of the intrenchment. At the same signal and with the same impetuosity, De Failly's Brigade rushed upon the work of the 22nd of February. The distance is double, the ground to cross more difficult, with a murderous flank fire from the other work. Nothing stops this gallant brigade. It arrives in a dense body at the battery, scales the parapet under a rolling fire, and, jumping into the work, overcomes the desperate resistance of the enemy. Driven back on these two points, and hotly pressed by our men, the Russians fly in disorder, some towards a little battery constructed since the 2nd of May to defend the entrance to the Careening Bay ravine, some towards the bridge crossing the bay by which the ravine debouches into the great port of Sebastopol. Some of our men, carried away by the pursuit of the enemy, seize upon the battery of the 2nd of May and spike the guns. As this battery, however, is 500 metres beyond the work of the 22nd of February, the most distant from our lines, and placed under the double protection of the works of the *enceinte* and of the forts to the north of the roadstead, it is impossible to think of occupying it as yet. General Mayran, perceiving a Russian column advancing to retake the battery of the 2nd of May, ordered his men to charge with fixed bayonets, drove back the column into the town, and took sixty prisoners, including three officers. He rallied the advanced troops and led them back to the works of the 22nd and 27th of February (the Selenghinsk and Volhynian redoubts), which remain definitively in our hands. Meantime the two battalions concentrated in the ravine of Careening Bay, under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Larrouy d'Orion, were anything but idle. Descending the ravine at the moment the attack was taking place on the ridge, they pushed on as far as the aqueduct bridge, climbed up the right bank, and cut off the retreat of the enemy driven from the first two works. This movement, executed with as much vigour as skill, and which procured us four hundred prisoners, including twelve officers, does the highest credit to Lieutenant-Colonel Larrouy d'Orion.

"While this was taking place on the side of Careening Bay, the battle was raging with still more exciting incidents around the Mamelon Vert. At the same signal of rockets from the Victoria redoubt, General de Wimpffen, with his brigade, left the trenches, which, on our side, encompass the base of the Mamelon Vert, that is to say, of the *place d'armes* on the left hand of the third Victoria parallel. Three columns rush forward at once on the enemy's works, and carry by storm two advanced cuttings and intermediary ambuscades. A fire of grape from the redoubt, the combined

fire of the Great Redan and of the batteries to the left of the Malakoff Tower, does not impede their advance. To the right, Colonel Rose, at the head of the Algerian Rifles, carries a battery of four guns annexed to the redoubt. Colonel de Brancion, in the centre, with the 50th, and Colonel de Polhès on the left, with the 3rd Zouaves, resolutely attack the redoubt itself, throw themselves into the trench, scale the parapet, and cut down the Russian artillerymen at their guns. Colonel de Brancion, who had the honour of being the first to plant his eagle on the redoubt, fell in this attack under the grape of the enemy, gloriously enshrouded in his triumph.

"Strict orders had been given not to go beyond the gorge of the works, and to form at once a lodgment against the fire and attacks from the town. But, carried away by their ardour, our soldiers pursued the Russians into the ditch of the Malakoff battery, 400 metres beyond the redoubt, and tried to enter the *enceinte* with them. The natural consequence was, that they were obliged to fall back under the violent point-blank fire of the enemy's reserves which manned the ramparts. The two wings of the French line threw themselves back, while the besieged sent out a column of fresh troops to attack our centre.

"The redoubt of the Mamelon Vert could not as yet offer any shelter. The fire had either blown up a mine laid by the enemy, or a powder-magazine, and this seriously scorched Commandant Tixier, of the 3rd Chasseurs-à-pied, and a number of men. Planks, beams, and burning ropes gave rise to fear of another explosion. The interior of the work was not tenable. Instead of supporting itself on the redoubt, one line crosses the summit, and forms a semicircle round the Mamelon. There was not a moment to be lost. General Camou ordered General Vergé to leave the trenches; General Bosquet ordered the 5th Division to advance, and was immediately obeyed by General Brunet. The movement of this division was imposing; the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel Duprat de la Roquette, of the 100th of the Line, occupied the parallels behind the Mamelon; and the Second Brigade, under the orders of General Lafont de Villiers, advanced to the left, in the rear, under cover of some rising ground. The Vergé Brigade formed in columns at the same moment under the enemy's fire, and, with the drums beating the charge, ascended the hill, and reinforced General Wimpffen's Brigade.

"The position was carried and the enemy driven back a second time into the town; we were definitively masters of the Mamelon Vert, which our troops triumphantly occupied, amidst shouts, enthusiastically repeated, of *Vive l'Empereur.*"

It was now growing dark, and by the most rapid and persevering exertions the French were enabled to establish themselves solidly in all the captured works before morning: detachments of artillery had also turned such of the guns as were serviceable upon the enemy, and those of the work of the 2nd May had been spiked under the fire of the place: these operations were completed under the personal direction of Lieutenant-Colonel de la Boussinière, and from that moment both the Mamelon and the *Ouvrages Blancs* were turned into advanced batteries against their late defenders.

Meanwhile a similar step in advance had been gained by the British. Detachments from the light and second divisions, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Shirley of the 88th, were told off to attack the Quarries. The storming party, consisting of two bodies of two hundred men each, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell of the 90th, was to turn the extremities of the work, and, after driving out its occupants, to advance towards the Redan, and, lying down there, keep up a fire to cover the operations of a working-party of 800 men to be engaged in throwing up a parapet. At the appointed signal the men rushed out of the advanced trench, and dashed into the Quarries, of which they gained possession almost without a struggle, although Colonel Campbell was unfortunately twice wounded in leading them in. The covering party proceeding, in pursuance of the plan marked out, in the direction of the Redan, were unmolested, in consequence, as it is conjectured, of the garrison of that work having left it to reinforce the Russians when the tide of the French attack rolled on the Malakoff; and our troops were permitted to establish themselves in the Quarries without interruption. This first advantage, so easily gained, was however only maintained by the unflinching gallantry of our officers and men, and at the price of a severe loss of life. During the whole of that night, and even after daylight on the 8th, the enemy made several desperate efforts to retake the work, and on three occasions overpowering numbers succeeded in re-entering it, but were each time driven back at the point of the bayonet. Each of these attempts was supported by large bodies of troops and by a heavy musketry and artillery fire; but the captors, reinforced by the 62nd Regiment, and a strong detachment of the 55th, obstinately held their ground in spite of every effort to dislodge them; and next day, when Colonel Campbell, who with his party had remained in charge of the work throughout the night, was relieved, the Quarries were in our undisputed possession.

The English loss in this attack, including that of the Naval Brigade, who from the commencement of the bombardment had distinguished them-

selves by the accuracy of their aim and their ardour in serving the guns, amounted to 11 officers and 112 men killed, and 30 officers and 552 men wounded. The total loss of the French was 1700 men killed and wounded, and that of the Russians considerably exceeded 2000 men, exclusive of prisoners.

The ground gained by this combined attack, which had achieved every purpose for which it was undertaken (since the time had not yet arrived for assaulting the Malakoff and the Redan), was most important. By the seizure of the *Ouvrages Blancs* the French obtained the command of the head of the harbour and of Careening Bay, and their new batteries erected there soon compelled the Russian ships, which had inflicted so much damage on the besiegers, to shift their berth to a position which much diminished their powers of mischief. The Mamelon was scarcely 500 yards from the Malakoff, which Sir John Burgoyne had from the first declared to be the key of the position, and which, though the French long persisted in assigning that character to the Bastion du Mât, was now admitted to be so by Generals Pelissier and Niel. The capture of the Quarries brought our advanced trench to within 300 yards of the Redan; and, though it was clear that this work would cease to be tenable if the French were once firmly established in the Malakoff, it was still as imperative as ever to persevere in attacking it, in order to render that event possible, by drawing off a large portion of the garrison from the defence of the point really threatened. The final assault therefore became now only a question of time, and to shorten as far as possible the delay became the task of the Allies; to effect this they strained every nerve during the ten or twelve days following in arming their recent acquisitions, and bringing up a fresh supply of ammunition to enable them to re-open fire.

During this interval the fire on both sides languished: as the Russians, fully aware of the plan of the besiegers, which could no longer remain a mystery, had occupation to the full as absorbing as our own in repairing and re-arming their shattered and dismantled batteries. On the 9th there was a truce for five hours for burying the dead, who lay thickly about on the whole of the contested ground: and this was the only event of any note which occurred to vary the monotony of the siege until the 17th. At a council of war which was held at Lord Raglan's on the 15th, it had been decided that a general combined assault, to be preceded by a vigorous bombardment, should be made on the Malakoff and Redan. It was intimated to Admirals Lyons and Bruat that a bombardment by sea would be desirable, to distract as far as possible the enemy's attention. Accordingly on

the night of the 16th June, the following vessels — Tribune, Highflyer, Terrible, Miranda, Niger, Arrow, Viper, and Snake, accompanied by several French steamers, opened a heavy fire on the town and sea defences, whilst the Danube and the launches of the Royal Albert poured in a shower of rockets. This operation was repeated on the following night by the Princess Royal, Sidon, Highflyer, Miranda, Viper, and Snake, and a division of French steamers with the launches. The attack on the first night was unattended by any casualty: but on the 17th the English ships suffered a loss of three men killed and thirteen wounded; and Captain Lyons, the brave and energetic captain of the Miranda, whose brilliant services in the Sea of Azoff it has been so lately our task to chronicle, was so severely wounded in the leg by a shell, whilst issuing orders from the paddle-box of his vessel, that Admiral Lyons was obliged to send him down to the hospital at Therapia. Here the wound, which was neglected by Captain Lyons in his stern determination to remain at his post until his duty was accomplished, assumed an aggravated character, which rendered amputation impracticable, and on the evening of the 23rd this gallant officer breathed his last, to the inexpressible regret of the father who had beheld with pride his own eminent qualities reflected in his son, and to the irreparable loss of the service, of which he was one of the most distinguished ornaments.

On the morning of the 17th the English and French batteries re-opened fire with upwards of 500 guns and mortars on the works of the Karabelnaia, into which for two consecutive hours they discharged almost uninterrupted broadsides, and this terrific hail continued with but slight intermission to an advanced hour in the evening. For the first three hours the Russian batteries replied with even more than their wonted energy; but from that time, overpowered with the crushing weight of metal thrown upon them, their fire gradually slackened in fury, and at last almost died out. Throughout the night the Allies threw shells and rockets into the town, the roadstead, and even into the north side: but this fierce bombardment did not prevent the Russians from repairing the damages done to their works by the cannonade of the preceding day; and during the night they again exhibited that surprising vitality of defence, which was one of the most remarkable characteristics of the siege. By the next morning all their works were successfully completed, and the dismantled guns almost entirely replaced; and so strong had the defences once more become, that the assault could scarcely have been attended with greater risk had it been ordered twenty-four hours earlier, when our batteries had not yet fired a shot.

This extreme rapidity of restoration suggested the not improbable idea, that the Russians, on finding how great was the superiority of the fire of the Allies, had withdrawn their guns from the embrasures in preference to fighting them at so great a disadvantage: and that, covered by the darkness, they simply ran them back into their old places, in readiness for the assault which experience had taught them was speedily to be expected. However this may have been, it had at first been prudently arranged by the two Commanders-in-Chief that the artillery fire should be resumed for two hours on the morning of the 18th, "for the purpose" (we quote Lord Raglan's words, to which subsequent events gave deep significance) "of destroying any works the enemy might have thrown up in the night, and of opening passages through the abattis of the Redan."

Unfortunately for the result, General Pelissier was so completely deceived by the Russian expedient "of economising their batteries and fire," that he fully believed that that fire was entirely subdued, and, late on the evening of the 17th, he intimated to Lord Raglan his determination that the troops under his command should commence the attack at three o'clock on the following morning. In this change of plan Lord Raglan most reluctantly concurred, and the disastrous event of the day only too sadly justified his scruples and vindicated his military sagacity.

It was intended that the French should first carry the Malakoff Tower, the Redan of Careening Bay, and the intrenchments covering the right of the Karabelnaia, and that as soon as they were established in the Malakoff, but not sooner, as the Redan was commanded by its guns, the English should advance to storm that work. Three French divisions composed the attacking force on their part, supported by a division of the Imperial Guard, who were held in reserve behind the Victoria Redoubt. Mayran's division had the right attack, and was to carry the intrenchments which extend from the battery of the point to the Redan of Careening Bay. Brunet's division was to turn the Malakoff on the right, while D'Autemarre's manœuvred against it on the left.

General Pelissier himself was to give the signal for the general advance, which was meant to be simultaneous on all these points, by means of star rockets sent up from the Victoria Redoubt.

It was here that the first of that series of mishaps which marked this fatal day, and caused the first serious check the Allies had received in the siege, took place. Most unhappily, and by what General Pelissier terms "an inconceivable fatality," shortly before 3 A.M., while the General was still more than a thousand yards from the place whence he was to give the

signal, the brave and ill-fated General Mayran fancied he recognised it in a shell with a blazing fuse, sent up from the Mamelon. He at once ordered his division to advance, but no sooner were the heads of the columns perceived by the Russians, than a shower of missiles was poured upon them, not only from the threatened works, but also from the steamers, which, coming up at full steam to the head of Careening Creek, manœuvred there with fatal effect. General Mayran, who had already been twice hit, was knocked down by a grape-shot, and immediately carried off the field of battle, while his men, dispirited by the loss of their General, and finding it impossible to advance under the deadly fire to which they were exposed, were thrown into considerable confusion.

The rocket was now sent up from the Lancaster battery, and fresh troops coming up to the support of the compromised division, it rallied and contrived to hold its ground in the ravine of Careening Bay, but was unable to make any further demonstration in advance.

Strangely enough, results almost similar to those produced by the prematurity of the attack on the right were brought about by delay in those of the centre and left. General Brunet had not completed his preliminary arrangements when the signal-rockets were fired, and the contest had been waged for nearly half-an-hour on the right before he was ready to advance. When he did so, at length, his troops met with an opposition as terrible as that which had checked the other division: his men began to fall thickly around him, and he himself was mortally wounded by a ball in the chest. The movement of General D'Autemarre's division was also retarded, as it could not go into action before that of Brunet; but, as soon as this difficulty was removed, he sent forward a couple of regiments, who, dashing with impetuosity into the intrenchment which connects the Karabelnaia ravine with the Malakoff, scaled it, and a few of their number actually penetrated into the Malakoff itself, on which the French eagles were for a moment planted. But the hope engendered by this dashing achievement was as short-lived as its brief success: the Russian reserves poured in masses into the Malakoff, and the French, overpowered by numbers and by a heavy artillery fire, were driven back across the intrenchments.

No sooner did Lord Ragalan, who was posted in the advanced trench at a point which commanded a near view both of the Redan and Malakoff, perceive through the glimmer of early dawn the serious opposition encountered by the French, and the turn affairs were likely to take, than, with a feeling of chivalry, which does him eternal honour, he anticipated

the moment fixed for the assault, and ordered the English columns to move out of the trenches upon the Redan. These columns, three in number, and each containing four hundred men, consisted of detachments of the Light, Second, and Fourth Divisions, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown. The right column was to attack the left face of the Redan between the flanking batteries; the centre one was to advance upon the salient angle; and the left one upon the re-entering angle formed by the right face and flank of the work; the first and last preceding the centre column.

Each column was accompanied by artillerymen to spike the guns or turn them on the enemy: and the scaling-ladders were carried by a party of sailors, who, with Captain Peel in command of them, had volunteered for this dangerous service.

No sooner had the flanking columns issued from the trenches, preceded by covering parties from the Rifle Brigade, and by the sailors, than they were assailed by a most murderous fire of grape and musketry, more heavy and continuous, Lord Raglan declared, than he had ever before witnessed. The sailors suffered severely, and Captain Peel himself was wounded. In the attacking columns the men in advance were either killed or wounded, and the remainder, finding it impossible to proceed, lay down on the ground and fired into the embrasures of the Redan. Major-General Sir John Campbell, who had for several months commanded the Fourth Division, and whose kindliness of manner and cheerfulness of disposition had deeply endeared him to the men, led the left column sword in hand up to the abattis, only to be shot dead beneath it. Colonel Yea, the beloved commander of the Royal Fusiliers, who led the right column, and Colonel Shadforth of the 57th, in command of the storming party on this side, both shared a similar fate. Lieutenant-Colonel Tylden, of the Engineers, of whom Lord Raglan so frequently made honourable mention in his despatches, was severely wounded; and Major-General Jones, on whom the supreme direction of the siege operations had devolved on the return of Sir John Burgoyne, was struck, though not severely, by a grape-shot in the forehead. Meanwhile the pitiless storm of grape still continued to pour with unremitting fury on the devoted men in front of the Redan, who, after holding their ground with unparalleled tenacity for nearly half-an-hour, at length relinquished the struggle, and the scanty survivors ran back through the same appalling fire to the trenches, where the reserves had suffered almost as severely as themselves. Any renewal of the attack was hopeless, as about the same time the French, whose reserves had been brought up only

to be swept away, but who still clung with reluctant obstinacy on the slopes of the work, to enter which was now an impossibility, were recalled from all points by General Pelissier, who, seeing that all chance of success was at an end, ordered a general retreat to the trenches. This was effected, without any further loss of consideration, under cover of an admirable artillery fire from our batteries, which contrived to monopolize completely the attention of the enemy.

It was now half-past 8 A.M. and the combined attack, of which so many sanguine anticipations had been formed, which was to terminate the long and weary labours of the siege, and give Sebastopol to the Allies, had ended in failure and disappointment. Several causes, many of which it is now impossible to trace, had contributed to this deplorable result; but two of them stand out in bold relief, and claim a pre-eminence which precludes the necessity of further investigation. These, which have been already sufficiently indicated, were—the abandonment of the proposed renewal of the bombardment on the morning of the assault, and the absence of simultaneity in the three French attacks. The former enabled the Russians to all but annihilate their assailants by an overwhelming artillery fire, which disorganized them from the moment they quitted their own trenches: and the latter caused the French to be beaten in detail; while their defeat entailed that of the English as a necessary consequence. The mortification attendant on our own reverse was in some measure modified by the news of the splendid conduct and extraordinary success of one of the brigades of the Third Division, which had been ordered to co-operate on the left with the main attack.

"While the direct attack upon the Redan was proceeding," says Lord Raglan, "Lieutenant-General Sir R. England was directed to send one of the brigades of the Third Division, under the command of Major-General Barnard, down the Woronzoff Ravine, with a view to give support to the attacking columns on his right, and the other brigade, under Major-General Eyre, still further to the left, to threaten the head of the works at the Dockyard Creek."

Before daylight General Eyre's brigade, numbering about 2000 men of the 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th, and 44th regiments, proceeded down the ravine, which, running into the inner harbour, separated the English and French attacks at this point. Here they found the enemy strongly posted, with their right resting on a mamelon and their left on a cemetery. These points were occupied by marksmen, and the ground in front intersected, and the road barricaded, by stone walls, which the men were obliged to pull down,

under fire, before they could advance. In the rear the enemy held some houses on both sides of the ravine, and further back bodies of men were held in reserve, while the advancing troops were exposed to a severe fire from the Garden and Barrack Batteries on either side of the creek, and from a low battery on the beach at its head, many of the guns of which however were fortunately not mounted. In the teeth of these difficulties, the gallant brigade pushed resolutely on, and, after driving the enemy from the houses on either side, established themselves in them. The shelter thus obtained was far indeed from rendering their position an enviable one: shot after shot came hotly from the enemy's batteries, tumbling down the houses, and burying their occupants in the ruins. Colonel Boston, of the 9th, after gallantly leading his regiment through the cemetery, brought them up to reinforce the parties in the houses. In the advance, he says, "grape, canister, and round shot swept round me like hail; and for encouragement, just as I reached the cover of one of the buildings, surprised to find myself in a whole skin, one of the latter crashed through the building, as though it had been made of paper. Here," he adds, "we spent fourteen dreary hours, the enemy at one moment bringing down our houses with round shot, burying the wretched wounded beneath the ruins; then throwing shell amongst us, which, owing to the softness of the ground, fortunately penetrated deep, and, in bursting, only formed craters big enough for one's grave."

Under these trying and arduous circumstances the conduct of the troops was exemplary; their only desire was to be permitted to storm the town, the order for which they expected at every moment, ignorant as they were of the grave results which had taken place on their right: wearied but undaunted, they maintained themselves in this position of unexampled difficulty through the long hours of the sultry day, and until the close of evening permitted them to be relieved. Their success, which under more favourable circumstances might have been turned to the greatest advantage, was not even thus entirely barren, as the cemetery remained definitively in our hands.

The loss on all sides in these attacks was most severe: the Russians suffered terribly from the fire which still continued to be poured into their densely crowded works after the assault was abandoned: the French loss was estimated at upwards of 3000 men and officers killed and wounded: and the English amounted to 1535 men and officers *hors de combat.*

On the morning after the assault Lord Raglan and General Pelissier asked for a suspension of hostilities to bury their dead.

The armistice took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was

evening before the dead were buried and the wounded brought in from the spots where they lay in front of the Redan and Malakoff. "It was agonising," says Mr. Russell, speaking of the interval which elapsed before our flag of truce was answered by the Russians, "to see the wounded men who were lying there under a broiling sun, parched with excruciating thirst, racked with fever and agonised with pain, to behold them waving their caps faintly or making signals towards our lines, over which they could see the white flag waving, and not to be able to help them. They lay where they fell, or had scrambled into the holes formed by shells; and there they had been for thirty hours; oh! how long and how dreadful in their weariness. * * * The redcoats lay sadly thick over the broken ground in front of the abattis of the Redan, and blue and grey coats were scattered about or lay in piles in the rain-courses before the Malakoff." On a picture so painful as this it is better not to dwell; but, alas! the losses of the army were not destined to end here. On the 24th Adjutant-General Estcourt, who was sincerely loved and respected by the troops, fell a victim to cholera after three days' illness: and a more irreparable loss was sustained shortly after in the death of Lord Raglan on the 29th. This melancholy event was thus feelingly announced to the French army in a general order of General Pelissier.

"Death has just surprised in his command Field Marshal Lord Raglan, and has plunged the English army in grief. We share the regrets of our brave Allies. Those who knew Lord Raglan, who were acquainted with the history of his noble life, so pure, so rich in services rendered to his country—those who witnessed his bravery on the fields of Alma and Inkermann, who remember the calm and stoic grandeur of his character during this severe and memorable campaign—all men of heart, in fact, must deplore the loss of such a man.

"The sentiments which the Commander-in-Chief expresses are those of the whole army. He himself severely feels this unforeseen blow. The public sorrow falls more heavily on him, as he has the additional regret of being for ever separated from a companion in arms whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and in whom he always found loyal and hearty co-operation."

Such was the epitaph of Lord Raglan—the touching lament of a great soldier for no unworthy colleague, and more eloquent in its noble manliness and simplicity than the choicest phrases ever conned by adulation to engrave upon a tomb.

The command of the army, in the absence of Sir George Brown, the next in seniority, who had been compelled by sickness to quit the Crimea on the very day of Lord Raglan's death, now devolved in due course on General Simpson, late chief of the staff, and was speedily confirmed by a telegraphic message from England.

In spite of so many adverse circumstances, the spirit both of the French and English troops continued to be excellent; the only feeling manifested on all hands was one of impatience to be led again to the assault, the result of which was still anticipated with undiminished confidence. During nearly three months, in pursuance of the system which made the Malakoff the principal object of attack, the French sap was now systematically pushed nearer and nearer to this bastion, while a similar advance was made in the direction of a smaller work, situated nearly in the middle of the line of entrenchment which extends from the Malakoff to the western shore of Careening Creek, and which was called by us the Little Redan, and by the French *Redan du Carénage*. In this operation the Engineers derived shelter and assistance from the French batteries occupying the site of the old White Works on the eminence at the opposite side of the creek.

In the early part of August, preparations were observed in the Russian camp on the Mackenzie plateau, where considerable reinforcements were also known to have arrived, which led the Allied Generals to the conclusion that an attack on the lines of the Tchernaya was in contemplation, and the troops were in consequence kept on the alert. The position, which was covered in its entire length by the river Tchernaya, and by the canal or aqueduct in rear of it, extended from a point opposite Tchorgoun to Inkermann, and was formed by a low range of heights overhanging the river, and, where these cease, after a dip in the valley, by the ridge of the plateau of the Chersonese. The left flank was thus protected by the head of the Harbour, and by its communication with the French right attack; and the difficult and mountainous country beyond Tchorgoun, in which it was impossible to manœuvre large bodies of men, secured the right flank from any danger of being turned. The right of the position was defended by the Sardinians, who occupied some commanding heights on the left bank of the River Chuliú, at the point where it forms its junction with the Tchernaya, with two advanced posts on the opposite side of the river. The centre and left were held by the French. Independently of a few not very practicable fords, the Tchernaya and the Canal are crossed by two bridges—one at Tchorgoun commanded

by the guns of the Piedmontese, and the other below and almost in the centre of the French position. Between this and the Mackenzie plateau a plain of about two or three miles in width intervenes, and by this plain the Mackenzie Road crosses the Tchernaya at Traktir Bridge.

Before daylight on the morning of the 16th August, the Russians to the number of 50,000 or 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery and 6000 cavalry, descended from the Mackenzie heights, and, debouching near Ai-Todor, advanced, favoured by the darkness, on the Tchernaya. The action commenced by a heavy column of the enemy, under the command of General Liprandi, and composed of the 6th and 17th Divisions, with the 4th and 7th Divisions in reserve, attacking the advanced posts of the Sardinians. These, which were defended only by three companies, were maintained with the most distinguished gallantry for more than an hour, during which General La Marmora had time to complete his arrangements: and at the expiration of this time, finding themselves attacked in front by three columns of infantry and taken in rear by the Russian Artillery, this brave handful of men fell back in excellent order on the reinforcements which the General had ordered up to their assistance, and the advanced post on the far side of the river was abandoned. From this time the Sardinian artillery, assisted by Captain Mowbray's battery of 32-pounder howitzers, used every effort to silence the enemy's guns — and succeeded in causing them severe damage. In the meanwhile, another Russian division, advancing through the mist which overhung the Tchernaya, and through the smoke of the cannonade, which had now become general along the whole of the enemy's line, assailed the French on the extreme left. The shock was received with the greatest firmness by two regiments of the line and a battalion of Zouaves, who, charging the Russians with the bayonet both in flank and rear, drove them in confusion across the canal, and the division, which never rallied till well out of range, did not appear again in the battle. In the meantime, the Russian field batteries in the centre opened on the *tête du pont* which the French had constructed at the Traktir Bridge, on which, covered by the artillery fire, two divisions were now directed.

The bridge was speedily carried, and the Russian columns crossing at this point, and at others to the right and left of it, by means of pontoons, temporary bridges, aud through the fords, traversed the canal and the trench of the lines, and threw themselves with impetuosity upon the heights. Here the French, who had been driven back from the

tête du pont, rallied upon their supports, and, changing the defensive for the offensive, forced the Russians to recross the river, and re-took the bridge. As the latter retired they were terribly cut up by an oblique fire from two Sardinian batteries, and thrown into the greatest disorder. The attempt was twice repeated, fresh columns twice again crossed the river and the canal, and urged by their own momentum, in spite of the withering fire of cannon and musketry with which they were received, actually twice again crowned the heights. But in each case their success ended here; and, when the moment of retreat arrived, this temporary advantage only served to aggravate their loss. Hampered by the dense masses of their own men in the rear, escape became almost an impossibility — a vast number of prisoners were taken, and the remainder of the assailants, presenting in their slow descent of the heights an easy mark to the French, fell thickly on the banks of the canal and the river, or rolled down into the water, which soon ran red with blood.

By nine o'clock the enemy were in full retreat on all points, their dense columns retiring as rapidly as possible under the protection of the cavalry and artillery, which showed a firm front in the plain until this movement was safely effected.

General Pelissier wisely refrained from employing his own and the English cavalry, who were drawn up in the valley behind, in pursuit of the enemy: as, had he done so, these splendid troops would have been exposed to a heavy fire from the Russian field-batteries in position, as well as from those on the Mackenzie heights: and the loss they must have suffered, if so employed, would have clouded the lustre of this most brilliant and decisive day.

The reverse sustained by the Russians had been indeed severe. Including the wounded, more than two thousand two hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the French and Sardinians, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was estimated in all at from 8000 to 10,000 men. Compared with this, that of the French and Sardinians was trifling. That of the former amounted to 1551, of whom 181 were killed, 1224 wounded, and 146 missing; and the Sardinians had only 200 men in all *hors de combat*, a result which General La Marmora attributes to the strength with which they had fortified their position, and the telling effect of the fire from their batteries, armed with heavy guns lent to them by the English. They had however to deplore the death of one of their most

distinguished generals, the Count de Montevecchio, who fell at the head of his brigade, mortally wounded by a ball in the chest.

The attack of the 16th seems to have been the result of desperation, caused by the difficulty of supporting a large army with a daily increasing deficiency of provisions and a failing supply of water, rather than the prudent effort of judicious daring: and its failure established in the most striking manner the physical superiority and moral ascendancy of the Allied troops over those of the enemy. To contend against the overwhelming masses brought against them by the Russians, the French had only twelve thousand infantry and four batteries of artillery engaged: and, though the Sardinians had ten thousand men in position, no more than 4500, with 24 pieces of cannon, were actually engaged.

Prince Gortschakoff attempts to account for the defeat by an alleged misunderstanding of orders on the part of General Read, who commanded the right wing, and was killed on the field; but there is nothing to bear out his statement. The orders for the battle, signed by the Prince himself, were found on the body of the general; and from these it would appear that it was a most determined attempt to force the Allies to raise the siege.

Had the Russians succeeded, Balaklava was to be attacked by one portion of their army, and the plateau was to have been stormed by the other, while a sortie was to have been made from the Quarantine Battery on the French on the extreme left: and another on the works on the extreme right on Mount Sapoune.

The Russians attacked at the prescribed hour, and with a perfect knowledge of the ground: and, on General Read's death, Prince Gortschakoff in person assumed the command of the right wing, and defeat under these conditions tells its own story, in language which does not admit of a double construction.

The consequences of this victory were immense. The last effort to raise the siege was hopelessly frustrated, and the army of relief so completely paralysed by this crushing discomfiture, that the Allies were now enabled to carry on the last operations of the siege, so fast approaching its termination, with a feeling of security hitherto unknown.

The Russians added disgrace to the sting of defeat by firing on the French parties employed in burying the enemy's dead, and a lively correspondence ensued on the subject between General Pelissier and Prince Gortschakoff, in which the latter, while endeavouring to palliate the conduct of his own soldiers, renders the fullest justice to the humanity with

which the French constantly strove to alleviate the needless sufferings entailed by war.

Before dismissing this portion of our task, we must be permitted to refer once more to the distinguished behaviour of the Sardinian troops, who, engaged for the first time on this occasion, secured at once, by the gallantry and steadiness they displayed, the entire confidence and warm admiration of the old campaigners by whose side they fought. Their infantry displayed a courage bordering on obstinacy, and their artillery, which was most admirably served, claimed with justice a large share of the success of the day, to which they contributed, partly by subduing the fire of the enemy's guns on the Mackenzie plateau, and partly by crushing the columns of attack by a murderous flank fire. Italy may well be proud of her sons, who, by casting in their lot at a time of difficulty and danger with the more powerful champions of civilization, were enabled to partake of their triumph, and to vindicate for their country a voice in the settlement of a question which is to decide the future of Europe.

The French, who had now pushed their approaches to within eighty yards of the ditch of the Malakoff, but found it impossible to proceed further without first silencing some guns which generally destroyed in the day the work of the preceding night, having completed their advanced batteries in this direction, arranged with General Simpson that a steady fire should be opened on the 17th August from the Allied batteries, on the Malakoff, with its adjacent works and the Redan. This was accordingly carried into effect, and the fifth bombardment, though less heavy than the previous ones, in consequence of the restricted nature of the object to be attained, and of its not being in contemplation to follow it up by an assault, fully achieved, in the three days of its duration, the purpose for which it was undertaken. In the afternoon of the first day a shell from one of the English mortar-batteries ignited, and caused the explosion of a great number of shells in one of the enemy's batteries, and caused considerable mischief. For the first forty-eight hours the French left attack scarcely took any share in the bombardment, and the fire of the Russians, being thus free to be concentrated on the right, caused some heavy casualties in our trenches. Captain Oldfield, of the Royal Artillery, and Captain Hammet, of the Naval Brigade, were killed: and Major C. S. Henry of the Artillery received a severe wound which rendered necessary the amputation of his right arm. On the night of the 18th, a sharp fire of mortars was directed on some of the enemy's works in which large masses of men were known to be placed, and the shells exploded amongst these with very destructive effect.

On the evening of the 20th, the batteries of the French left attack atoned for their previous slackness by opening with great violence on the bastions covering the town; the Russians replied vigorously, and the fire was sustained on both sides until dark. From this time the cannonade again gradually died away, to be renewed generally only once more.

On the night of the 27th, a French magazine in the Mamelon was blown up by a shell; it contained 15,000 pounds of powder, and the explosion killed and wounded nearly a hundred of the men who were in the work at the time; but this disaster was not attended by any ulterior consequences of importance.

Everything now betokened the beginning of the end. For some weeks past, the daily losses of the garrison, according to Prince Gortschakoff's own statements, had been enormous; and, while the defeat of the Tchernaya destroyed the last hopes of raising the siege, its prompt termination was clearly foreshown in the now irresistible progress of the Allies towards the place. Not unmindful of the signs of the times, the Russians had some time before commenced the construction of a bridge of boats from Fort Nicholas to the north side of the harbour; and after the battle of the Tchernaya this work was urged on with redoubled vigour.

It was completed about the 27th August, and was at once put into operation for the removal of stores from the dockyard and arsenal, which continued incessantly from this time up to the day of the final assault.

About this time the Allied Generals received positive information that a renewed attack on the lines of the Tchernaya had been determined on; but, even supposing that the Russians had not profited by their late bitter experience, their hands were now far too full to admit of the possibility of such an attempt; and the report was probably spread by the enemy in the futile hope of delaying the assault.

In the twenty days which elapsed from the 17th August to the 5th September, the Russian losses from the fire of the Allied batteries averaged daily, according to Prince Gortschakoff's own statement, nearly 700 men, and their works were so severely injured that, for the first time in the siege, it was found impossible to repair them with any approximation to the rapidity with which they were destroyed. The ramparts and batteries, mended at night under a heavy fire, crumbled down at last after a few shots in the morning; the parapets fell in large masses into the ditches, and moments sufficed to render vain the toil and the sacrifices of months.

On the other hand, the French approaches, both on the right and left, now almost touched the works on which they were directed.

On the side of the town their most advanced trench was within forty metres of the Central Bastion, and within thirty of the Bastion du Mât: and on the right they had approached within 25 metres of the Malakoff and of the Little Redan.

The English were still nearly 250 yards distant from the Great Redan, on which they could bring about 200 guns to bear, but the rocky nature of the intervening ground rendered it impossible to push their sap beyond this point.

Thus the defeat of the Russians on the Tchernaya, the enormous losses known to have been sustained by the garrison of Sebastopol, the irreparable damage done to their line of defences, and the close proximity of the approaches of the Allies, all combined to indicate that the moment of the final and decisive assault had at length arrived. This was fixed by the Commanders-in-Chief to take place at noon on the 8th September, after keeping up a heavy fire for the three preceding days.

Accordingly at daylight on the 5th, all the French and English batteries, from the Quarantine Bay to Inkermann, opened a steady and continuous fire against the Russian works, that on the French left being peculiarly distinguished by its weight and rapidity.

The morning was calm, and bright, and still, and through the transparent atmosphere the proud city was distinctly visible in scarcely diminished beauty—the last gleam of loveliness which precedes dissolution—too soon to be folded in the fatal smoke-wreath for a shroud, and reduced to ashes on the funeral pile prepared by her own children. Suddenly the stillness was broken, the brightness overcast: sheets of the most vivid flame, and thick clouds of sulphur-charged vapour, enwrapped the besieging lines from west to east, and the multitudinous roar of seven hundred pieces of the heaviest ordnance was borne sullenly on the wind, to rouse the fated city from its last deceitful slumber. From early morn until the hot September sun was in its noontide glow, the deadly shower of iron hail fell thick and fast on battery and town, crashing through embrasure and parapet, shattering house, and church, and palace, and mixing with inanimate remains the torn and mangled ruins of humanity.

Through five successive movements this wild discordant music had risen to tones of fiercer vehemence and more terrific import, till now in the last they swelled into the awful diapason which marked its close. And now, for the first time, the echoes it aroused were faint, and fitful, and uncertain, and ere long died away in scarcely audible reverberations. The furthest limits of resistance had been reached — before the burning breath of this huge

furnace, the Russians shrank and cowered as the corn-ears shrink and bend before the blast of the simoom. With that unyielding obstinacy which in a better cause would have deserved the name of heroism, they still indeed persisted in remaining at their guns, but the guns themselves at every moment were tumbled from their carriages — the artillerymen maimed or killed outright in serving them — and, from the very first, their batteries replied to ours but feebly, and by fits and starts. With scarcely any check, the cannonade was continued with unmitigated fury throughout the day, and at night a very torrent of shells from every mortar and heavy gun along the vast front of the Allied position carried death and destruction into the heart of the enemy's defences. At five that evening, one of the frigates in the harbour was set on fire, by what means is still a matter of uncertainty. She burned with a steady and brilliant light, whose radiance extended to an immense distance, and as the devastating element did its work, thousands of the besieging armies on the surrounding hills beheld with fierce delight the town, whose fate was thus forecast as it were in a fiery mirror, illumined by the flames.

During the 6th and 7th, the bombardment was as hotly maintained as during the first twenty-four hours; at three in the afternoon, a Russian two-decker caught fire, and by midnight was burnt down to the water's edge; and about the same time a heavy explosion took place in the town.

And now the last day had dawned upon Sebastopol, and, alas! upon how many gallant sons of France and England, who, "burning with high hope," at its commencement, should "moulder cold and low" before its close.

The plan agreed upon by the Allied generals was briefly as follows:— The general assault was to take place at noon. This hour was fixed upon both as offering a more favourable chance of taking the enemy, accustomed to our attacking either in the morning or the evening, by surprise, and as obviating the possibility of an attack on the lines of the Tchernaya before dark, in the contingency of the Russian army in the field making such a last desperate effort to relieve the place. The Malakoff, which was now admitted on all hands to be the one key of the whole position, was the great object to be gained, but several other attacks were to be made on the principal points of the *enceinte*, to distract the attention of the enemy and prevent him from concentrating his reserves, as well as to alarm him respecting the town, whence the bridge securing his retreat was thrown over to the north side.

The fortifications of the Karabelnaia were to be assailed by the French

at three points: on the left M'Mahon's division was to storm the Malakoff and its redoubt; on the right Dulac's division the Little Redan of Careening Bay; and in the centre La Motterouge's division was to march against the curtain which unites these two works. These three divisions were to be supported by General Mellinet's division of the Guard, the whole force on this side being under the supreme command of General Bosquet.

The English were to attack the Great Redan at its salient, and portions of the Light and Second Divisions were selected for the honour of the assault by General Simpson, from their having so long defended the batteries and approaches against this work, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground.

Finally, on the left, General de Salles with the First Corps, reinforced by a Sardinian brigade, was to penetrate by the Central Bastion into the interior of the town, and then turn the Flagstaff Bastion, to make a lodgment there.

As the possession of the Malakoff by either party would sooner or later render all the other works untenable to the other, it was arranged that neither the attack on the Redan nor that on the Central Bastion should be commenced until General Pelissier should give a signal that the French were masters of the first of these works.

The most admirable foresight and method characterised the preliminary arrangements of the French.

The trenches were widened at convenient spots, so as to be capable of containing without confusion the whole of the attacking divisions and reserves, and, as it was important to conceal the movement of these large bodies of troops from the enemy, the ridges of all the lines of communication leading to the advanced *places d'armes* had been heightened, wherever there was danger of being seen.

The Engineers were amply provided with every description of intrenching tools, a supply of which was also distributed amongst the stormers: the artillerymen were provided with hammers and spiking-nails to disable the enemy's guns: and a large quantity of bridges, of a new and ingenious construction, had been furnished to parties of sappers previously instructed in the method of manœuvring them. Reserves of field-batteries were also prepared to be in readiness to take part in the action if occasion offered.

At the same time the whole of the French force on the Tchernaya was held under arms to check any threatening movement on the part of the army of relief.

Shortly before noon the cannonade, which had been vigorously sustained

up to that time, was purposely permitted to slacken, the more thoroughly to deceive the enemy, who had been further thrown off their guard by the French, on the preceding evening, breaking out the commencement of a new sap, as if they meant to advance closer before the assault. The French troops, to the number, including reserves, of 30,000 men, being now assembled at the points previously designated, at twelve o'clock precisely the signal for the assault was given. At the same moment the drums and bugles beat and sounded the charge, and, amidst repeated cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, the divisions of M'Mahon, Dulac, and De la Motterouge rushed from the trenches, and fell like a triple avalanche on the Malakoff, the Little Redan, and the Curtain. Crossing the ditches of these works with incredible agility, they swarmed up the parapets, and in a few seconds were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the defenders. At the Malakoff itself, the success was rapid and complete. Thoroughly taken by surprise, its garrison still made a show of resistance, and the fight, commenced with musket-shots, was for a while protracted with the bayonet, with clubbed muskets, with pickaxes, and even with stones, so close and so deadly had it become.

In vain, however, the Russians exhaust the resources of desperation—a few minutes more and the parapet is crossed, the work entered, the remainder of the garrison either killed or driven out, and the flag of France is planted firmly on the Malakoff, "never," in the words of General Pelissier, "to be torn down."

At the right and in the centre the struggle was far more severe, but here again the resistless impetuosity of the French attack for a time triumphed over every obstacle, and the assailants gained possession of the Little Redan and the Curtain, penetrating even to the second *enceinte* or entrenchment which had been constructed in the rear of these works. At this time General Bosquet, struck in the right side by the explosion of a shell, was forced to leave the field of battle, and was succeeded in his command by General Dulac.

The tricolor seen floating from the Malakoff was the signal for the attacks on the Redan and on the Central Bastion. Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed from the first rush of the French, when the assaulting column of the English, numbering 1000 men of the Light and Second Divisions, those of the former being in advance, and the whole preceded by a covering party of 200 men, and a ladder party of 320, moved out of the trenches of the fifth parallel. As they crossed the 200 yards of ground which still intervened between this point and the Redan, they were ex-

posed to a terrible fire of grape from the flanks; and officers and men fell so thickly that the whole of this space was covered with the dead and wounded. "Colonel Unett, of the 19th, was badly wounded before he reached the abattis; Brigadier Shirley, in command of the column, was temporarily blinded by the dust and earth knocked into his face by a shot, and was forced to leave the field, as was also Brigadier Van Straubenzee, in consequence of a contusion he received in the face. Colonel Handcock fell mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the spot, in the act of mounting a ladder to get into one of the embrasures, by a round shot which carried off his head. Captain Grove was severely wounded, and many officers and men were hit and fell."* In spite of this appalling loss, which, with the exception of the death of Colonel Handcock, occurred outside the Redan, our small columns, already terribly thinned, pressed on unflinchingly to the work, which they scaled at its salient, some by means of ladders, but the majority over the débris knocked down by the previous artillery fire. For a moment the Russians retired, but it was only to rally and reform behind the innumerable traverses, whence they kept up a withering fire on the English, or to return, reinforced by fresh masses of troops, to the unequal struggle. The Second Division column, which entered the Redan almost at the same moment as that of the Light, fared no better; and the supports which came up were not sufficient to fill the gaps which every moment made among the men already in the work.

The nature of this species of fortification, which is a triangle open at the base, gave peculiar scope for the entrance and deployment of reinforcements in any number, while the assailants, crowded together at the apex of the triangle, were exposed to a concentrated fire from every other portion of the work, which was also completely commanded in rear by some of the guns of the Barrack Battery. Against such odds no skill and no courage could ultimately prevail; but against them for two long hours the English maintained their dearly-won position with unparalleled tenacity and determination. By this time nearly all the ammunition had been spent, the reinforcements already sent were used up, the destructive fire maintained by the enemy rendered the advance of any further relieving force impossible; and, threatened with utter annihilation by the ever-increasing stream of the Russian reserves, the few survivors of the attacking force at last quitted the Redan, and through an undiminished fire of grape, canister, and musketry, returned, panting, bleeding, and exhausted,

* Letter of Times' Correspondent.

to the shelter of their trenches. The officers had exposed themselves throughout at every point with the utmost recklessness of life, and covered themselves with inextinguishable glory; Brigadier-General Windham was especially conspicuous amongst this band of heroes, and his great personal daring was almost eclipsed by the lustre of the still higher qualities displayed in his coolness and self-possession, his unbounded fertility of resources, his ready adaptation to circumstances, and his thorough mastery of a situation perhaps the most trying to a British officer. All this noble devotion on the part of the officers and men was, alas! fruitless in insuring a success which the blood of too many of them was insufficient to purchase; but will it now be denied that, sad as is this page of the military annals of England, its gloom is not untempered by the light of glory? True it is that every detail of the terrible scene has been described with the most painful minuteness and the most graphic eloquence by writers who never left Cathcart's Hill for one moment during its enactment, and that conclusions the most disparaging to the honour of the British arms have been freely drawn in consequence, by pens on which patriotism should at least have enjoined silence, if honest commendation was felt to be impossible. But it should be remembered that the most powerful opera-glass may fail, at a distance of two miles, to unravel the perplexed intricacies of a life-and-death struggle within a narrow space of ground, in which the combatants themselves, enveloped in the smoke and dust of battle, can scarcely see a score of yards before them: and camp stories, though questionless a piquant food to satisfy the hunger of a public craving for excitement, are not quite the solid materials of which the stately fabric of a nation's history should be composed. General Pelissier states in his despatch (in which he either speaks the simple truth as a chivalrous gentleman and gallant soldier, or deliberately gives the sanction of a public document to a falsehood, contrived for the unworthy purpose of sparing the *amour propre* of an ally), that the English behaved with their usual intrepidity, and that when, after sustaining an unequal contest for nearly two hours, they resolved on evacuating the Redan, they did so with such an appearance of firmness, that the enemy did not venture to advance upon them. What that "usual intrepidity" was, had been too amply proved in the sight of the world by Alma, and Inkermann, and Balaklava, and by months of nearly nightly fighting in the trenches, to require comment or explanation; and the most intelligent of newspaper correspondents need hardly blush to own his inferiority to France's victorious general in deciding how soldiers should acquit themselves in the day of battle.

Meanwhile the lesson, that even unimpugned valour does not always command success, may be learned from the fate of the French attacks other than that on the Malakoff.

At the Central Bastion, in spite of a shower of ball and projectiles, the indomitable courage of our Allies for a while, as on the left, triumphed over the resistance of the enemy, and the assaulting columns, overcoming innumerable obstacles, actually penetrated the work. But the enemy, retiring behind their traverses, displayed the greatest firmness; fresh guns were unmasked at commanding and unsuspected points, and field-pieces, rapidly brought up to the front, vomited forth volleys of grape upon the stormers.

Two generals were wounded and two killed, some mines exploding added to the confusion, and at last, borne down by a resistless charge of the masses of the enemy, the French troops were driven from the work, and compelled to return to whence they came.

On the right, the first successes at the Little Redan and the Curtain had been dearly atoned for at the price of torrents of blood. "Three times," says General Pelissier, "did the Dulac and De la Motterouge divisions take possession of the Redan and the Curtain, and three times were they obliged to retire before a horrible fire of artillery and the deep masses that they found opposing them, when the two field batteries in reserve at the Lancaster Battery came down across the trenches (over which a road had been levelled for the purpose), and, boldly taking up a position within half gun-shot, succeeded in driving back the enemy's columns and the steam-ships.* A portion of these two divisions, supported in their heroic struggle by the troops of the Guard, which was covered with glory on this occasion, established itself all along the left of the Curtain, whence it could not be driven by the enemy."

These attacks were however virtually repulsed, and that on the Little Redan alone is said to have cost the French 4000 men.

Renewed attempts for the possession of the Redan and of the Central Bastion were now being organised, but these were restrained by General Pelissier, already secure of the Malakoff, in which his troops had firmly established themselves.

The possession of this work, however, was not yielded by the Russians till after a desperate and frequently-renewed struggle.

For hours a furious cannonade was directed on the work from the batteries on the north side, from steamers in the roadstead, and from field-

* Some vessels which the enemy had placed so as to command these works.

pieces posted at every favourable spot; for hours column after column was thrown upon the Malakoff, only to be dashed back, shattered and broken, by the terrible fire of the French, whose vast reserves were brought up even faster than those of the enemy. At length, at about five in the afternoon, after thrice assaulting the gorge of the work with their whole disposable force, the Russians finally retired from a contest which had long ceased to present any hope of success, their batteries keeping up a fire till night-time in order to cover their retreat, and check any further advance of the French.

Thus, while the principal attack on the Malakoff had triumphantly succeeded, all the subordinate ones, whether French or English, had alike failed. The secret of this was—that of all the works assaulted the Malakoff was the only one closed in the rear, so that almost from the very moment of its capture it became capable of being turned against the enemy. The universality of the repulse at every point where this was not the case strongly demonstrates that it was this peculiarity which determined the result: and the fact, that wherever the conditions of the French attack were similar to those of the English on the Redan repulse as surely followed, has been conveniently ignored by those writers who have had the bad taste to extol our gallant Allies at the expense of our own no less gallant soldiers—a course which must render them as odious in the eyes of the generous men whom they insult with their praise, as it makes them contemptible to those whose brilliant services they repay with ungrateful disparagement.

Nor must it be supposed that, great as was the sacrifice of life entailed by these unsuccessful attacks, that sacrifice was in the least thrown away. But for them, the Russians would have been enabled to concentrate such overwhelming forces on the Malakoff as would have made it untenable by the French: and the real importance of the possession of this work was soon placed in the clearest light by the decision adopted by Prince Gortschakoff, who, despairing of retaking it, resolved on evacuating the town.

Towards evening long files of troops and baggage were seen crossing the bridge to the north side: vast conflagrations burst out on all sides, almost all the shipping in the harbour was in flames, and as the enemy retreated they blew up in succession their several fortifications, powder magazines, and public buildings. The retreat was effected in the most masterly manner by the Russian General, whose preparations for this event had long been matured, nor was any attempt made to interfere with

its accomplishment, as the Allied troops, if risked at such a moment within the town, would have been exposed to be destroyed in detail by the several explosions: when day broke the last fugitives were being carried off in the few remaining steamers—the bridge of boats was already doubled back to the north side, and all the Russian men-of-war had been burned or sunk in the harbour.

Sebastopol was in the undisputed possession of the Allies.

"Thus terminated," says General Pelissier, "this memorable siege, during which the relieving army was twice beaten in the open field, and the means of defence and attack of which had assumed colossal proportions. The besieging army had in its different attacks 800 guns in battery, which fired more than one million six hundred thousand rounds, and our approaches, dug during 336 days, of open trenches, through a rocky ground, with a development of more than 86 kilometres (about 54 English miles), were made under the constant fire of the place, and with incessant combats by day and night.

"The day of the 8th of September, on which the Allies gained the mastery over an army almost equal in number, not invested, intrenched behind formidable defences, provided with more than eleven hundred cannon, protected by the guns of the fleet, and the north batteries, still possessing enormous resources, will remain an example of what may be expected from a brave disciplined army hardened by war."

The English loss on this memorable day was 29 officers killed and 129 wounded, and 358 men killed and 1945 wounded, or in all 2461 men killed and wounded out of the 4000 who attacked the Redan. The French loss amounted to 7551 killed and wounded, among whom were 5 generals killed, 4 wounded, and 6 contused; but their loss, though actually so much heavier than our own, was smaller by far in proportion to the number of men engaged. The total loss of the Allied armies reached the appalling number of 10,000 men.

Prince Gortschakoff boasted that the Allies would find nothing in Sebastopol but "blood-stained ruins," and all the resources of destruction were exhausted to give effect to this threat.

But there were physical limits to its realisation which even Russian ingenuity could not pass beyond. The stupendous docks, the laborious result of years, could not be annihilated in a day, and, though all the stone forts were mined, so solid was their construction, that the majority of them suffered but little from the explosions.

Thousands of guns and immense stores of shot, shell, and powder still

remained within the town, and, had the occupation of Sebastopol entered into the plan of operations, vast means of defence existed in the objects, which will now serve as trophies to grace the arsenals of England and France.

On the 11th September the remaining steamers in the harbour of Sebastopol were sunk by the Russians—and thus perished the last traces of the Black Sea Fleet.

In less than one year from the landing in the Crimea, every object of the war had been attained with a fulness which the most sanguine would have hesitated to predict: the preponderance of Russia in the East, which only a few months earlier the Allies would have been content only to reduce, was now annihilated; and with the fall of the stronghold of Southern Russia, its arsenals, armaments, and dockyards, and its multiplied resources of aggression, the traditionary policy of Peter and Catherine, so patiently and perseveringly pursued through ages of intrigue and spoliation, was, on the very eve of its fulfilment, scattered to the winds.

The results of this glorious triumph, purchased with such costly sacrifices, and achieved with such indomitable resolution, lie hid in the future, and the most glowing imagination might fail to conceive them in their possible development: but when in years to come the long-oppressed and despot-ridden populations of the East shall have risen into thriving and flourishing communities—when the rich but neglected provinces of the Danube shall teem with fertility, and that magnificent river roll down a stream of wealth into the sea—when the vast fleets of the commerce of all nations shall cross the Euxine from shore to shore, and Russia herself, convinced by her dearly-bought experience that the strength of nations does not lie in their power for aggression, shall lend her aid to the advancement of a civilisation she once fondly hoped to crush—then, and not till then, will full justice be done to the grand and self-denying policy of the Western powers, which, despising the petty interests of national aggrandizement, lavished their blood and treasure to secure so fair a future for the world.

And in this meed of universal gratitude England and France will share and share alike. United with a cordiality and loyalty unknown in former alliances, side by side they met and overcame the same difficulties and disasters, the same delays and reverses; the same hopes and fears were common to both, and the same triumph, mingled with the same regrets, crowned their efforts at the last.

Short as the war has been, England may well boast of her position at its termination. That termination has found her not weak, and prostrate, and exhausted; not suffering from the reaction of feverish exertions beyond her strength, not with an empty treasury and a decimated people; not unduly anxious for peace, nor, to her credit be it spoken, pursuing war for war's sake; but with a magnificent army, highly trained and disciplined, proud of its past successes, panting for new achievements—and in the highest state of efficiency in every department; with an enormous fleet fully manned and armed, and equally adapted to act in the shallowest waters, or to confront the proudest armada on the open seas; with resources in men and treasure, of which the elasticity is yet untested, and with a public spirit throughout the length and breadth of the land resolved to brave every extremity, and exhaust every sacrifice, in the defence of the right and the maintenance of the national honour.

It is well to proclaim these facts loudly and clearly; and to save the useless effusion of precious blood, by warning, while it is yet time, the would-be disturbers of the world's peace, of the resistance they will encounter, and the chastisement they will have to expect. Prestige, no less than chivalry, is "a cheap defence of nations;" but, unfortunately, throughout this war the efforts of the English press, with some honourable exceptions, seem to have been directed to rob us of this uncostly but invaluable safeguard, and to present us to the world as a nation in the last stage of dotage and helplessness; destitute of admirals, generals, or statesmen; barren in commanding intellect, incapable of organisation, crushed by a nefarious nepotism, and rotting away under the "cold shade" of a worthless aristocracy. The army, the navy, and the whole system of our administration, have been visited with unsparing censure; almost every one whose position elevated him above the mass has been stigmatised either as a knave or a fool; and, worst of all, the most odious and unfounded comparisons have been instituted between the English and the French systems, and invariably turned to the discredit of the former. Every reverse of ours has been magnified, and every disaster gloated over: the contradiction of these one-sided statements comes, if it ever come at all, too late; and the hideous caricature is accepted from one end of Europe to the other as a faithful and striking likeness of the English people drawn by themselves. Contrast with this the prudent reserve, the judicious silence, of the French. They also had their reverses in the field, and their disasters in the camp; the pestilence which ravaged us did not spare them; at times it may be they had to complain of short

rations and defects of management at home and abroad: but over these wounds of national pride they threw a seemly cloak; and the shadows which obscured for a while the course of the struggle were left to vanish for ever in the splendour of the triumph. Their estimate of us was at once just and generous. They looked on our soldiers as true brothers-in-arms, as another portion of one vast army, animated by the same hopes, and burning with an equal courage, with common sympathies, in the hour of difficulty, and an undivided glory in the day of victory.

For the sake of national decorum and self-respect—in the interest of constitutional government, rational liberty, and an unfettered press—in justice to those who freely shed their blood in defence of their country's honour, it is to be hoped that in any future war in which it may be England's stern duty to be engaged some self-imposed restraint will check the unbounded license of newspaper criticism, some decent reserve be exhibited in betraying our real and imaginary weaknesses to those only too interested in augmenting their magnitude and exaggerating their consequences.

The disasters which really marked our share in this campaign originated in the miserable and false economy which in time of peace starved our establishments, and made it necessary to commence their organisation at the very moment when they were required for use: and it is absurd and injurious to attempt, as has been lately done, to fix blame on individuals for the results of a mistaken policy, imposed on a too-credulous and confiding people by pseudo-political economists, peace-patriots, and popularity-hunters.

Every true Englishman will pray that this experience may not have been in vain, and that in future years England may maintain an attitude so imposing, that no nation, however powerful, may count on her temporary weakness as the occasion of carrying out the projects of ambition. Then peace will be indeed secure, and she will be at liberty to pursue those civilising arts and that rational process of internal improvement which, under God, have led her to the proud eminence on which she stands.

A. Singleton, del. E.M.C. Culloch, lith. London P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

EMBARKATION OF THE EXPEDITION TO KERTCH AND THE BLOWING UP OF ST PAUL'S BATTERY

DISEMBARKATION OF THE EXPEDITION TO KERTCH AT KAMISH BURUN,

AND THE BLOWING-UP OF ST. PAUL'S BATTERY.

A DETAILED description of the expedition into the Sea of Azoff will be found in the preceding portion of this work, and we shall therefore confine ourselves in this place to recalling such of its earlier incidents as have an immediate connexion with the drawing under consideration.

On the 24th May, a squadron comprising eight English, four French steamers, and six screw gun-boats, carrying a land force of 16,305 troops, assembled at Cape Takli, the south-western boundary of the Straits of Kertch, which they immediately proceeded to enter. Some pains had recently been taken by the Russians to strengthen the defences of the Straits, but the imposing appearance of the expedition convinced them that these positions were untenable, and they were consequently abandoned in succession after their magazines had been exploded. The spot selected for landing was point Kamish Bûrûn, a few miles south of Kertch, and at the southern extremity of a bay about a mile and a half in width, on the opposite point of which stood the battery of St. Paul. The disembarkation commenced about noon; and shortly afterwards thick columns of white smoke shot rapidly up into the air, followed by the heavy thunders of repeated explosions, announcing that the enemy had blown up all his batteries on Cape St. Paul. The scene now presented was of the most striking character. The calm waters of the small bay were crowded with steamers passing and repassing in every direction. Nearer to the shore innumerable launches crowded with troops, and in tow of smaller man-of-war boats, obedient to the steady stroke of their athletic boats' crews, were rapidly nearing the landing-place, which was a smooth shelving beach, backed at a few yards' distance by a rich sward, whose emerald verdure contrasted gently with the yellow of the sands and the clear blue sea beyond. Among the more remarkable of the steamers may be observed the Minna, with her two small black funnels and an awning, and immediately ahead of her, the companion craft the Brenda, which were actively employed during the whole afternoon in towing long strings of man-of-war boats filled with marines. The Recruit, formerly a Prussian gun-boat, and which subsequently took such an active part in the bombardment of Taganrog, is astern of the Minna,

and, like the Spitfire, which is closer into the land, to be distinguished by two white funnels. Farther back the Sidon may be recognised by two black funnels, and by her alternate black and white ports; and the Sphynx, in advance of the Sidon, by a white line painted along her side. In the centre of the drawing, a party of artillerymen are bestowing all their energies on the ticklish operation of landing a couple of guns, by means of a temporary bridge, specially adapted for the purpose. Farther to the right, three or four of the sailors, wading in their peculiar element, with trousers tucked up to the knee, are lending an aid, half compassionate, half contemptuous, to a soldier as he descends, with uncertain step, the narrow plank which is to restore him to the native dignity too long obscured by a watery eclipse. In the foreground, one of the land transports, in the sensible and serviceable uniform of the corps, is gravely endeavouring to lead a refractory mule, whose attitude forcibly recalls one of Rosinante's most melancholy adventures, to a pile of baggage, whose dimensions seem almost to justify the scruples of the recalcitrant animal. Behind this group are some Highlanders drawn up in line, and another regiment marching off into the interior, while a mounted staff-officer superintends the movements of the men, and endeavours to reduce confusion to order. The white cap-cover is almost universal, and, with other varieties of summer costume, which have replaced the fur cap and the sheep-skin coat, tells its own tale of the change of season. The royal standard of England waves proudly over a scene of animation and bustle, the actors in which, little dreaming of the bloodless triumphs which await them, even amid their joy at this escape from the odious plateau above Sebastopol, are burning with impatience to prosecute the campaign, commenced under such happy auspices.

The hill in the background is dotted thickly with the tumuli for which this portion of the Crimea is remarkable, and which are found throughout an area of very considerable extent.

FORTRESS OF YENIKALE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA OF AZOFF.

The fortress of Yeni-kale, or, translating the two Turkish words of which its name is composed, New-castle, was built by the Turks as a defence against the incursions of the Russians into the Black Sea, and its fortifications were completed in the year 1706. They are very irregular in

W Simpson, del. — G M^c Culloch, lith. London, P & D Colnaghi & C^o. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen

FORTRESS OF YENIKALE LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA OF AZOF

form, and not strong on the land side, their most important feature being a long platform, which commands the passage through the straits into the Sea of Azoff. Père Derbau, a Jesuit father, in a report made by him in 1813 to the Marquis de Torcy, then Secretary of State in Paris, of the results of a mission to the Crimea of the fathers of the order,* mentions, that at that period the seaward fortifications of Yenikale were mounted with a large number of cannons of heavy calibre, some of which would carry a ball weighing 200 pounds, made of a greyish stone, which was very heavy and extremely hard. The guns in Yenikale, when it fell into the hands of the Allies, did not exceed twenty-five, of which only fourteen were mounted, all of them being new and good, and some of them fitted with a swivel of peculiar construction. The old embrasures, however, remain in the ramparts, and the walls, which, though very old, are of great solidity and in tolerable preservation, were loopholed for musketry.

Prince Demidoff gives the following interesting account of the town, which is situated on the left of the drawing:—

"A steep slope leads directly to Yenikale, a little town of half Eastern, half Genoese character, now almost entirely occupied by modern Greeks. A fort situated at the north end sufficiently betrays, from the ignorant irregularity of its plan, that it is due to the Turks. It has been recently repaired and put into good order; one remarkable feature in it is a gate in the pure Oriental style. A large square tower, flanked by four warder turrets rising separately, calls to mind the defensive art of the Genoese.

"At the base of this tower may be seen two fountains constructed by the Turks. One of these fountains is in ruin and useless; the wall has fallen in, and the spring has dried up; but the murmuring waters of the other are still poured forth into a splendid Greek sarcophagus in white marble, which serves as a basin. The sculpture with which it is ornamented is worn away, but two figures of birds may still be distinguished. The inhabitants of Yenikale, which is situated on the sandy beach and exposed to the winds, have, nevertheless, found means to set up a few shops for the sale of canvas, tar, oars, and an immense quantity of fish, which is daily brought into Kertch. That which is not consumed on the spot is doubtless salted." The species of fish most in demand are the turbot, and enormous sturgeon, a fish which frequents waters in which there is not any large quantity of salt; and the world-renowned caviare is made here to a great extent.

The accessories of the picture are too obvious to require comment. Inside

* Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses.—Mission de la Crimée.

the walls of the fortress may be seen a long red roof to the left of the tree; this belongs to the hospital to which the wounded Russians were removed; and on the extreme left the lighthouse is just discernible, situated on a hill, from whence it is visible for a considerable distance along the straits. This lighthouse stands on the spot where the ancient *Pharos* was placed, a work ascribed by tradition to Mithridates, and which was called by the modern Greeks *Phauari Mitridati.* The ruins of the old foundation, which had then been long abandoned, were still in existence in the time of Clarke; who deplores the disuse of a work of such importance to vessels, which, in navigating the straits, were compelled to keep close to the Crimean coast for want of water towards the middle and Asiatic side of the passage. Accidents were not unfrequent in consequence, and their recurrence probably led to the re-establishment of the lighthouse. The town did not contain many good houses, and the only building of any note was a Greek church, built in the form of a cross, with a domed roof, and which, being painted green like those of the churches in Sebastopol, had a very lively and picturesque effect.

KERTCH FROM THE NORTH.

Every traveller, ancient or modern, who has visited the Crimea, has devoted a large portion of his pages to a description of Kertch—a city whose origin is lost in the remotest antiquity, whose vicissitudes of fortune from the period when history replaces fable, are perhaps without a parallel in the annals of the world, and whose antiquarian treasures have beggared the invention of the most audacious archæologists in tracing them to their source, as they mock the efforts of the most vivid imagination which would realise the wealth, the numbers, the prosperity, and the power of the departed race to whose existence they so mysteriously and yet so strongly testify. The cumulative impression of the glorious memories of countless ages has roused the tamest pens into unbidden eloquence, and struck a spark of Promethean fire from the coldest bosoms: in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" the enthusiastic pilgrims to this time-hallowed shrine have recalled the traditional glories of the Bosphorian Empire, have dwelt lovingly on the character and career of the hero-king, whose valour and whose accomplishments could not avert his sudden and overwhelming reverse of fortune, nor shield him from the insidious wound of domestic trea-

W. Simpson del. C. MacCulloch, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.s Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

KERTCH FROM THE NORTH

son which stung him to his self-inflicted fate. The graceful tradition which records that the world-weary and heart-broken Mithridates sought and found the only earthly resting-place where baffled ambition may not reach, nor deceived affections blight, beneath the hill which bears his name, and whence he had so often witnessed his victorious legions gather for fresh conquest, commands, and will still command, despite the stern denial of unsympathising history, a host of unquestioning believers.

The enthusiasm aroused in those whose foot-fall on this classic soil awoke at every step the slumbering echoes of departed grandeur, was only equalled by the intense glow of indignation with which each succeeding chronicler banned the ruthless barbarity of the Muscovite conqueror, who had stripped the tumuli of the sacred relics deposited in them by the piety of a race of which they were almost the only memorials, defaced the temples, and shattered the sculptured marbles which had survived the havoc of successive revolutions, and wantonly destroyed monuments justly held the dearest by the enlightened nations of the world. Little did they deem that the reproach with which they flouted the excesses of a semi-savage horde would in process of time recoil with ten-fold force on two powers who claim the proud prerogative of standing at the head of the civilization of Europe. Though England and France did not share in their national representation in the disgraceful atrocities which followed the capture of Kertch, yet the apathy which tolerated them renders them scarcely less deserving of censure than if their complicity had been of a more active nature. The sack of the Museum, in which by a tardy atonement the Russian Government had assembled all such antiquities as had escaped from the first unrestrained fury of the soldiers on their entrance into Kertch, or had not been forwarded to adorn the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, will ever form a dark contrast to the so-much vaunted enlightenment of the nineteenth century. These remains, which were neither few in number nor despicable in kind, are for ever dispersed and lost, and history has to deplore the destruction of an accumulation of her most reliable materials, which can never be replaced.

The following succinct account of the early history of Kertch is borrowed from Mr. Oliphant's "Russian Shores of the Black Sea."

"Kertch is one of the most interesting towns in the South of Russia to the antiquarian—the Panticapæum of Strabo. It was founded about the middle of the seventh century, B.C., by the first Milesian colonists in the Taurida, and two hundred years afterwards it became the capital of the kingdom of Bosphorus, and the residence of its kings.

" For three hundred years the trade of Theodosia and Panticapea flourished, for the Cimmerian peninsula had become the granary of Greece. The conquest of that nation by the Romans, however, produced an important effect upon this kingdom, since it was dependent for its prosperity upon a market which will soon cease to exist; and it fell an easy prey to Mithridates, at the same time that he subdued the rest of the Taurida.

" To Panticapea the celebrated King of Pontus fled after his last defeat by Pompey, and here, unable to contend at once against the victorious arms of Rome and the treachery of his own son, he terminated his glorious career; and here it was that Pharnaces afterwards raised the standard of revolt, and Cæsar came, saw, and conquered him.

" The successors of the son of Mithridates reigned only in accordance with the caprice of the Roman emperors; and their territory, after being frequently devastated by the Huns and the Goths, was finally conquered in 375 A.D., by those barbaric hordes which ultimately subverted the whole civilized world, and various tribes of whom, for a thousand years occupied the Tauric Peninsula. Amongst these, the Khazars were the most celebrated, who seem at one time to have considered Kertch a place of some importance, while a great part of the peninsula took the name of Khazaria from them. In the early part of the thirteenth century a great number of Circassians established themselves in the Crimea, and the town of Kertch became subject to a prince of that nation. It was about this time that the Genoese possessed themselves of the southern shore of the Crimea, and established a colony at Caffa, with the permission of the Khan of Khazaria, whose authority they were soon in a position to set at defiance, and with whom they waged an uncertain war, until Bathi, the grandson of Zingis Khan, leader of the Golden Horde, on his way from the deserts of Tartary to the conquest of Russia, invaded the Crimea, exterminated the Comanes, who then possessed it, and the Tartar capital was fixed at Eski Krim.

" In 1365 the Greek colony of Soudagh, which had at one time attained an important mercantile position, enfeebled by intestine disorders, fell a prey to that all-absorbing maritime power under which Caffa had become so celebrated. A hundred years afterwards these restless adventurers became embroiled with the nation who now occupied the Peninsula, and to whom they owed their deliverance. Their colonies were besieged by the Tartars by land, and blockaded by a fleet which the Porte had sent to the assistance of the Khans, who had become tributary to the Ottoman

empire. The destruction of the Genoese colonies was tantamount to an annihilation of commerce in these seas.

"For three hundred years the Cimmerian Bosphorus remained closed, and the ruins of once flourishing cities lay strewn upon its shores."

In 1774 Kertch, then a Turkish town of comparatively trifling importance, was ceded to the Russians, whose conquests have gradually extended from the Baltic to the Caspian, and who count among their subjects the inhabitants of the plains and of the mountains which are washed by the Danube, the Dneister, the Bug, the Dnieper, the Don, and the Kouban. As time wore on, Kertch, fostered by the Russian Government, regained much of its ancient importance; the tribune of commerce was established there, as well as the quarantine station; and the trade of the place had attained such a degree of development in 1851, that in that year no less than one thousand vessels entered the Straits of Kertch.

The drawing of Mr. Simpson which has suggested these preliminary remarks on the history of a place to which so much interest both of the past and present attaches, is a view of Kertch taken on the road from that town to Yenikale, at the moment when the rear or rather the stragglers of the army were passing. The large hill round which Kertch is built, and on which the Acropolis may formerly have stood, is called the Mountain of Mithridates; from the prevalent belief that the palace or fortress of that monarch, whence he threw the body of his son Zephanes into the sea, once stood there: and in the time of Dr. Clarke traces of its foundation were still visible near to a small semi-circular excavation in the rock.

On the summit of this eminence stands a small modern temple, Ionic in style, surmounted by a cross, and with a cruciform window or opening on its eastern side. This temple is erroneously supposed by Mr. Russell to mark the tomb of Mithridates, whereas tradition ascribes that name to a gigantic tumulus distant from Kertch about four versts on the road to Kaffa. The building in fact covers the grave of Stamkoffsky, a former Governor of Kertch, to whose antiquarian researches on the spot science is said to have been deeply indebted. Behind the temple the remains of a wall are still to be seen, and are probably the same as those mentioned by Clarke.

To the right of it the ground rises into what was once a tumulus, which has been excavated, and which now displays nothing but the bare rock, in the centre of which is a hollow just the size of a human body, the earth which has been dug up round it being thickly mixed with human bones.

Down the face of the hill a cluster of grave-stones marks the modern

burial-ground, the connecting link between the earliest and latest generations of the dead.

Lower down the hill, to the left of the tomb of Stamkoffsky, is the ill-fated Museum, a handsome building of the Doric order; which has six pillars in front and nine on each side, and is approached from below by a splendid flight of stone steps.

This building formerly contained a valuable collection of specimens of ancient sculpture and architecture, sarcophagi, vases in the Etruscan style, vessels of glass remarkable for their lightness and beauty, ancient inscriptions, and fibulæ, rings, and chains, principally obtained from the surrounding tumuli. When Mr. Simpson passed through the town the whole of these precious objects had been either carried off or smashed to atoms, with the exception of a few blocks of ancient sculpture, which had been found too heavy to remove.

"The town itself," writes that gentleman, "has been compared by many to Malta, from the fine architectural appearance of nearly every house; pillars and balustrades are very common, and few houses but have got a cornice and friezes to the windows, in the Greek taste. Here and there you find something that has an Eastern appearance about it; the arches in these cases have a Moorish turn.

"The gateway at the old church of Yenikale is arabesque, and very handsome, although it is not new."

The foreground of the drawing is occupied by a fatigue party of the 93rd Highlanders and a few marines, some of whom are leaning against one of the now celebrated arabas, or baggage-carts, common to the country, which is conducted by a Tartar, utterly unconscious that he is standing for his portrait. In the distance are the heights between Kertch and Kamish-bûrûn, over which the English troops passed on their march: they are thickly dotted with the tumuli which form the distinguishing feature of the country.

An extract from Dr. Clarke, describing the most remarkable of these mounds, the so-called "Tomb of Mithridates," will not we trust be unacceptable at the close of this somewhat extended notice.

"It is," he writes, "perhaps a Milesian work; but its height and size are so remarkable, that it is scarcely possible to believe it to be the result of human labour. * * * The Tahtars call it *Altyn Obo:* they have a tradition that it contains a treasure, guarded by a virgin, who here spends her nights in lamentations. It stands upon the most elevated

spot in this part of the Crimea, and is visible for many miles round. One thing concerning this tumulus is very remarkable, and may confirm the notion entertained of its artificial origin. It is placed exactly upon the *vallum*, or inner barrier, of the Bosphorian empire. * * * Another circumstance is also worthy of notice; beyond the *vallum*, to the west, there are no tumuli, although they are so numerous upon its eastern side.

" The shape of the *Altyn Obo* is not so conical as usual in ancient tumuli: it is rather hemispherical. Its sides exhibit that stupendous masonry seen in the walls of Tirins, near Argos, in the Morea; where immense unshapen masses of stone are placed together without cement, according to their accidental forms. The western part is entire, although the others have fallen. Looking through the interstices and chasms of the tumulus, and examining the excavations made upon its summit, we found it, like the cairns of Scotland, to consist only of stones confusedly heaped together; its exterior betrayed a more artificial construction, and exhibited materials of greater magnitude. It seems to have been the custom of the age in which these heaps were raised to bring stones, or parcels of earth, from all parts of the country, to the tomb of a deceased sovereign or of a near relation. To cast a stone upon a grave was an act of loyalty or of piety; and an expression of friendship or of affection still remains in the North of Scotland to this effect—'*I will cast a stone upon thy cairn.*' The heap so raised consisted of heterogeneous substances; granite and limestone, fragments of volcanic rocks, pebbles from the sea-shore or from the beds of rivers, promiscuously mixed, and frequently covered by superincumbent earth. Stones were generally used in preference to earth, perhaps because they were more readily conveyed, and were likely to render the heap more durable. * * * Near to the eastern side (of the *Altyn Obo*) is a pit, probably formed by some person wishing to penetrate to the interior of this immense pile. The Tahtars have in vain attempted to effect a passage: the stones fall in as they proceed. Yet they entertain a notion, that an entrance was once accomplished: and they describe the interior as a magnificently *vaulted* stone chamber, formed by enormous slabs, seeming as if they would crush the spectator."

STRAITS OF YENIKALE, WITH THE BAY AND TOWN OF KERTCH,

FROM THE OLD FORTRESS OF YENIKALE.

The town and fortress of Yenikale have already been described in reference to the second drawing of the series.

This view embraces nearly the whole of the ground crossed by our troops from the point at which they landed, marked by the position of the smaller steamers used for the purpose of transport over the heights covered with tumuli, through Kertch, round the head of the bay, and into Yenikale, inside whose fortress the spectator is supposed to take his stand. Here a party of French soldiers are hard at work, repairing the crumbling walls, whose loosened stones, with weeds and grass growing out of their interstices, tell an unmistakeable tale of decay and neglect. Beyond the walls are two new lines of earthworks rapidly approaching completion ; the outer one extending from the sea, through the middle of the camp, and surmounted on the top by a very strong redoubt ; and the inner line at about half a mile distance from the other. The town of Yenikale is on the slope of ground to the right of the fortress, beyond which the masts of the Sphynx, the vessel left in charge of the place, are just distinguished. In the distance the Asiatic shore of the straits is discernible.

FUNERAL CORTEGE OF LORD RAGLAN LEAVING HEAD-QUARTERS.

The unsuccessful attack of the 18th June, the failure of which is now generally attributed to the disregard of Lord Raglan's wish that the bombardment should be renewed for a few hours on that morning prior to the assault, was observed to prey heavily on his spirits. While still suffering from the shock of this reverse, the English Commander-in-Chief sustained a loss which he felt most acutely in the death of the Adjutant-General, Estcourt, an officer whose amiability of disposition and kindness of manner had rendered him universally popular, and for whom Lord Raglan entertained a warm feeling of personal attachment, coupled with a strong appreciation of his invaluable services on the Staff. General Estcourt was

W. Simpson del. C. M.c Culloch, lith London. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

STRAITS OF YENIKALE WITH THE BAY AND TOWN OF KERTCH FROM THE OLD FORTRESS OF YENIKALE

W Simpson, del. T Picken lith. London, P&D Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF LORD RAGLAN LEAVING HEAD QUARTERS

buried on the 24th, when Lord Raglan, who was suffering from diarrhœa, was too ill to quit his house. He was never to quit it again. No fears were entertained for his safety, however, at first; but on the 27th he became worse, and though he rallied slightly the following morning, he sank again towards the afternoon, and at half-past eight in the evening he expired peacefully and without pain, surrounded by the members of his Staff. The grief inspired by his loss was universal, deep, and sincere.

During a long and honourable life, of which considerably more than half a century was devoted to the unwearying and conscientious service of his country, and in which he displayed talents of the very highest order, his public conduct was such as to secure him the respect and confidence of men of all parties, while the winning grace of his manners and the native excellence of his heart endeared him to all who were brought within the range of their influence.

At the outset of his career he was associated as Military Secretary with the greatest captain of the age, and, while thus acquiring in the most practical of all schools the knowledge which would fit him for the duties of command, his great abilities obtained for him the respect, the affection, the approval, and even the deference, of his chief, who, little accustomed to rely on any other mind than his own, always received with marked attention any suggestion coming from Lord Fitzroy Somerset.

There was no action or service in which the Duke of Wellington was engaged in the Peninsula in which Lord Raglan did not bear a part, and at the siege of Badajos he was amongst the foremost in the breach at the capture of that fortress, and it was to him that the Governor of the place delivered up his sword. He was wounded at Busaco, and lost his right arm at Waterloo; but his active and energetic mind scorned the repose which he might have deemed fairly earned by years of brilliant and hazardous service. For forty years, under successive Commanders-in-Chief, he discharged with unremitting assiduity the arduous and delicate duties of Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, with such unswerving justice, and with such exquisite courtesy and kindness, that, as was truly remarked by the Duke of Cambridge, "there was not a single officer in the British Army who had occasion to address Lord Raglan, but felt that he was dealing with an intimate and personal friend." On the death of the Duke of Wellington it was justly and universally felt, that there was none on whom the mantle of that illustrious man could so fitly descend, as on the faithful comrade of his perils and successes, the trusted sharer of his councils, and the peculiar recipient of his

confidence. Lord Fitzroy Somerset was raised to the peerage by the title which will be for ever associated with one of the most glorious, though saddest pages of history, and assumed the supreme direction of affairs at the Horse Guards, only to abandon at the call of duty a post for which he was eminently fitted, and which promised an honourable provision for the declining years of one who had given too much care to the affairs of his country to permit him to improve his own. In obedience to the desire of his Queen and to the unanimous voice of the nation, Lord Raglan assumed at the commencement of the war with Russia the command of the British expeditionary force, quitting thus a lucrative employment for a service whose perils he knew while he braved them. His services in the Crimea were too eminent, and must still be too recent in the mind of every reader, to need recapitulation here; but amongst them not the least important or remarkable was the admirable tact with which he surmounted the difficulties of a divided command, conciliated his independence of action with the most cordial co-operation with his several colleagues, and cemented the union between the Allied Armies.

The French soldiers had been the witnesses of his valour in the field; their commanders knew by experience his prudence and temper in council; and how much these qualities had endeared him to all ranks of that great and gallant army may be gathered from the eloquent yet simple and touching terms in which Marshal Pelissier communicated to it the loss of his beloved colleague; and which are quoted in a former page. Though he was not spared to witness the triumph of the cause for which he had laboured so unwaveringly and so well, and though the soldier's death which he had braved in so many stricken fields was not granted him, as unfading a glory surrounds the termination of a career pursued in honour and closed at the post of duty and of danger.

The strange and gorgeous spectacle presented by the line of route, as the earthly remains of this great and good man were conveyed to Kazatch Bay to be embarked for England, has been so frequently and vividly described by other and abler pens, that it cannot be unfamiliar to the reader. And Mr. Simpson's drawing, the details of which will be found explained in the accompanying key-plate, tells its own story so graphically, as to render any written illustration superfluous.

W. Simpson, del. — T. Picken, lith.

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & C.°

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT KERTCH

9th June 1855.

W. Simpson. del. T. Picken, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

THE TOWN BATTERIES OR INTERIOR FORTIFICATIONS OF SEBASTOPOL

23rd June 1855

THE TOWN BATTERIES OR INTERIOR FORTIFICATIONS OF SEBASTOPOL,

FROM THE ADVANCED PARALLEL OF CHAPMAN'S ATTACK,
23RD JUNE, 1855.

This view is taken from the advanced parallel of the left attack, which was always occupied by the Rifles, and shows the head of the South Harbour with the town beyond, the corner of the Barrack Batteries on the one side, and the Garden and Flagstaff Batteries on the other. It is here that the Woronzoff Road approaches the town: there are three embrasures staring in the direction it comes; it crosses the piece of flat marshy ground to the westward of the Creek, and mounts by a long incline to the *Ville Civile.* By a close inspection of the picture, embrasures will be found scattered in every direction of the town, but the most important of the interior works are the two batteries on the crest of the high ground upon which the town is built: from their height and central position, they commanded the rear of all the important points of the defences of Sebastopol, except the Malakoff, and even it was scarcely beyond their range. Our troops in the attack on the Redan suffered severely from these batteries. The ruined houses on the left of the picture are where General Eyre's brigade penetrated on the 18th of June, and the cemetery which they took is just a little to the left of them. Behind the three embrasures commanding the Woronzoff Road is a picture hung up by the Russians, which contains three figures, almost as large as life, executed in rather a primitive style of art upon boards nailed together; one of them represents a Russian soldier, and another a Zouave; the third it was difficult to make out, but it is understood to be an Englishman, and the meaning of the whole, that the Ruski could fight both of them.

BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT KERTCH, 9TH JUNE, 1855.

Could the mind be divested of the associations of ruin and desolation, which inevitably attend such a scene as that here so vividly presented to us, there would be no spectacle so beautiful, as there is unquestionably none so terrible and sublime, as that of a vast conflagration seen by night.

The strange brilliant light invading the pure brightness of the heavens and paling the stars, revealing every feature of the landscape with startling distinctness, and yet clothing its most familiar forms with an unwonted aspect; the very water, whose cold surface yet mirrors back the all-pervading glow, and, like the hypocrite of passion, feigns the ardour which it cannot feel; the gorgeous colouring and graceful involutions of the lambent flame, as it gradually dies away into the fantastic, cloudlike masses of smoke, which relieve and contrast it; all these united form a scene on which the gaze will love to linger. Nor do its sterner and more destructive characteristics fail to excite feelings, which, if of a different order, are perhaps deeper and stronger from finding a closer relation and a more intimate affinity with their material cause.

The resistless force, the devouring energy, the insatiable avidity of an element, which in consuming what it embraces exhausts itself—the fire which intensifies beauty only to reduce it to smouldering ashes,—awaken an admiration which, it may be, springs from the consciousness, that, in the fiercer passions of the human heart, exist the counterparts of these, and that in one of its most secret recesses may be latent a spark, which might light a flame as unquenchable in its nature and as fatal in its effects.

Some feelings of regret were, perhaps, spared to those who gazed with awe and wonder on the burning of the Government buildings at Kertch, from their ignorance of the fact, that, had a little more deliberation been used, they might have been saved. So, however, it was; and it is hardly possible to suppose, that the sanction of the authorities would have been given to this wholesale destruction, had it been known that Kertch would be so long in the occupation of the Allies.

The drawing was taken from the sea, whence the view must, indeed, have been magnificent. The whole length of the quay was covered with public buildings, not one of which escaped the flames. The house behind the clump of trees, burning with such fury, was the governor's; and other edifices of equal importance carry on the eye of the spectator to the extreme distance, the last building visible being a mill belonging to an Englishman named Plating.* The dark outline of Mount Mithridates, surmounted by the cold columns of the Museum and Stamkoffsky's tomb, forms the background of the picture.

* This mill, which was worked by steam, formed an exception to the rule which spared private property; and was destroyed in consequence of its having been extensively employed by the Russian authorities in grinding grain.

W. Simpson, del. T. Picken, lith. London P.&D. Colnaghi&Co.ts Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE INTERIOR OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD QUARTERS . . A COUNCIL OF WAR

INTERIOR OF LORD RAGLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

Among the many caprices of fortune, one, certainly not the least singular, was that which converted a modest farm-house, in an out-of-the-way spot, in a comparatively unknown and little-visited country, into a hall of grave debate, in which the fate of empires was discussed and decided, by men on whose deliberations and on whose deeds hung the history of the present, and the future of generations yet unborn. In this very room, perhaps, the Greek master of the homestead, returning from the labours of the farm, sought refreshment of body and repose of mind in the frugal repast shared with those for whom his daily toil provided, and prepared, it may be, by the "neat-handed Phillis," whose labour was one of love. And amidst the many evidences of comfort and decency with which the modern Greek women still love to embellish in housewifely guise the home of their lords, while the spinning-wheel of the thrifty mother went rapidly round, the father may have bidden his boys read to him one of the still-cherished legends of the far-off days, and listened with dreamy pleasure, not unmixed with pride, to the soft tones in which, in a language even now unparalleled for sweetness and power, the story was told of the great deeds of Alexander and the surprising feats of his horse Bucephalus, or of the godlike valour and surpassing strength of the fabled destroyer of the Hydra, the invincible achiever of the Twelve Labours.

Little would this simple family, pursuing the even tenor of a life like this, have deemed that the hour was not far distant, when the rude presence of the invader would drive them from their peaceful home; and that, within the very walls which had often echoed the narrative of the Siege of Troy, the conduct of a siege, inferior to that in duration only, would be determined by the descendants of Western barbarians, coming from lands which were a wilderness when Greece was in its glory.

May we not, without pursuing our hypothesis too far, yet picture the banished inhabitant, restored by peace to his unforgotten Lares, and in years to come, as with senile garrulity he recounts to those around him the events of the great invasion, pointing out, with a not ungraceful vanity, the very table at which sat the victor of Oltenitza and Kalafat; the French commander, invested with a legendary halo of African exploits; the Admirals, whose mighty armaments had swept the Euxine and the lake

Mœotis; and where presided the brave and gentle hero of the Alma, the good Lord Raglan, the chivalrous descendant of one of England's most illustrious houses?

CAMP OF THE FOURTH DIVISION, July 15th, 1855.

This drawing shows only the central part of the camp of the 4th Division, which was placed on the two sides of a hill, thus rendering it impossible to obtain a point of view embracing the whole of it. The reader, who is familiar with some of Mr. Simpson's sketches of camps during the winter, will not fail to be struck with the marked contrast between the scene of desolation and misery which they presented, and the evidences of comfort and plenty which here abound in the poultry, goats, and sheep to be seen in every direction. Huts are now thickly interspersed with the tents, and the men have reassumed the distinctive military characteristics of the British soldier, and, cap-covers excepted, might pass muster at Aldershot.

Starting from the extreme left, the tents on this side of the hill are those of the 57th, 20th, and 17th regiments; next to them the 55th; more to the right, on the opposite side, is the Woronzoff Road, with a French camp on the rising ground above it; a small stone building, on the left of the foreground, was the house of the late Colonel Shadforth, who fell in the unsuccessful attack on the Redan on the 18th of June, while leading in the most gallant manner his own regiment, the 57th, or, as their spirit-stirring appellation goes, the "Die-hards," whom he had taught to regard him rather in the light of a father than a mere commanding officer. Nearly in a line with this, and beyond the tents of the 55th, is the Artillery camp of the 2nd Division, between which and the camp of the Royals, which is further to the right in the same line, runs the railway.

In the distance, the range of heights on the left terminates in the abrupt headland of Cape Aia, immediately below which, though considerably nearer to the spectator, the Guards and Highlanders were encamped after their return from Balaklava.

The tents in the distance on the right are those of the 39th regiment, and parts of the 3rd and 4th Divisions; the 48th are grouped round the cluster of huts and marquees a little to the right of the centre of the drawing; while the Rifle Brigade occupy the ground in the middle distance, on the extreme right of the picture.

W. Simpson, del. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen

CAMP OF THE 4TH DIVISION

July 15th 1854

W. Simpson, del

London, P&D. Colnaghi & Cº

Day & Son, lithrs to the Queen

CAVALRY CAMP

July 9th 1855.

W. Simpson, del. London, P & D Colnaghi & Co Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

CAMP OF THE LIGHT DIVISION

CAVALRY CAMP, July 9th, 1855.

A very few words will suffice to explain the details of this bustling and animated scene presented by the cavalry camp, which was situated in one of the most picturesque spots of the plateau occupied by the Allies. The tents in the foreground are those of the Enniskillens ; immediately behind are the 4th Light Dragoons ; and cresting the hill above them the 10th Hussars. The 11th Hussars are on the incline of the hill, below and to the right of the 4th Light Dragoons—next to these, in the same direction, are the Royals. The regiment drawn up on parade is the 13th Light Dragoons—next to these the 8th Hussars and 5th Dragoon Guards, and in the middle distance, on the extreme right, is Major Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery. The huts and tents of the Scots Greys and Enniskillens occupy the whole front of the picture. The officers, whose portraits the artist has preserved, are, counting from the left of the spectator, Colonel Peel, of the 11th Hussars, Major Fellowes, A.Q.M.G., Major Conolly, General Scarlett, Colonel Scarlett, A.D.C., and Colonel Yates of the 11th.

CAMP OF THE LIGHT DIVISION FROM THE WORONZOFF ROAD.

This view is taken from the Woronzoff Road, about a mile and a half from Sebastopol, looking a point or so south of east. "By placing," says Mr. Simpson, "the view of the Fourth Division on the right of this one, and the Third to the right of it again, you will have a slight panorama of the camp upon the heights. The foregrounds are all different, being from different localities, but the distance of each is partly repeated in the other." The ridge in the foreground, on which two English soldiers are conversing with a Zouave, and some goats and a sheep are browsing, leads up to the picket-house, and the ridge immediately beyond it, to the Victoria Redoubt ; beyond this again are the Heights of Inkermann, where the Second Division was encamped prior to the 5th November. Beyond Inkermann to the right is Mackenzie's farm, above which in the far distance towers the colossal form of the Tchatir Dagh, the highest mountain in the Crimea. Following the lower range of heights to a point somewhat beyond the centre of the drawing, the eye catches the opening of the Baidar Valley, the romantic

beauty of whose scenery has been the favourite topic of almost every tourist in this country. The different regiments, whose camps fill the centre of the picture, and extend from the extreme left to the Woronzoff Road, are in this order — the 2nd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade; the 33rd regiment; the right wing of the 7th; the 23rd; the 97th; Siege Train, right attack; 19th regiment; left wing of the 19th; the 83rd, drawn up in line; the 90th; and the 77th.

CAMP OF THE THIRD DIVISION.

Mr. Simpson describes the principal features of this drawing, and the circumstances under which it was taken, as follows :—

"As the point from which I took this gave a very pretty peep of Sebastopol, I extended my drawing on the right to include it. I was still further tempted to do this, as it shows a road which must be too familiar to every one in the Third Division, leading into the trenches of the English left attack. You also see the principal part of Chapman's Battery. The storm which I have introduced occurred while I was sketching, and I had to finish my work in one of the tents of the 63rd.

"The rain came down obscuring the horizon, and casting a black shadow over the water, so that Sebastopol came out clear and white. I have introduced a relief going down to the trenches. As you pass through the camp now you are sure to find the men at the game I have shown in the foreground, and which is the more characteristic from its being played with cannon-balls. The green and blue tents are canteens. This view shows all the ground occupied by the Third Division through the winter."

For the satisfaction of those to whom these camps are associated, either in the past or in the present, with the absent living or the unforgotten dead, we will endeavour, as we have done in the three preceding views, to trace out here as accurately as possible the exact position occupied by each regiment of the division. The first row of tents then on the extreme left* are those of the 17th regiment; the next cluster to the right, with the two parallel rows beyond them, belong to the 89th; parallel to these again are the 38th; still more to the right and in the middle distance the 28th and the 44th, over whose tents there is just a glimpse of Kamiesch, with its bay and shipping; the huts immediately next to the 38th are those of the

* It should be remarked that in these descriptions, unless it be otherwise specified, the terms "left" and "right" refer to the position of the spectator.

W. Simpson, del. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

CAMP OF THE 3RD DIVISION.

July 9th 1855.

W. Simpson del. & lith. H.M. Hayward imp.

London, Ed. Colnaghi & Co.

Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

SKETCH IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MAMELON VERT

looking South

Engineer department; behind which are the tents of the 50th; to the right again and somewhat in advance, the park of the Royal Artillery; next to these and still more forward are the Sappers; and farther back again and still to the right, the 1st Battalion of the Royals. The 4th regiment are in the last camp to the left of the Flagstaff Battery, where a puff of smoke announces that a gun has been just fired. Then comes Sebastopol itself, with Chapman's Battery, before referred to, in front of it; the view terminating on the right with a portion of the Redan.

SKETCH IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MAMELON VERT, LOOKING SOUTH.

The full importance of the position of this celebrated earthwork, to obtain possession of which cost the French so much labour and blood, was not fully appreciated until the Russians seized the hill in the early spring, and established themselves strongly in it. It has indeed been stated that Colonel Gordon from the first saw the advantages which its occupation would confer on either side, and that he drew the attention of the Allied commanders to this point; but the plan of our works of offence at that time did not admit of the extension which would have been necessary in order to bring it within their limits.

Long protected by its own artillery fire, and by that of the works in its rear and on its flanks, as well as by the obstinate resolution of the defenders of the rifle-pits, the Mamelon was at length however, after a severe cannonade of more than twenty-four hours' duration, carried by assault on the 7th of June last by the French, who immediately turned and armed the work, which now became in fact an advanced battery against the Malakoff, from which it was only about 500 yards distant.

Colonel Hamley visited it in the beginning of August, and describes the interior in a passage which forms an admirable commentary on this sketch.

"A broad road," he says, "passed over the rampart of the former work, (the Mamelon), where the guns had once looked on theFrench lines, while what had been its gorge or rear when the enemy held it, was now a formidable battery, as yet unmasked, but completed, armed, and ready to open on its old ally the Round Tower. The interior was

still in a state of great confusion; Russian guns were lying dismounted and half-buried, platforms shattered, gun-carriages with their trucks in the air, and the numerous traverses which the Russians had thrown up for protection from our shells were pounded and blown by explosions into shapeless heaps, making the interior of the redoubt look like a newly-opened quarry. From one of its angles a path led to the advanced trenches and batteries, the latter beautifully finished and revetted with fascines, the guns already in them, and nothing wanting but the removal of the screen of earth still hiding the embrasures to enable them to open."

BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA, 16TH AUGUST, 1855.

The details of this great action, so glorious for the French and Sardinian arms, have been already given in the introductory portion of this work; but a brief recapitulation of its leading events may not be out of place here, to enable the reader more fully to appreciate the merit of the very spirited and accurate drawing with which Mr. Simpson has commemorated the crowning moment of the struggle.

At day-break on the morning of the 16th August the Russians, whose unconcealed preparations for several days past had announced their intention of making an attack, debouched from the heights on the opposite side of the Tchernaya, by the Mackenzie Road, which, descending into the plain, crosses the river by the Bridge of Traktir, where the French had constructed a strong *tête-de-pont*. The Russian force consisted of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, with 160 pieces of artillery, and cavalry to the amount of 6000—an imposing force, destined to carry the Fediouchine heights, a low range of hills which overlook the river, and bisect the great valley of Balaklava. These heights were occupied on the left and centre by the French, and on the right by the Sardinians, who had thrown up some redoubts on a hill across the river. This outpost was attacked and carried, after a very gallant defence, at the commencement of the battle by the Russians, who then concentrated the whole energy of their attack on the ground occupied by the French. Thrice they succeeded in crossing the river, forcing the bridge, and even crowning the heights, but only in each instance to be driven back again with immense loss. The third repulse was final, and at 8 A.M. the Russians retreated in confusion, followed as far as the river by the bayonets of the enthusiastic victors. The

W. Simpson, Del. T.M. Bryson, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

16th August 1855.

English, French, and Sardinian Cavalry had been held in reserve in the plain of Balaklava, but General Pelissier did not feel justified in employing them in pursuit of the enemy,—a task in which they would have been exposed to a murderous fire from the Russian artillery in the plain, as well as from their commanding batteries on the Mackenzie heights, and which might not improbably have led to a disaster similar to that which was the fatal peculiarity of the battle of Balaklava. The Russians therefore were enabled to carry off their guns, but their loss was enormous, amounting to nearly eight times that inflicted on the French and Sardinians. The latter behaved with that distinguished gallantry which is traditional in their army, and proved themselves, in General Pelissier's phrase, "the worthy rivals" of the magnificent troops by whose side they fought.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Simpson will give all the information which is necessary to the further elucidation of his drawing:—

"This drawing represents the principal point of this brilliant engagement. The nearest bridge crosses the aqueduct, which here makes a bend round the base of the hills which formed the French position; the bridge with the two arches crosses the Tchernaya itself; from this the Mackenzie Farm Road traverses the plain, and passes between the two rising grounds immediately over the bridge, ascending the plateau by a long incline, which may be traced on the plateau above the left of these eminences. On the high part of the plateau, to the left of the gorge, is a telegraph station, and beneath it are a battery and numerous trenches, some of which are indicated, but all along the plateau batteries and works of different kinds are to be distinguished. This drawing will give an idea of the position which the Russians now hold; you see the heights of the plateau, and in some places the perpendicular character of the rocks, which extend for miles away to the south-east; on the rising ground on the left of the Mackenzie Road the Russians have made some works, and on Sunday last they began to dig with some men on the most advanced spur. From this work they opened, I think, three guns; and it was from these that they fired upon the French whilst employed with their litters in carrying off the wounded Russians from the field of battle. The smoke still in advance is from the artillery of the enemy; and that up the valley, to the right of the picture, marks the spot where the attack was made upon the Sardinian position.

"On the hill, almost above the little house, are some works occupied by their advanced posts: the little house is one of many which are placed along

the aqueduct. Here Lord Raglan slept in September last, when the army passed the bridge (on the flank march).

"I need not attempt to give a description of this engagement. It will be sufficient to say that the bridges were the principal objects of the attack, and the number of dead and wounded evidences the severity of the conflict. I may tell you that all the dead in the foreground are from sketches made on the spot; they had no knapsacks, but in large bags slung round their necks they each carried a great quantity of their black bread, baked in very large loaves. This was a more marked feature of the ground than the cannon-balls, and I have attempted to suggest its appearance in the foreground."

VALLEY OF TCHERNAYA, LOOKING NORTH.

This peaceful and romantic scene contrasts forcibly and naturally with the preceding view, which represents a large portion of the same ground, serving as the theatre of one of those sanguinary struggles in which the admiration, roused by the most exquisite beauties of nature, is for a while suspended by the absorbing interest attaching to the actors in so terrible a tragedy.

Following the course of the Tchernaya, from the village of Tchergoun on the right of the picture, the spectator reaches the nearer of the two hills occupied by the Sardinian out-posts on the morning of the 16th August. Immediately behind this is the bridge by which the aqueduct crosses the river, surmounted by a rising ground, on which a body of Russians, independent of those who attacked the Traktir bridge, was directed, with the intention of taking the French position in flank. The Traktir Bridge is the last one visible in this direction. From this point the river winds in a course whose true direction is nearly due north, to the bold and picturesque gorge of Inkermann, through which it empties itself into the harbour of Sebastopol. A battery which is visible cresting the left Inkermann heights is that of the *Champ de Bataille*, constructed by the French subsequently to the 5th November, 1854. In the extreme distance is the plateau occupied by the Russians, Khutor Mackenzie being just indicated on the ridge, nearly in the centre of the picture, to the right of the telegraph. From this point the Mackenzie Farm Road may be traced along the heights, winding down the plain, which it reaches at a point beyond the more distant Sardinian redoubt. In the plain below, and a little to the left of

W. Simpson, del. — R. M. Bryson, lith. London P&D Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

VALLEY OF THE TCHERNAYA

looking North

BALAKLAVA SHEWING THE STATE OF THE QUAYS & THE SHIPPING

in May 1855

Khutor Mackenzie, is a village, near to which is a small mamelon, on which the advanced cavalry picket of the Sardinians was posted. The foreground is occupied by two or three groups of Sardinian officers of the line, and *bersaglieri*, or sharpshooters — the latter are easily to be distinguished by their picturesque-looking hats, ornamented with plumes of cocks' feathers.

The valley of the Tchernaya is remarkable for its luxuriant verdure, and for the numerous and beautiful wild flowers which in spring burst forth on all sides in the most lavish profusion; whilst at intervals clumps of trees, principally the prickly-leaved ash, relieve the eye and diversify the landscape. That part of the valley which surrounds Tchergoun is preferred by Clarke even to the boasted scenery of the Valley of Baidar. Here, surrounded by tall poplars, is a very singular-looking polygonal tower, covered by a dome, which was supposed by that accurate and entertaining traveller to have been built as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the village, at a time when the Black Sea swarmed with corsairs, who invaded the coast, and ransacked the peaceful valleys of the Crimea.

BALAKLAVA,

SHOWING THE STATE OF THE QUAYS AND THE SHIPPING IN MAY, 1855.

This drawing may be taken as a pendant to one in the First Series of this work, entitled "Balaklava, looking towards the Sea," and, independent of its great artistic merit, is valuable as paying an impartial and unanswerable tribute to the memory of the late lamented Admiral Boxer, an officer whose devoted and unremitting exertions for the public service could not protect him from the detraction with which, at one period, almost every person holding a post of responsibility in the Crimea was visited. The admirable order and arrangements of the harbour, whereby so many vessels of the largest size were accommodated within its narrow limits, without crowding or confusion, and a clear gangway maintained for boats going from ship to ship, or vessels entering and departing; the water, which, in the earliest days of the occupation threatened to become more foul than the Thames, and more noxious than a cesspool, so scrupulously preserved from impurity that it almost resembled an inland lake; the substantial and ample quays, patiently and laboriously constructed with stone, procured by blasting from the solid rock — all these vast and important improvements were due to the

unwearying activity and the constant personal supervision of that faithful and conscientious servant of the public, who, like so many of his fellow-labourers, sacrificed his life in the discharge of his duty to a country, whose ingratitude, the rickety offspring of impatience and misrepresentation, was not destined long to survive its parents. Without favour, affection, or exaggeration, Mr. Simpson tells the plain unvarnished tale, of whose truth he was an eye-witness: and this, the proudest monument which could be raised to the memory of Admiral Boxer, appeals with an equal force of vindication to the candid judgment of friend and foe. "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*"

CAPE AIYA,

LOOKING NORTH, TOWARDS BALAKLAVA.

This stupendous cape, distant a few miles to the south-east of Balaklava, is visible to ships coming from Constantinople long before it is possible to determine the precise position of that harbour, whose entrance scarcely makes a perceptible chasm in the rugged line of cliffs which form this portion of the coast range. The sheer walls of rock descend from an enormous height almost perpendicularly to the sea, and stern, indeed, and cruel is their aspect to the children of the deep, when the strong wind comes from the south rejoicing in its might of destruction, and drives the troubled waves with their hapless burden fast upon that iron barrier. Gloomy looks Cape Aiya when the dank Black-Sea fog clings round its summit, and the bright light of heaven is obscured by cloud-drifts; but when the warm sunbeams play upon the verdant undergrowth which here and there clothes its sides, and the variegated surface of the rock reflects their rays in tints which Iris might envy, the impressions of terror and desolation are forgotten in the surpassing beauty of the scene. The artist has chosen to portray the promontory in one of its more modified aspects—"half sunshine, half tears," and the fitful light which gleams over land and sea comes from a heaven which has no menace for the stately craft in the offing.

This drawing marks the entrance to the harbour of Balaklava, with the familiar Genoese fort on its right, and between the ship and the promontory, almost hidden by the rain, the extreme limit of the defences of Balaklava to the right, the hill generally known as the Crow's Nest, on which the Marines and Rifles were encamped.

W. Simpson. del. — J. Needham. lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & C.° Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

CAPE AIYA. LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS BALAKLAVA.

W. Simpson del. — J. Needham, lith

London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Cº

Day & Son, Lithrs to the Queen

THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR, FROM REAR PETROSKI'S VILLA LOOKING EAST

THE VALLEY OF BAIDAR,

FROM NEAR PETROSKI'S VILLA, LOOKING EAST.

The reader who is acquainted with the long-waged and still undecided dispute as to the beauty of the Valley of Baidar, and whose wanderings have not led him into this portion of the Crimea, will be grateful for the excellent opportunity which Mr. Simpson has afforded him of determining for himself the merits of the question. No book of travels in the Crimea with which we are acquainted fails to record the impressions of its author as to a scene, a visit to which has now become a traditional obligation of the tribe; and no two descriptions agree with each other. "Even the vales of Caucasus," says Pallas, "far surpass this celebrated spot." Clarke considers that it will not bear comparison with many of the beautiful scenes in Switzerland, nor even with those in Norway and Sweden. Koch declares that the heights which inclose it are unromantic and tame, while Demidoff as roundly asserts that it owes its character of stern beauty to the lofty and majestic mountains which surround it. Scott takes Clarke to task for his comparison, which he declares untenable, and, denying that any of the countries mentioned by the Doctor contain any valley at all resembling that of Baidar, pronounces the latter "beautiful;" and Oliphant professes himself disappointed with the *Crimean Tempe*, and half hints that he considers the *Tauric Arcadia* as a designation more flattering than just.

In this distressing conflict of opinion we are averse to hazarding any judgment of our own, and shall therefore confine ourselves to an enumeration of the features of the landscape which the artist has deemed most appropriate to the illustration of *his* view of the subject.

The ground embraced in the drawing is very considerable, and probably gives nearly the whole extent of the valley, which, of a trough-like shape, is about thirty miles in circumference, or about ten in length and six in width. The foreground is filled with trees and shrubs, which are of great luxuriance and beauty, and amongst which the oak predominates, though wild pear, crab, and Carnelian cherry-trees are also to be met with. The Tartar houses are mostly situated in the centre of pleasant gardens; and numberless clear streams, descending from the heights, irrigate the plain and communicate a refreshing coolness to the atmosphere. Petroski's villa, stated to be a shooting-lodge of Prince Woronzoff, has a pretty appearance when seen from a distance, peeping through the woods, but will not bear a

closer inspection. In the distance, to the left of it, lies the village of Baidar, near which is the camp of a few detachments of the English Light Cavalry. From the village the Woronzoff Road winds by a gradual ascent up the hills which to the south separate the Valley of Baidar from the sea, passing at the summit under an archway of solid granite, from whence an extensive view of the whole coast range is obtained. The road, which is thirty miles in length, and constructed in defiance of very considerable engineering difficulties, now passes through a tunnel in the rocks, forty or fifty yards long, and follows the line of coast to the east in the direction of Yalta. On the right of the foreground are some Turkish tents, among which an occasional green one is a marked feature.

As a guide to the relative positions of the Allies and the Russians it may be observed, that the former hold the whole of the plain, while the heights in the distance are in possession of the latter.

THE ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF.

We are indebted to Colonel Hamley for the following description of this work, as it existed at the moment of the final assault:—

"The Malakoff Hill is an eminence towering over all the rest. The stone building known by us as the Round Tower, which was of semicircular form, had originally an upper story, and on the flat roof a battery was mounted. In the first urgency of defence, this tower had been regarded as the citadel of this part of the works; and the earthen rampart covering it, following its shape, was also made semicircular, and was called by the French and Russians the Kornileff Bastion. Eventually an entire inclosed work, in the form of an irregular redoubt, had been made in rear of the tower, communicating with the left flank of the work covering it. The upper part of the tower, rendered ruinous in our first bombardment, had been long since pulled down, and only a small portion of the masonry of the lower story appeared over the ramparts."

The point chosen for delineation in this drawing is the outer corner of the Malakoff, at which spot the French had pushed their approaches to within fifteen yards of the ditch, which was from twelve to eighteen feet in width by about twenty in depth. The spectator is supposed to be looking to the south towards the Redan, which, as well as our advanced trenches before it, are slightly shown in the distance. The Russians,

W. Simpson, del. J. Needham, lith. London, P&D Colnaghi & Co.ª Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF

W. Simpson, del. J Needham lith. London, P & D Colnaghi & C° Day & Son, lith^rs to the Queen

THE INTERIOR OF THE REDAN.

taken from its left face looking towards the Salient angle looking South

completely thrown off their guard, and utterly unprepared for the attack, at first yielded the possession of the redoubt almost without a struggle. They soon, however, recovered from their first surprise, and for some time large masses of troops were directed on the work, and the most desperate efforts made to retake it; but they never for a moment succeeded in shaking the hold so rapidly gained by the French. The conflict is at its hottest. A French officer, firmly grasping the tricolor, stands, unharmed amidst a shower of missiles, on the summit of the earthwork, and from this conspicuous position encourages the assailants to rally to the emblem of victory.

Numerous bridges of planks and scaling-ladders have been hastily thrown across the ditch; and, having traversed these, a mêlée of linesmen and Zouaves are swarming with incredible agility and ardour up the steep sides of the Malakoff. At this point there are no guns mounted, the Russians, after the capture of the Mamelon, having built up the embrasures in this part of the work. Farther to the right, a desperate hand-to-hand fight is taking place for the possession of two embrasures which are still open, where assailants and defenders are clubbing their muskets and interchanging bayonet-thrusts. On the proper right face of the Malakoff the guns are still being fired with too fatal effect.

The Zouaves, as usual, were the heroes of this most successful achievement, which, in fact, decided the fate of Sebastopol; amongst them are some of the *indigènes*, who may be distinguished by their dress being of a different colour, that is to say, light blue with orange facings.

"The interior of the work," says Mr. Simpson, "is a sort of Cretan labyrinth of parapets and trenches, each of which, had they been in the hands of proper men, might have become a pass of Thermopylæ."

THE INTERIOR OF THE REDAN,

TAKEN FROM THE LEFT FACE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SALIENT ANGLE, LOOKING SOUTH.

The Redan, as is well known, was the principal Russian work on which the energies of the English attack were concentrated, and the sanguinary and unsuccessful attempts which on two successive occasions were made by our gallant troops to obtain possession of it, and which

were only relinquished after they had left half their numbers around and within its fatal precincts, invest this portion of the defences of Sebastopol with an interest to which, for the countrymen of the assailants, that of all the rest of the Russian works is necessarily subordinate. We have elsewhere recorded our opinion as to the manner in which these repulses, and more especially the later one, affect the reputation of the British army; the details of the two attacks will be found in the earlier portion of these pages; and we shall now, therefore, leave the reader in the hands of Mr. Simpson, who thus describes his own drawing:

"As these works are made to afford cover from missiles coming from every direction, it becomes difficult to find a spot from which you can see much beyond where you happen to be standing.

"In our batteries there is only one parapet in front, but in the Redan you may say that there is a parapet in the rear, with openings here and there for the men to pass in and out. These two parapets are connected at short intervals by very strong traverses, under all of which are bomb-proof holes and caves where the men found shelter. This peculiarity of the work I have endeavoured to show in the drawing on the right of the flags; but on the left face, instead of a parapet behind, there is a large mass of work thrown up, forming a curtain between every traverse, and leaving a passage at each corner.

"In the embrasure of the gun in the foreground, I have shown the mantelets made of ropes, which were employed to cover the gunners from the fire of our riflemen. On the salient angle itself is a space, and a slope up to it (which I have indicated), to which when an assault was made the Russians took up field-pieces. I noticed similar places in other parts of the works.

"The long battery in the distance is our left attack; and the small space outside the Redan, marked by a group of figures, is the ground over which our troops marched to the assault. The explosions on the right are some of the mines in the Garden or Flagstaff Battery. In the rear of the Redan, the ground is all ploughed up with our shot and shell, which are scattered about in every direction, mixed with the damaged guns of the enemy."

W Simpson, del. W Trask, lith. London, P & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen

CHURCH IN THE REAR OF THE REDAN, LOOKING NORTH.—SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF SHOT AND SHELL.

W. Simpson. del. — W. Trask, lith. London. P. & D. Colnaghi & C.° Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF FORT NICHOLAS, LOOKING SOUTH

CHURCH IN THE REAR OF THE REDAN, LOOKING NORTH,

SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF SHOT AND SHELL.

"This pretty little church, rendered still more picturesque by the battering it has received, is situated amongst a number of buildings close to the rear of the Redan. These buildings are now nothing but a mass of rent and crumbling walls, and will convey some notion of the effects of shot and shell. All the church-bells are placed in wooden erections outside the main building, one of which is shown in the drawing. In this case not only has the wooden house suffered, but the bell itself has been struck and half of it knocked away. The long line of front in the distance is part of the Arsenal: here were some batteries intended to command the rear of the Redan. To the left, the large creek lies between the spectator and the town, which is seen on the heights beyond."

This drawing is supposed to represent the morning after the evacuation by the Russians of the South Side; the masses of smoke issuing from behind the Arsenal, come from the dockyard buildings and some of the ships which were on fire at that time.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE REAR OF FORT NICHOLAS,

LOOKING SOUTH.

This view supplies a very important deficiency in our estimate of the defences of Sebastopol, by making us acquainted with the rear of the Malakoff and Redan, and their exact position in reference to the Karabelnaia, or that portion of Sebastopol situated on the eastern side of the Inner Harbour, and which contained the Docks, the Arsenal, the Barracks, and the Military Hospital.

On the extreme left of the picture are seen a long range of government store-houses, built on the edge of the water, and which extend for some distance to the back of a spit of land forming the entrance of the Docks. Immediately above the store-houses is the Karabelnaia suburb properly so called, separated from the dockyard buildings by a long white wall. At the back of the dockyard rises the hill of Malakoff, whose importance as the key of this part of the position is the more easily applicable, as it is perceived to be higher than any of the ground near it, which it consequently

commands. The Arsenal is the large square block of buildings with the high embanked wall, lying between the Malakoff and the Redan, the latter of which works may be identified by the British flag, which is faintly visible at its summit. Below the Redan is another portion of the *slobode* or faubourg, composed of uniform lines of cottages, which used to be inhabited by the married sailors. The line of heights on the opposite side of the harbour terminates in the barrack battery, beyond which in the far distance may be discerned a few of the embrasures of one of the advanced batteries of the English left attack. Crossing the bay now, we are in the *Ville Civile*, some of the principal buildings of which are shown in this drawing. Amongst these is a large church in a peculiar style of architecture, a mixture of the Gothic and Moorish. Beyond this is another church surrounded by Doric columns, and built on the model of the Temple of Theseus at Athens. This edifice was for a long time supposed to be a military club-house, and was so described in the First Series of this work. On the highest point to the right is the Government House, of which nothing now remains but the bare walls.

All the foreground of this picture is the ground leading immediately to the spot where the bridge was constructed, forming the communication with the north side, and was scattered all over with every variety of article left or dropped in the haste of flight. A number of field-artillery guns, which must have been too late to get over, had been tumbled into the sea and were lying in the utmost confusion, with here and there the dirty grey coat of a deceased Ruski, contrasting rather dismally with the bright green of the gun-carriages and the blue waves of the Euxine. The stretcher deeply stained with Russian blood lies there, recalling the fearful scenes of the siege.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH,

AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

On the 27th August, the English Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, accompanied by several members of the Legation, had come from Constantinople for the purpose, invested the military and naval officers, who had been selected for this honour, with the insignia of the Order of the Bath.

This imposing ceremony took place at the head-quarters of General

W. Simpson, del. — W. Trask, lith. London, P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith.rs to the Queen.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH AT THE HEAD QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH ARMY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL

W Simpson, del _W Trask, lith

London, P & D. Colnaghi & Cº

Day & Son, Lithrs to the Queen

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL FROM THE TOP OF THE HARBOUR

22nd June 1855

Simpson, in the midst of a brilliant assembly of the superior officers of the four allied armies and of the fleets, among whom were the French, English, and Sardinian Commanders-in-Chief. In the courtyard of the house a pavilion had been formed of flags.

Above waved the Standard of England, flanked by the British ensign and the French tricolor, and by the Sardinian and Turkish colours. A guard of honour from the household troops was in attendance, and with detachments of infantry and cavalry lined the sides of the square of buildings.

The proceedings were inaugurated by the delivery by the Ambassador of a dignified and eloquent address, in which, after a sketch of the character and history of the Most Honourable Order, he remarked upon the unprecedented nature of the investiture, occurring, as it did, almost on the ground where the services had been rendered and the exploits achieved, for which the honour was conferred, and nearly under fire of the enemy's guns. Sir Colin Campbell and Sir Edmund Lyons each spoke a few words in reply. The several knights were then respectively invested with the insignia of their class; the troops presented arms; the band played God save the Queen; the artillery fired a royal salute; and the assembled force, amounting to about 1000 men, filed off.

The day was singularly propitious; and the brilliant spectacle, which derived a deep significance from the circumstances referred to by Lord Stratford, and which was calculated to make a strong impression on the spectators no less than on the actors in the scene, passed off with all possible *éclat*.

THE NORTH SIDE OF THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL,

FROM THE TOP OF THE HARBOUR, 22ND JUNE, 1855.

This view is taken from a spur of one of the hills in rear of the field of Inkermann, where the French have a picquet posted; and it may be considered as a pendant to one in the First Series which shows the head of the harbour. On the crest of the hill on this side of the bay are the embrasures of some of the French batteries: at its base runs the Inkermann Road, crossing at this point the Aqueduct, which, at the period when the drawing was made, had been so long dry, that its channel was choked up with weeds, grass, and bushes. In the foreground two or three French riflemen are crouching behind some loose fragments of rock, anxiously

watching for the chance of a shot at any unwary Russian who may show himself within range. Not a ripple disturbs the calm surface of the water on this bright summer's day, and its clear expanse would be unbroken, but that here and there portions of the wrecks of sunken ships emerge into sight. The opposite shore from Fort Constantine at the entrance of the harbour to the work on the right, where the Inkermann West Lighthouse formerly stood, bristles with batteries constructed on an enormous scale and finished with the most elaborate care. These vast preparations for defence were carried on *pari passu* with those on the South Side, and prove how long the Russians must have contemplated the probability of their being compelled to retreat across the harbour.

There is very little information as to the precise names of these different batteries, and, so unimportant is the *rôle* to which the course of events has reduced them, that the deficiency will scarcely be regretted. Since the Allies occupied the South Side, even those forts from which it was supposed to be commanded have been utterly impotent for mischief, and the casualties caused by them have been absurdly incommensurate with the vast expenditure of ammunition wasted in their abortive fire. Amongst them, however, are two which must not be omitted to be noticed. These are the Wasp and Telegraph batteries, which caused so much annoyance to the fleets in their attack on the seaward forts on the 17th October, 1854. They are the dark line which will be perceived against the sea a little above Fort Constantine.

The three capes at the upper end of the harbour are of limestone, of such a brilliant whiteness as to be dazzling and painful to the eye.

DITCH OF THE BASTION DU MÂT.

Up to the middle of May the French pushed their approaches with the greatest vigour in the direction of the works protecting the town of Sebastopol, the *Ville Civile* as distinguished from the Karabelnaia. All these works were to the left of the head of the inner harbour, and amongst them the Bastion du Mât seems to have been regarded both by assailants and defenders as the key of the position. The Russians in consequence exhausted the resources of engineering in adding to its strength, and so effectually did they carry out this object, that they succeeded in making it

W. Simpson. del. E. Walker. lith. London, P&D Colnaghi & Co. Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen.

DITCH OF THE BASTION DU MAT

by far the most impracticable point in the whole of their vast chain of defences. The French, indeed, seem to have considered it impregnable, for, subsequently to the above date, when their advanced parallel was already within a quite inconsiderable distance of the bastion, their efforts in this direction seem to have been completely abandoned, and all the energy of their attack was concentrated on the Malakoff and the works at the head of Careening Bay. On the day of the final assault, when every other point was made the object of an attack either real or feigned, no attempt whatever was made upon the Bastion du Mât: a fact which can only be accounted for on the hypothesis just suggested. The drawing to which we now beg the reader's attention is especially calculated to illustrate the manner in which this work was rendered so extremely formidable; and a detailed reference to the principal features selected for delineation in the sketch will convey an amount of information which will render the result obtained by the Russians no longer a matter of surprise.

The ditch of the bastion was of twice the ordinary width, and flanked at the further end by a caponière, or bomb-proof block-house, mounting two guns, which, of course, swept it in its entire length, and would have inflicted a loss almost amounting to annihilation on any storming party which might have penetrated so far. At regular intervals along the bottom of the ditch were square apertures leading into a mine of equal length, which communicated by small subterraneous galleries with the Russian rifle-pits in advance of the work, and with the countermines against the French approach.

The scarp was faced with a stockade, constructed of beams of wood fixed perpendicularly in the ground, and sharpened to a point at their upper extremities, which gave them a resemblance to a row of shark's teeth. The counter-scarp was perforated with caves for the protection of the soldiers, by whom the ditch seems to have been no less regularly garrisoned than the body of the bastion itself. Even outside the ditch, rows of planks had been placed upon the ground with large sharp nails projecting from their upper surface, which would have wounded and lacerated the feet of those who must have passed over them in making the assault. Such were the objects accumulated by a hellish ingenuity to render an entrance into the work impossible; but, even had these been surmounted and the entrance effected, so completely was the Bastion du Mât commanded by the Garden Battery, that the hapless stormers, in the very moment of their delusive success, must have found themselves face to face with the muzzles

of the guns of the latter, and, destitute of any species of shelter, must have been swept away almost to the last man.

The French therefore exercised a wise discretion in shifting the main point of their attack to the Malakoff, whose great height, while it prevented the possibility of its being commanded by any of the other batteries, rendered all those within the range of its guns untenable from the moment the assailants were firmly established there.

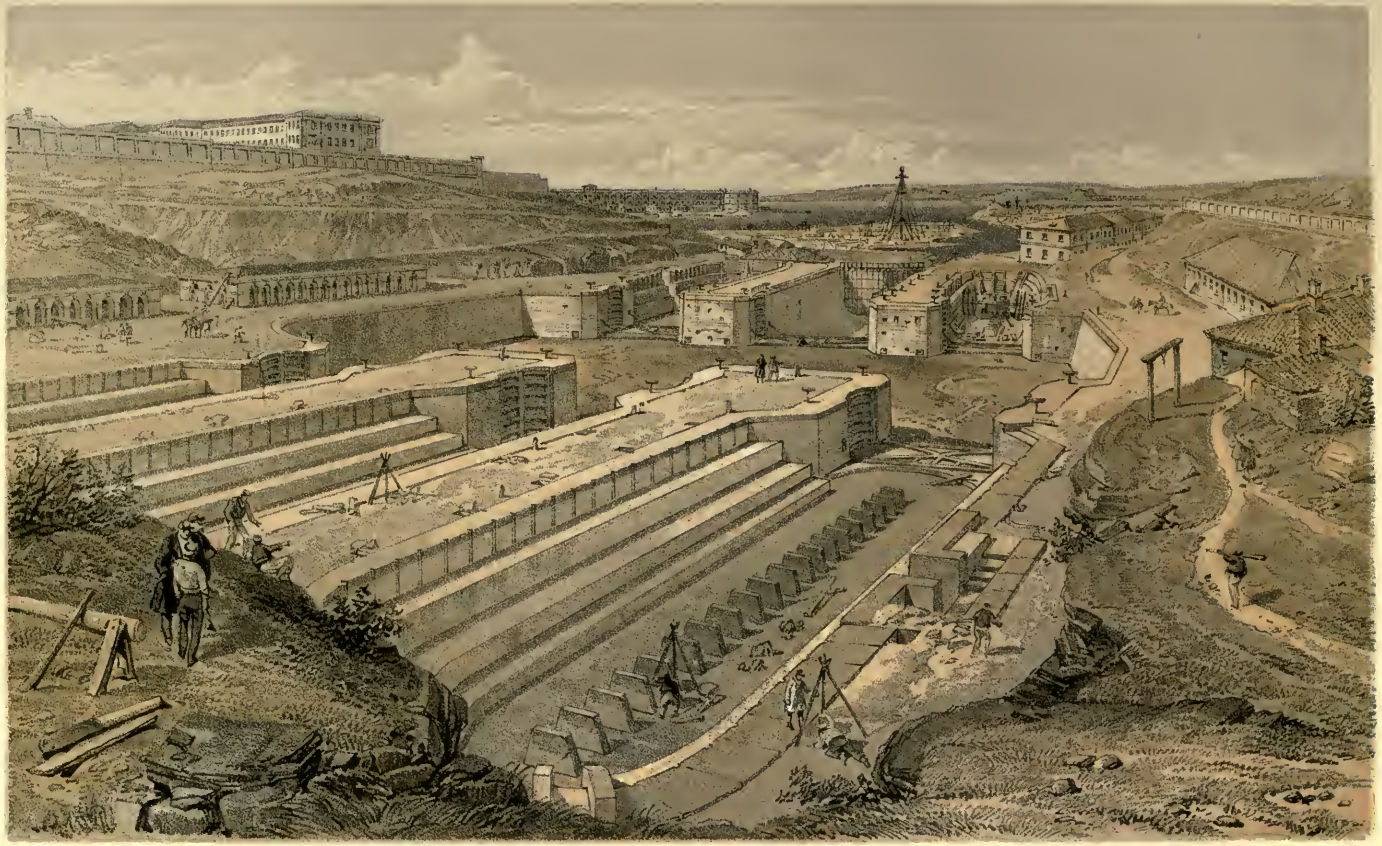
In the middle distance of this drawing are seen the embrasures of the Bastion Centrale, the next Russian battery on the proper right of the Bastion du Mât.

DOCKS AT SEBASTOPOL, WITH RUINS OF FORT ST. PAUL.

These stupendous docks, one of the boldest and happiest efforts of engineering skill, were constructed at a vast expense during the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, by the late Colonel Upton, an Englishman, who, having been led from circumstances into which it is now bootless to inquire to quit his native country, entered the Russian service, in which his unquestionable talents speedily secured him a position of distinction.

Dr. Koch, whose account of these colossal works is by far the most clear and intelligible of any we have met with, thus describes them:—

"The Docks, which were completed a few years back, are equally magnificent. Until that period it was almost impossible to fit out ships of the line. This is now effected with great ease by means of the Docks, which consist of three basins, one behind the other. Each basin is so spacious that two ships of the line can be received into it simultaneously. If a vessel has to undergo repairs, it is taken out of the harbour into the first basin, the water in which is on a level with that of the port, and the first basin is then closed towards the sea with water-tight gates. The ground of the other two basins is dry, as it is higher than the level of the haven. By means of a water-course, situated rather higher up, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently, so much water is let into the lowest basin as to bring it on the same level with the second, which is also filling. As the water rises, the vessel naturally follows its movements, and is soon above the surface of the harbour. It is now dragged into the second or middle basin, and a pair of gates again separates the lower basin from the central one. While the water in the lower basin is again allowed to flow



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DOCKS AT SEBASTOPOL WITH RUINS OF FORT ST PAUL

back into the harbour, the central one is filled with so much water by means of the watercourse that it is on a level with the uppermost one, which is able to receive the vessel. This is again shut in by gates, and the water is let off. In this way the ship is dry-docked, without receiving the slightest injury, and can be easily repaired. The height of the Docks, where the ships are repaired, is forty feet above the level of the harbour. The space is so large, that three line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and other smaller vessels, can be under the workmen's hands at once; for there are seven smaller graving docks, connected with the larger and first basin, which are filled directly from the watercourse. An idea of the expense of these works may be formed from the fact that the lock-gates, which were procured from England, alone cost the sum of two hundred and seventy thousand silver roubles."

The watercourse mentioned by Dr. Koch is the canal to which reference has more than once been made in these pages, and which was so important a feature of the ground in the Battle of the Tchernaya. It draws its supply of water from that river, which at Tchergoun, where the canal commences, is 62 feet above the level of the great harbour, and follows the left bank of the Tchernaya as far as Inkermann, where it crosses the foot of the quarry ravine on a handsome aqueduct supported on eight arches and about 200 feet in length. It then pierces the cliff at Inkermann by a tunnel 900 feet long cut out of the limestone rock, and then keeps the shore of the great harbour as far as the Karabelnaia, passing the Careening Creek on an aqueduct of stone, similar to the one at Inkermann. A third aqueduct conveys the water across a hollow near this part of the town: and it then enters the Docks, which are 30 feet above the level of the bay. The fall of the canal, in the 12 miles which it traverses in its course, is thus 32 feet, or about 1 in 2000.

It was this watercourse, and not, as was stated at the time, the supply of water to the town, which was cut off by the Allies, when they first sat down before the South Side.

The Docks were situated at the upper end of a short creek on the eastern side of the inner harbour, in which the "central ravine" terminates. These marvels of human ingenuity, perseverance, and adaptation, achieved by eleven years of incessant labour and by the most lavish expenditure of treasure, are now a heap of shattered and shapeless ruins. When their fate was decided after the capture of the place, the French engineers charged themselves with the destruction of the portion nearest to the sea, while the

English undertook a similar task in reference to the inner half: but so gigantic was the scale on which these works were constructed that the work of their demolition was only accomplished after weeks of the most laborious preparation. Had these constructions been destined for the assistance and development of commerce and the arts of peace, such a result, even if demanded by the stern necessities of war, could never have been contemplated by the intelligent communities of the West without a pang of regret, but the perfidious policy which applied all the resources of civilisation to a work exclusively intended to subserve an aggressive and unscrupulous barbarism, sanctioned by anticipation the unmingled triumph which hails its defeat.

The view here given was unattainable until after the fall of Sebastopol, as no part of the Docks was visible from the French or English lines, with the exception of a tall black mast used as a crane for putting heavy articles on board ship. On the right, running northwards, is a long range of buildings, which were used as hospitals; and it was here that the Russian wounded, who had been abandoned on the retreat, were found, after days and nights of untended suffering, in a state and amidst circumstances whose horrors fortunately transcend the powers of description.

At the extremity of these buildings is a crumbling mound of earth—all that remains to mark the spot on which Fort Paul, which was blown up by the Russians in their flight, once stood.

On the opposite point of the inner bay is Fort Nicholas, which for some reason or other escaped at this time a fate intended to have been universal: only to be destroyed at a later period by the conquerors, whose plans the Russians were unconsciously anticipating—by pursuing in their evacuation of Sebastopol the traditional policy of the empire, inaugurated at Moscow in the beginning of the century.

INTERIOR OF THE MALAKOFF, WITH THE REMAINS OF THE ROUND TOWER.

It is the night after the capture of the Malakoff, and the French are securely established in the work. The furious excitement of the strife is over; the thrilling shout of the wild Zouave and the ferocious yell of the dogged Muscovite are alike silenced; the rushing tide of battle has receded, and the noise of its angry waves is hushed upon the shore. But has it left

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INTERIOR OF THE MALAKOFF, WITH THE REMAINS OF THE ROUND TOWER

no traces of its devastating wrath? Alas, and alas! Thickly on the fatal strand lie those who erewhile with strong right arm and manful breast battled amidst the raging waters, and strained for the beach, only to reach it maimed and bleeding, or be dashed upon it lifeless corpses.

Vainly for those whose warfare is thus accomplished, the flag round which they rallied, and beneath whose folds they fell, may float o'er shattered traverse, and dismantled gun; vainly the lurid sky and reeking smoke-drift from the burning city may mark the desperate resolution of the vanquished and baffled foe; *their* last fight is over, never to be renewed; their last victory won, never to be disputed.

But there are others to whom life, and with it hope, yet remain, and for whom the tender sympathy and ready succour of their more fortunate comrades bring solace and alleviation even amidst the torture of wounds and the agonies of thirst.

Not theirs at least to lie uncared for and untended through the long hours of the burning day and the gloomy darkness of the weary night; to feel the dread apprehension, fast ripening into certainty, that they are forgotten and deserted in their utmost need; that the life-blood which is ebbing fast away will not be stanched; that the cooling draught of water for which they yearn with longings unutterable will never be pressed to their parched and fevered lips; and that, with help almost within call, they are left to perish without one look of sympathy, one word of consolation, in a place which the festering bodies of those who have outstripped them in the race of death are fast changing into a pest-house. Yet this is but a feeble shadowing forth of what was even then occurring within one short mile of this very spot; hundreds of wounded Russians were in their last extremity, and groping in the blackness of despair for aid, which, had their wretched position but been known, would have been as freely lavished by their generous enemies on them as on their own suffering comrades.

The wounded then are cared for, and the dead carried with sorrow and with reverence to their long home: but the strong and healthy and unscathed, they also are here gathered in groups about the interior of the work, or seen in vivid relief against the wild red sky as they stand upon the parapet. And what the aspect of these, the heroes of the hour, the victors in a strife of giants, in the flush of their long-deferred and hardly-earned success? Where are the voice of exultation and the song of triumph?

Silently and gravely they watch the ravages of the fierce element, and

listen to the earthquake shocks which tell of shattered forts and crumbling palaces, or, gazing on the scene of desolation and destruction around them, take to their hearts the terrible lesson of war, the stern moral of victory. For the peculiar fate of Sebastopol gave no scope for the wild crimes which mostly attend the capture of a place by storm; and, fortunately for humanity, the excited passions of the soldiery, deprived of aught to feed their unholy flame, were soon replaced by the gentle feelings of brotherhood and pity, and the calmer moods of reflection which arise in the lull of action.

This view gives only a portion of the interior of the Malakoff. The extent of the work, and its vast accumulation of parapets and traverses in all directions for the purposes of shelter, each alone rendered it impossible to embrace the whole in one drawing. The Round Tower, so conspicuous an object at the commencement of the siege, is here still visible; but it was cut down lower and lower by each bombardment, till at last nothing of it was visible above the level of the earthen defences.

KAMIESCH.

Kamiesch was to the French at once the Balaklava and the Kadikoi of the English. Here they had established their base of operations; and within this deep and sheltered bay was assembled the vast crowd of transports required to supply the ever-growing wants of an immense army, in the several branches of provisions, clothing, siege-train, and munitions of war. Here also was the town, consisting of interminable rows of wooden houses, in which the suttlers of the army retailed their wares. *Cabarets, cafés*, and *restaurants*, occurred at frequent intervals, interspersed with shops rejoicing in the high-sounding titles of *Bazaar de l'Armée, Grande Maison*, and a hundred others equally inviting and no less sonorous. Less favoured by nature than Balaklava in the advantages of surrounding scenery and actual position, Kamiesch atoned for the absence of the picturesque by presenting a scene of animation and gaiety in striking contrast with the sober, business-like aspect of its rival port, which, from a very early period of the siege, was monopolised for government purposes. Amidst its slim, fragile houses, which looked as if the first puff of wind would blow them into the sea, a motley population, gathered from the four corners of the earth, swarmed and flitted and buzzed and settled like a cloud of flies on a hot summer's day. Turks, Greeks, Jews, Italians,

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KAMIESCH

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INTERIOR OF FORT NICHOLAS

French, and English; soldiers, sailors, and marines; Zouaves and vivandières; officers on horseback and on foot; transport captains and amateurs; generals and privates, met here on common ground, and realised for a brief space the true spirit of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The variety of costume, the confused jargon of a dozen different languages, the vehemence of oriental and southern gesticulation, and the bustle of uninterrupted traffic, combined to present a scene of which some slight conception may be formed by imagining the frolic mummers of a *bal masqué* turned loose amid the wonders of a country fair. The peculiar reputation of the resident portion of the community had procured for this improvised town the proud and singularly appropriate titles of *Friponville* and *Coquinville*, by one of which it was universally designated by our Allies; names equally applicable to our own bazaar at Kadikoi, and infinitely more expressive than those of Donnybrook or Vanity Fair, with which that *refugium peccatorum* was christened.

Besides the bay and town of Kamiesch, this sketch embraces the bay of Kazatch, the principal station of the British fleet in these waters, and the Lighthouse at Cape Chersonese.

FORT NICHOLAS.

The prudent jealousy of the Russian government in excluding foreigners from Sebastopol had rendered it extremely difficult to obtain any reliable information as to the exact nature of the defences of the place. Of these, by far the most important were those destined to repel an attack by sea, as the approach of an enemy from the land side would appear to have been a contingency scarcely at all contemplated.

The following information in reference to the seaward forts has been selected from various sources; and, though far more scanty and meagre than could have been desired, its accuracy may be depended on; and it may perhaps be considered both interesting and useful *en attendant* the fuller and more satisfactory particulars, which we may anticipate from the recent occupation of the town by the Allies.

Besides smaller batteries, the principal of these forts may be thus enumerated: the Quarantine Battery, at the head of Quarantine Bay, is the first on the South Side; next comes Fort Alexander, which commands the entrance of the Main Harbour from the south; while Forts Nicholas

and Paul defend the opening of the inner harbour on the west and east. On the North Side, Fort Constantine corresponds to and crosses its fire with Fort Alexander, while two other batteries, to the east of the former, answer to Forts Nicholas and Paul. All of these forts are solidly constructed of masonry; and each of the four larger ones consists of three tiers of guns one above the other. The number of guns mounted in these works has been so variously stated, from eight hundred and fifty, the lowest computation, up to twelve, and even fifteen and sixteen hundred, that it is difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The material employed in the construction of the batteries was a species of soft limestone, which it was supposed would be unable to resist the heavy fire of ship's guns; but the events of the 17th October set this question at rest, and amply vindicated the discretion of the Russian engineers. Another objection was, that the tiers of guns were placed too high above the sea, and in an engagement with ships would only damage the rigging; but it was forgotten that the shallowness of the water, at the base of the forts, would not permit ships to come within a distance at which the guns could no longer be depressed to the required range. The casements, too, were said to be so ill ventilated that the artillerymen would soon be suffocated by the smoke of their own guns, and no longer able to work them; but this assertion time has also disproved.

In fact, prior to the commencement of the war, there was an unwise disposition, prevalent amongst nearly all English writers, to depreciate everything Russian, and stories palmed off on credulous travellers by officious and chattering *laquais-de-place* were gravely admitted as incontestable arguments against the strength of a place on which every resource of the empire had been lavished for years.

The following account of Fort Nicholas, the subject of this sketch, is taken from Dr. Koch; but it must be premised that his estimate of the number of guns mounted in this and the other batteries is unquestionably exaggerated:—

"At the period of my visit, one of the inner forts, called the Nicholas Bastion, just at the east of Artillery Bay, was nearly finished, while the one opposite was building.

"We were permitted to make a close inspection of the Nicholas Bastion. My heart grew really sad when I saw here nothing but implements of murder. The bastion forms a half-moon, and has three batteries above one another. The entire building was bomb-proof. I was surprised that

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PUBLIC LIBRARY AND TEMPLE OF THE WIND

the soft limestone of Inkermann had been employed for the purpose, as it rapidly wears away when exposed to the influence of the weather, much sooner than granite and other plutonic stone; and an extraordinarily hard green stone (diorite) could have been procured in the vicinity. Perhaps, however, a softer stone is best adapted to resist bomb-shells. That granite cannot withstand for any length of time our modern missiles, we saw at the capture of Bomarsund.

"On the ground-floor lay the bombs and grenades; I saw the furnaces in which the balls are heated red-hot before they are fired. In the other stories were three batteries, each armed with one hundred and ninety-six guns. The larger guns, 64-pounders, were separated from the rest, and stood in small separate chambers, behind which the space was employed for the *chancellerie* and similar requirements. The larger casemates contained twenty and more guns, and served at the same time as barracks for the soldiers. I have had repeated opportunities of speaking in terms of praise of the great order and cleanliness in the Russian barracks; but here everything appeared to me even cleaner and more tidy than usual. I was told that a fourth battery would eventually be planted on the roof; this is the case with the two more advanced batteries. These are considerably smaller, and only mount three hundred and sixty guns a-piece."

The drawing shows the upper tier of casemates, the embrasures of which are on the right-hand side; but they are built up, as the place is used as a barrack by the French troops, all the guns having been removed by the Russians before their retreat.

The pillars between each casemate are stoves used for the purpose of ventilation, and are found all over the battery. The bedsteads are Russian ones, which the French have appropriated to their own use.

PUBLIC LIBRARY AND TEMPLE OF THE WINDS.

The public library, erected by the Emperor Nicholas for the use of naval and military officers, was a handsome edifice of Grecian architecture, elegantly fitted up internally, and well furnished with valuable works, principally on military and naval subjects, and with scientific instruments. In niches in the walls were several marble figures; these were interspersed with bas-reliefs, for the most part representing ships; and the inner rooms were reached by a broad flight of marble steps, ornamented on either side with a

sphynx. The library stood in the highest part of the town of Sebastopol, and from its position was a prominent object in every direction.

The view from its windows must indeed have been unrivalled for beauty. Beneath them lay Sebastopol, with its chalky cliffs, white houses picked out with green verandahs and blinds, its cathedral, its green-domed churches, its docks, arsenals, and barracks, its casemated forts, its grand and smaller harbours, on whose waters rested tranquilly the mighty ships of war which were to sweep the Euxine of the detested Turk; and further off, the bright blue expanse of that sea itself, so lovely in calm, so terrible in storm. Turning now inland, the gaze would seek the picturesque gorge at Inkermann or the bold form of Cape Aiya, dwelling with delight on the surpassing beauty of the intervening valleys, or plunge deeper into the interior of this lovely land, where the south-eastern mountains rise chain after chain, blending their colours in exquisite harmony, till in the far distance they sink at the feet of the majestic Tchatir Dagh.

What wonder that, beholding the magnificence of the august city whose greatness he had fostered, and the romantic region by which it is surrounded, the late Czar in a moment of paternal pride should have pronounced it "the brightest jewel in his crown," little deeming that while the unfading beauty of the setting should remain for ages the same, the precious gem would, ere a few short years had passed away, be crushed to atoms beneath the iron heel of ruthless war.

The library was set on fire by the Russians when they abandoned the town, and this is the moment the artist has chosen for illustration in this sketch, in which a portion of the defeated army are seen retreating by the light of the flames they had kindled.

The front shown is that towards the sea. All the objects of art collected here which were not destroyed by the fire were removed by the French, and the library is now, like the city on which it once looked down, nothing but a desolate ruin.

QUARANTINE CEMETERY AND CHURCH,

WITH FRENCH BATTERY No. 50.

This was the scene of the two nights' desperate contests which took place between the French and Russians on the 22nd and 23rd of May. The Quarantine Battery, like the Central and Flagstaff Bastions, lost much of

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QUARANTINE CEMETERY AND CHURCH WITH FRENCH BATTERY N° 5

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THE ADMIRALTY SEBASTOPOL

its importance from the period when the French concentrated all their energies on the Russian defences opposed to their extreme right attack. In May, however, all their efforts were directed to advancing towards this part of the town, and after they gained the position, and had driven the Russians completely out of the Cemetery, they established themselves on the rising ground to the right, where they immediately constructed a work which they called the Battery No. 50, at a very short distance from the Russian works, but divided from them by a narrow valley.

The old church, which is quite outside the precincts of the town, had some pretensions to architectural beauty, which were marred by the gaudiness of its decorations. There was also a handsome gateway, which, as well as the church itself, and even the tombstones of the Cemetery, did not escape severe damage from the several bombardments.

THE ADMIRALTY.

Of the Admiralty nothing now remains but the tower which served for a gateway, and which is censured by Prince Demidoff as "displaying somewhat too ostentatiously a number of pillars out of proportion with the remainder of the building." The tower contained a clock, and probably a bell: the remainder of the building consists of roofless walls, containing only the refuse which has been rejected by fastidious Zouaves, blue-jackets, and camp-followers.

Two building-sheds which were also visible at the early part of the siege have disappeared; and this scene of utter destruction forms an apt counterpart to the last traces of the Russian navy in these waters, the "final limitation" of the Black Sea fleet—the masts which project above the surface of the harbour, in monumental mockery of the ships which lie at the bottom.

The complete annihilation of a force of whose power of aggression Sinope gave too forcible an illustration, and the compression of which within reasonable bounds was one of the propositions at the abortive Vienna conferences most contemptuously rejected by the Russians, has been in a measure lost sight of in the crowd of melodramatic incidents which marked the catastrophe of Sebastopol; but of all the advantages gained by that memorable event it was perhaps at once the most unparalleled and the most important.

Had the Russian fleet perished to the last ship in an engagement on the open sea with the allied navies, its fate would have been attended with a grandeur which would have imposed respect even on the foe, and have left an ineffaceable tradition of glory, which might not have been without fruit in time to come: but to disappear piecemeal under the waters of the harbour which, by a grand but vain inspiration, half its effective force had been sacrificed to close—to find its grave amidst the crumbling ruins of fortifications which had seemed to compensate the shame of forced inaction by the proffer of an at least inviolate asylum—this was to fall by a blow at once so crushing and so humiliating, that no lapse of years will suffice to wipe away its stain, or restore a prestige for ever destroyed. True it is that the Russian fleet, the exotic offspring of a system of unnatural forcing, manned by soldiers, and destitute of all nautical experience but such as might be acquired from a summer's cruise within the narrow limits of an inland sea, could not have contended with a possibility of success against the proud armadas of France and England, to which indeed it was as inferior in numbers as it was in training, discipline, enterprise, and national spirit: but no reverse at sea, however complete, could have brought home this fact to the conviction of those nations who have long been taught to regard the naval power of Russia as no less formidable than her military resources, with the overwhelming force possessed by the simple narrative of the manner in which that naval power was extinguished, published as it has been from one end of Europe to the other.

Well may the Russians sue for peace in the prudent hope of saving their Baltic fleet from a similar fate, no less clearly foretold in the unconquerable will and limitless resources of the Western Powers, if the strife be only prolonged: half the sibylline leaves are irrevocably lost; it remains for those who would read the future by the light of the past to rescue, while it is time, those which yet remain.

The church visible in this drawing is thus referred to by Mr. Simpson:—

"The large church seems not to have been quite finished: its great distance from our batteries saved it from the effects of the bombardments. Still a few shot-marks are visible, and the Russians themselves, in spite of their devotion, have made a number of holes in it by their fire from the North Side."

Beyond the church is seen the rear of Fort Nicholas.

Subjoined is a list of the ships of the Russian Black Sea fleet before the opening of the War, derived from a trustworthy French source:

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

Names.	Guns.	Station.
Grand Duke Constantine, three-decker	120	Sebastopol.
Twelve Apostles . . „	120	„
Three Saints . . . „	120	„
Paris . . . . „	120	„
Varsovie . . . . „	120	„
Empress Maria	84	„
Chrabroi	84	„
Tchesnie	84	„
Sviatoslaf	84	„
Rostislaf	84	„
Yagudil	84	„
Varna	84	„
Selafael	84	„
Uriel	84	„
——— } names unknown { . . .	84	„
——— } { . . .	84	„
	Total 1524 guns.	

besides a large number of dismasted vessels serving as floating batteries, &c.

ONE SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

Name.	Guns.	Station.
Bosphorus	120	Nicolaieff.

FRIGATES.

Names.	Guns.	Station.
Messembria	54	Sebastopol.
Sizopoli	54	„
Kulefchi	54	„
Medea	54	„
Kagul	44	„
Flora	44	„
Kovarna	44	„
	Total 348 guns.	

CORVETTES AND BRIGS.

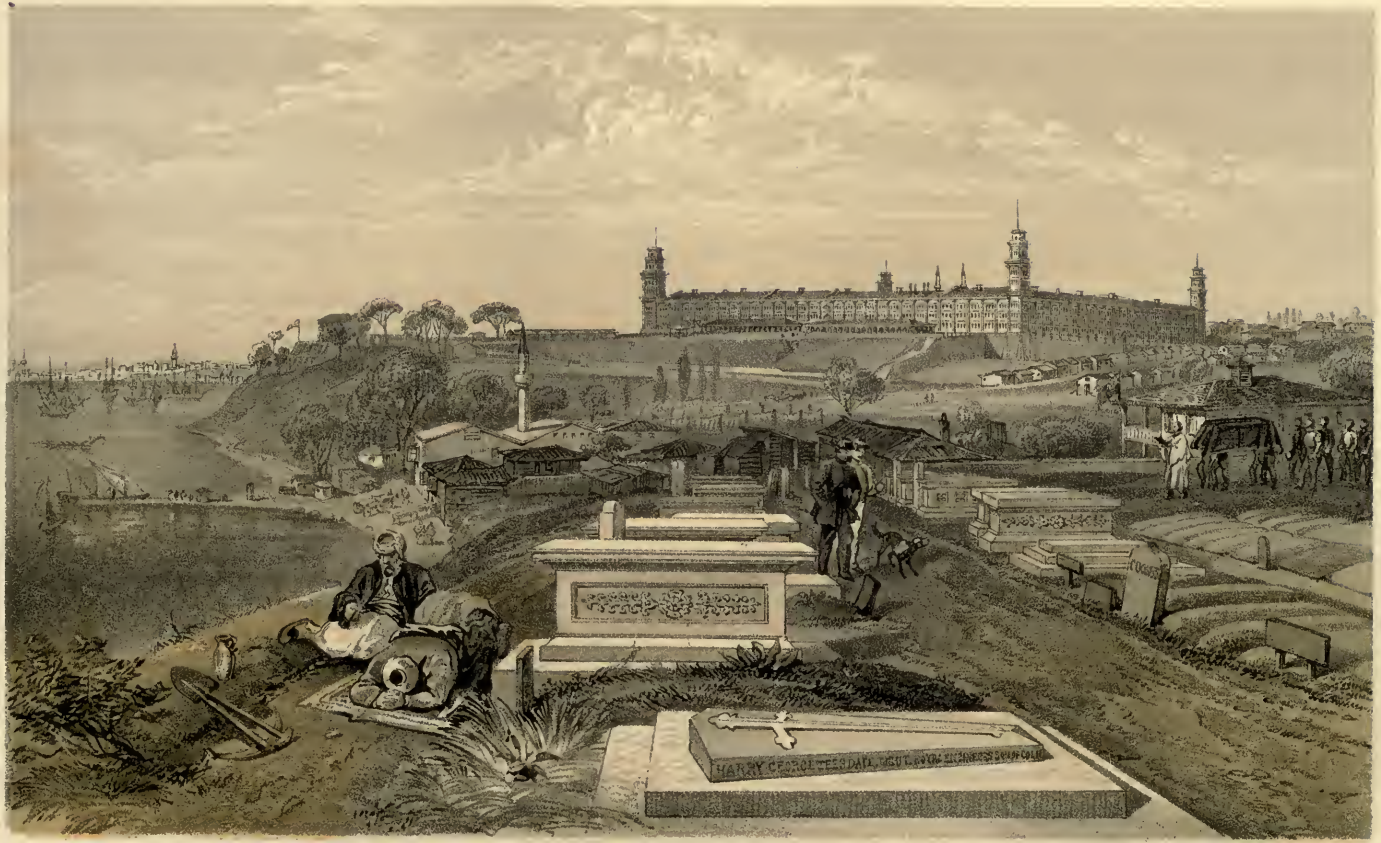
Names.	Guns.	Station.
Andromache	20	Sebastopol.
Calypso	20	„
Pylades	20	„
Ptolemy	20	„
Nearchus	20	„
Theseus	20	„
Æneas	20	„
Ariadne	20	„
Mercury	20	„
	Total 180 guns.	

Twenty-five schooners, yachts, and transports; and a flotilla of gun-boats manned by Cossacks, of which 30 were for the Sea of Azoff, and 15 for the Danube.

PADDLE-WHEEL STEAMERS.

Names.	Guns.	Horse-power.
Vladimir	6	400
Gromonosety	6	400
Bessarabia	6	260
Crimea	3	250
Odessa	3	260
Chersonese	3	250
Megoutski	3	150
Maladety	3	120
Boety	3	150
Grosini	3	120
Severnaie Svesda	3	120
Argonaut	3	44
Colchis	3	120
Elborouz	3	260
Total	51	2904

besides a large number of small iron steamers of from fifty to one hundred horse power, and two or three tugs on the Danube.



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HOSPITAL AND CEMETERY AT SCUTARI

HOSPITAL AND CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

Any discussion of the merits of the grave and sad questions which have been raised in reference to the management of the English Hospitals at Scutari would be foreign to the purpose of this work: whatever may be said as to the defects of the system, both at home and on the spot, which led to the deplorable condition in which they undoubtedly at one time were, there has never been but one opinion of the unwearied exertions and the self-sacrificing devotion of the medical officers, who, placed there in far too scanty a proportion to the sick and wounded under their charge, seemed actually to multiply theemselves in their efforts to discharge their trying duty. In this task they were ably seconded by the active co-operation of Mr. Macdonald, the energetic Commissioner of the Times Fund, and by the extraordinary administrative genius of Miss Nightingale, whose admirable system of nursing may be said to have inaugurated a new era in military hospitals generally. As early as the middle of January, all the most repulsive features of the scenes described by Mr. Osborne and Mr. Stafford had disappeared, and externally at least the position of the sick and wounded at Scutari was one of comfort, order, and decency.

To the former of these gentlemen, than whom no one could be more qualified to speak on this subject, we are indebted for the following description of the two principal hospitals at Scutari, as well as for that of the interior of one of the wards, which accompanies another plate of the series:—

"The General Hospital . . . . covers a considerable area of ground, and incloses what I presume has been a sort of pleasure-garden, with a fountain in the centre. It consists of several floors, the construction of which is generally the same—a passage broad enough to admit of room to pass easily at the foot of beds arranged down one side; out of this passage, or corridor as it was called, doors open into large rooms or wards. In both these buildings* a portion is set apart as the Sultan's or Imperial quarter, in which the rooms or wards, with the staircases, are of more costly construction that those of the rest of the building. The passages are thickly occupied by the beds containing the wounded or sick soldiers; the wards out of them are generally made over to officers of the staff, for dispensaries or other offices, and a certain number are kept for sick or wounded officers. The passages and rooms are sufficiently lofty; the former I can hardly

* The General and Barrack Hospitals.

suppose were ever meant to be occupied, but simply to act as ways of approach to the latter.

"The Barrack Hospital is about half a mile from the one first described. It is an immense building, of a very similar construction; its form square, inclosing a very large open court or parade-ground. Some weeks before it was as full even as when I left it, there were by measurement two miles and one-third of a mile occupied by beds in this hospital, at an average interval between each of about two feet six inches.

"The corridors are of an immense length: on entering at one of the sides of the building and passing down one of them, you would have to turn one, sometimes two, of its angles before you could find any means of exit. As in the General Hospital, so here, there are wards the whole length of the building, varying in size and construction, but all opening into these passages. These wards, however, are very many of them occupied by sick or wounded soldiers, whilst a certain number are reserved for the staff of the establishment, wounded or sick officers, the chaplains, and last, but not least in importance, the 'sisters' and 'nurses' under Miss Nightingale."

This view shows the Barrack Hospital; in the foreground are the graves and cypresses of the old Turkish cemetery, while a peep of Constantinople is obtained in the distance.

A WARD IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

Mr. Osborne thus describes the interior of one of the corridors in the Barrack Hospital, a week after the battle of Inkermann:—

"Looking from the angle of one of these extensive passages, so as to command a view right and left, there was a narrow path each way as far as the eye could reach, through a double line of low wooden trestles, with planks laid upon them; on these were the beds of the patients. Here and there would be a small group of surgeons in consultation on some serious case; in smaller and more frequent groups, other surgeons with their attendant orderlies dressing wounds; wounded officers would sometimes come out a little way from their wards and be seen talking to some of the men; small congregations of convalescent officers and others would occasionally pass out of one of the side-wards, the chaplains', where they had been attending one of the frequent daily services.

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ONE OF THE WARDS OF THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI

"When it is remembered that the narrow path between the beds was the one thoroughfare of the place, it may be easily conceived that there were few moments during the day in which there were not many passing and repassing. This was a great inconvenience, but one unavoidable from the nature of the building. The whole surgical and other staff, all the orderlies, every officer from the wards, their servants, every one with business to transact with any of the above—all had to find their way through the double line of patients. There was therefore not the slightest privacy, and until night, over a great extent of the building, little quiet.

"Here, again, it was wonderful how in a few days one's every sense seemed to adapt itself to the scene; the picture of war's work, hateful as it was, was on so large a scale, that in its very magnitude the greater part of the horrors of its details was lost. Had you taken any twenty yards of a ward, and given your undivided attention to all it set before you, there was scarce one sense or feeling which would not have been touched most deeply; but when it came to be each day a walk of miles of such hateful scenes, I am sorry to say one became but too hardened to them; the very abuses of the place, involving such a mass, seemed somehow to be less hateful than when, by any chance, they came before you in the case of some few individuals.

"How strange it is to know that all this vast collection of our emaciated and maimed fellow-creatures had been brought to this condition as it were of deliberate purpose; that possible exposure to pestilence and privation had been a part of a deliberate compact with those so many of whom it was thus to destroy; that these masses of men, on whom the sabre, the rifle, the shell, the bayonet, had worked such mutilation, had been trained to do just that same work on others, and had bravely done it."

This description of a corridor will apply, making proper allowances for differences of detail, to the ward which is the subject of this drawing. One figure which the artist has introduced into it will be recognised with feelings of unutterable admiration and respect by many now in England, who beheld the original engaged in her brave and devoted labour of love.

They will recall her as they saw her in the days gone by, when her presence cheered the bed of pain and sickness, and made its light penetrate even the thick darkness of the valley of the shadow of death; when men, wasted by disease and fevered with wounds, watched for her gentle ministrations and her words of consolation, even as they who watch for the morning; when she walked in the beauty of the holiest charity and love

through scenes of horror and of anguish which thrilled hearts for which battle had no terrors, and when the rough soldier in his untaught but noble chivalry kissed her shadow on the wall as she passed along. Long may England possess such daughters to tend such sons!

CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

In looking at Sebastopol from the heights, one of the principal objects which attracted the attention of the spectator was a very beautiful classic building erected on a commanding site. By the use of a glass its details were found to be Grecian-Doric, and that the Temple of Theseus, at Athens, had been the model upon which it had been designed. It was very pleasantly surrounded with small trees and shrubs; and two elegant poplars, which are very favourite trees with the Russians, grew up in graceful harmony with its pillars. Many were the inquiries as to what this building was, and numerous were the purposes ascribed to it. For a long time it was the "military club-house;" then it was "the public library;" "the theatre;" and "the hospital:" but, after entering the town, one glance at the interior of the building convinced you of the inaccuracy of all these suppositions: the arrangements, so peculiar to the Greek Church, left no doubt as to the character of the edifice. Since the taking of the place it has been burnt, and, instead of the handsome church, we have now a very picturesque ruin. In this view you are looking north—on the one side of the church you get a peep of the Public Library, on the other is the Admiralty and the unfinished church with the dome and the rear of Fort Nicholas, beyond which you get a glimpse of the north side of the harbour.

It may not be amiss here to say a few words descriptive of the architecture generally of Sebastopol. With one or two exceptions, all the public buildings were after the Greek style. The large Marine Barracks, or "White Buildings," were very pure Greek: there were one or two exceptions to the style, the principal of which was the unfinished church above mentioned. A Western architect would find some difficulty in defining to what style it belonged; the first impression might be that it was Gothic, but its dome was Moorish, and its arches were of a similar character, whilst it had Byzantine capitals, Greek architraves and pediments, making altogether a strange architectural medley, but at the same time not an

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CHURCH OF St PETER AND St PAUL

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SEBASTOPOL FROM OLD CHERSONESE AND ANCIENT CHURCH OF S.T VLADIMIR

unpleasant-looking building. To the same style the "Maison Vert" seemed to belong, although it was a very different building from the other in appearance: it might have been taken for a Dissenting chapel done up in very bad Gothic, in a very genteel neighbourhood, if it had not been for its very green roof, which at once dissipated that notion. The roofs of the finer buildings were of iron, painted green, red, and grey. The common houses were tiled. The whole aspect of the town, including with its well-built and handsome edifices all the adjuncts of position, and magnificent views of both land and water, must have been fine in the highest degree.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE ANCIENT KHERSON.

Kherson is the ancient capital of the Heracleatic Chersonese, that small peninsula whose neck extends from Inkermann to the head of Balaklava Harbour, within whose narrow limits the armies of five nations are still gathered to decide by an appeal to arms the fate of empires and the future of Europe; and whose geography is now as familiar to every English reader as the landmarks of his own parish.

It was originally a colony of Heraclea, a town on the opposite coast of the Black Sea in Bithynia, which has recently had attention again directed to it from the discovery of the coal-mines which supply our fleets in those waters, and was founded in the seventh century before the Christian era. The Khersonians, who were Dorians, were great rivals of the Bosphorians at Panticapæa or Kertch, who were a colony of Miletus, and consequently Ionians; and the history of Kherson, for six hundred years after its foundation, is in fact little else than the history of the wars springing from this rivalry. The Khersonians were twice subjected by the Bosphorians, first under Praisades the First, and then under the great Mithridates, whose protection they were compelled to solicit, on an occasion when they were hard-pressed by Skilouros, King of the Tauro-Scythians. Under this monarch and his successors the two nations remained united, until in A.D. 30 Kherson recovered its independence under the Romans. Then the unextinguished feud broke out afresh, and in the third century the Khersonians took advantage of the absence of Sauromates V. King of the Bosphorus to revenge their ancient defeats by the conquest of his capital of Panticapæa. The fourth century was equally marked by the victories of the Khersonians, who successively extended the boundaries of their

kingdom, at first to Theodosia or Kaffa, and finally close to the walls of Panticapæa.

Unequal to his enemies in open warfare, Assander, the last King of the Bosphorians, began to plot their destruction by more circuitous, but, as he imagined, more effective means.

As the first step towards his object he asked and obtained for the eldest of his sons the hand of Glycia, the daughter of Lamachus, stephanophoros or chief magistrate of Kherson, the most powerful man in the town, and famous for his riches in gold, silver, slaves, serving-women, horses, and lands.

After two years Lamachus died, and the following year Glycia celebrated, according to the custom of the country, the anniversary of his decease by giving to all the people of Kherson a grand feast, in which she displayed the most lavish magnificence, promising to renew the festival every year. The son of Assander affected to praise her filial affection, but in reality, incensed at her prodigality, and not unmindful of the original object of his marriage, he determined to turn this occasion to account in furthering his projects against the town. He accordingly wrote to his father to send him from time to time a dozen young active and resolute Bosphorians, whom he introduced into Kherson under pretext of a visit, at the expiration of which they publicly took their departure by the great gate of the city, to which, however, they returned at nightfall, and were admitted by a secret portal into the house of Lamachus. Concealed in the vast palace, they waited for the next anniversary, in order to seize the town, and massacre the people overcome by wine and good cheer.

On the very eve of the festival, however, the plot was discovered by one of the servants of Glycia, who, having incurred her mistress's displeasure, had been confined in a distant chamber, which happened to be immediately over that in which the Bosphorians were concealed. Lifting up a square of the flooring in search of her spindle, which had rolled into a hole near the wall, she beheld the conspirators beneath her, and immediately hastened to communicate her discovery to her mistress, who in return forgave her fault on condition of secrecy.

Glycia now summoned three delegates from the town to her councils, and, having made them swear to reward her patriotism by burying her, contrary to established custom, inside the town, concerted with them the course to be adopted in this emergency.

While the magistrates continued to celebrate the festival as if nothing was to happen, and in seeming "all went merry as a marriage bell," Glycia

drugged her husband, and, having collected her jewels, escaped with her maids from the house, which she then ordered to be fired with fagots collected for the purpose by her confederates, and the Bosphorean prince and his accomplices all perished in the flames. The citizens of Kherson wished to rebuild the house at the public expense, but this was strongly opposed by Glycia, who, on the contrary, caused them to heap up every kind of filth and refuse on the place stained by treachery. This was ever afterwards called the "Den of Lamachus," and the huge pile of rubbish still exists on the summit of the plain which borders Streletzka Bay,—an imperishable record of guilt and its punishment.

The grateful Khersonians, however, raised two statues of brass on the public place in honour of Glycia, in one of which she was represented modestly attired, receiving the deputies of the town; and in the other, clothed in warrior garments, in the act of avenging the betrayed citizens.

During the Byzantine empire, Kherson occasionally bore a part in the frequent revolutions at Constantinople, and in the wars between the Russians and the Greek Emperors. At length in A.D. 988, the Russian Prince Vladimir, an idolater, besieged Kherson, and invested it on the land side. The inhabitants made an obstinate resistance, and destroyed the works of the besiegers as rapidly as they were carried on; until Vladimir, informed by treachery of the source of the springs which supplied the town, cut off the pipes, and reduced the garrison to surrender by thirst. Vladimir had made a vow that, if the story about the springs proved correct, he would become a Christian, and he was accordingly baptized at Kherson in the church of the Holy Mother of God, situated in the market-place. He had previously demanded of the Greek Emperors Basil and Constantine the hand of their sister Anne; the marriage ceremony immediately followed the baptism, and the city of Kherson was given him by the Greeks as the dowry of the princess. On his return to Kief, Vladimir compelled his people to embrace his newly-adopted religion, and the conversion of the Russian nation to Christianity dates from this period.

Kherson was fully destroyed after 2000 years' existence by Olgerd, the Lithuanian conqueror of Kief and all southern Russia; and when the Turks in 1475 took possession of the Crimea they only found in Kherson empty houses and deserted churches. Still, when Bronovius, at the end of the sixteenth century, visited this "proud, delicate, and illustrious city," as he calls it, the ruins were even then wonderful. The wall and its towers, built of enormous blocks of hewn stone, were perfect, and a beautiful aqueduct

still brought the purest water. The palace of the kings, itself as large as a city, with magnificent entrance-gates, continued to exist. The churches, however, had already been despoiled of their finest marbles by the Turks, and the largest Greek monastery alone remained entire. The work of destruction was completed by the Tartars and the Russians, who sought here their materials for building Sebastopol. Still the lapse of ages and the Vandalism of successive races of barbarians have not sufficed to entirely eradicate the last traces of ancient magnificence. Lieutenant Kruse excavated three churches; one of them was remarkable as being evidently a beautiful Greek temple, metamorphosed into a Christian church, into whose walls the bases and capitals of Ionic columns and other parts of Greek architecture had been built. The promontory on which the Lighthouse now stands is entirely covered with the ruins of the first Kherson, and the whole of the Heracleatic Chersonese is filled with the remains of the villas and gardens belonging to the inhabitants of the town.

Remains still exist of the ancient wall of defence, which was nearly two miles in length, and built of limestone five or six feet thick; of the roads and gardens which covered the territory of this little colony; of the plan of the town; of the market-place; of a large palace which stood on one side of it; and of the conduit which was cut by Vladimir when he took the town.

The soil of the Heracleatic Chersonese is now thickly strown with other and still more perishable remains; but they are connected with memories as unfading and deeds as glorious as the heroism of Glycia or the magnificence of Vladimir.

The foregoing brief summary of the history and antiquities of Cherson is condensed from the tenth chapter of Mr. H. D. Seymour's interesting and valuable work on "Russia on the Black Sea and Sea of Azoff."

THE REDAN, AND ADVANCED TRENCHES OF THE BRITISH RIGHT ATTACK.

The British right attack was defined on the left by the valley of the Woronzoff Road, and on the right it was separated from the Mamelon and Malakoff by the Otchakoff or Central Ravine, the point against which it was directed being the Redan. The first parallel was the 21-Gun or Chapman's Battery; but neither it nor the second parallel is shown in the

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REDAN AND ADVANCED TRENCHES OF BRITISH RIGHT ATTACK

view: the latter contained some advanced guns and mortars. The drawing commences on the right hand with the third parallel, which was made in December. On the 5th of April, the zig-zags were broken out and worked on steadily towards Egerton's Pit, which was taken on the 19th of April. These works were extended and strengthened, so that on the 7th of June our troops rushed out of them and took the Quarries, whilst the French on the right carried the Mamelon and Mount Sapoune. A way was made that same night connecting the Quarries with Egerton's Pit, and the following night everything was made secure in the Quarries themselves. The fifth parallel was immediately commenced in front of this, and when completed was about 200 yards from the salient of the Redan. Previously to the assault of the 8th of September, a sap was pushed out from this, which held the ladder party, and was about 150 yards from the point of attack. In the Quarries there was a battery of small mortars and cohorns, and upon its right flank there was a very important battery of seven guns, which commanded the rear of the Malakoff, and performed immense service against the enemy when they attempted to retake that work from the Allies. In addition to this slight description, it will be necessary to give some explanation of that portion of the enemy's works against which the battery was directed. A Redan means a work open at its rear: this one had 10 guns in each of its faces; in the drawing you see its proper right face: these ten guns were flanked by four others. In continuation of this face of the work is an 8-gun battery, and others, connecting it with the Barrack Batteries—in all forming a line of embrasures 750 yards in length, or nearly half a mile; but to form a correct idea you must add a nearly equal amount of works on the other face connecting it with the Malakoff; and, if it is borne in mind at the same time that this is but a sixth part of the line of guns extending from Quarantine Bay to Careening Creek, some faint notion may be formed of the vastness of the siege of Sebastopol.

The drawing represents the appearance of the place on the morning of the 9th of September. The forts are exploding, the ships and houses are burning fiercely, and the black smoke from it all hangs like an ample shroud over these fatal works, which on that morning became the tomb of thousands. Our reliefs are returning to camp, grim and dirty, so much so, that it is hard to distinguish them from the prisoners whom they have along with them; almost every man is carrying up something in the shape of plunder, and in their hearts they are rejoicing that the hardships and hazards of the trenches are ended. In the middle of the picture over the

trenches is the Malakoff, and to the right over the third parallel is the top of the Mamelon.

This view is taken from the left attack, looking nearly north across the Woronzoff Road.

DITCH OF THE MALAKOFF, GERVAIS BATTERY, AND REAR OF THE REDAN.

This view is taken from the Malakoff looking towards the south, and the portion of the ditch shown is that at the re-entering angle. At this place it is much wider than it is at the salient. The scarp was here supported by a few courses of stones and gabions, but it is all knocked into a very irregular-looking mound or slope from our successive bombardments. It was at this part of the Malakoff that our 21-gun battery directed its fire, and one of these embrasures was noted for having a gun which kept up a fire during the whole siege. In the counterscarp is the entrance to a mine, and on the outside of the ditch are still the remains of the abattis. It is formed of small trees or large branches, with their points all turned outwards, and a stake put through them so as to fix them firmly to the earth; each branch is placed close to another, thus forming a most serious obstacle in the way of an assault. Further down the ravine is the Gervais Battery, said to be named after the officer who made it. The ravine shown in the picture is the Otchakoff or Central Ravine: it commences upon the plateau, and forms the hollow between the right and left wings of the Light Division camp, and was their route to the trenches. It passes on its left the Piquet House and the Victoria Redoubt: on its right, further down, it separates the British right attack from the French right attack: its steep rocky sides form the base of the Mamelon: from this point it curves outwards from the Malakoff, and, continuing the curve right round to the rear of that work, the ravine forms the hollow in which the docks were constructed, and at this point joins the sea. Up its left bank are seen in the drawing the long line of works connecting the Malakoff with the Redan, opposite the salient of which is indicated a small portion of the fifth parallel and the unfinished sap in advance of it. Away in the distance, to the south of the city, may be traced the Bastion du Mât and the Bastion Centrale; and the commanding position of the town batteries over all these works will at once be perceived in this drawing. The shattered buildings in the rear of the Redan

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DITCH OF THE MALAKOFF, BATTERY GERVAIS, AND REAR OF REDAN

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MINE IN THE BASTION DU MAT

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BASTION DU MAT FROM THE CENTRAL BASTION

are said to have been the hospitals previous to the siege. To the right of them, with a battery before it, is the front of the Marine Barracks, better known in camp as the "White Buildings." In the extreme distance is Kamiesch and Cape Kherson, with the lighthouse upon it.

MINE IN THE BASTION DU MÂT.

This is the mine, the square openings into which are seen in the drawing of the ditch of this battery. Mr. Simpson, who descended into it, thus describes his impressions:—

"The darkness, the fleas, and the uncertainty as to what might be beyond, did not incline me to push my travels very far into the interior of this most uninviting thoroughfare. It was dismal in the extreme, and smelt very disagreeably; and, however used one may get to dead Russians, it is not pleasant to stumble at every step over their festering remains amidst the mazes of a dark and intricate labyrinth, in which it is very easy to lose your way. As far as I saw, it seemed to be entirely supported by beams and pieces of wood placed perpendicularly to serve as pillars; and it communicated by small galleries with the Russian rifle-pits in advance. Wonderful stories are told of the extent to which the French and Russians mined against each other; but of the degree of truth to be attached to them I am not competent to speak."

BASTION DU MAT FROM THE BASTION CENTRALE.

This view of the Bastion du Mât is taken looking east from the salient of the Bastion Centrale. These two salients formed the points of attack by our Allies on the left: they were separated by a large hollow, through which passed the public road from Sebastopol to Kamiesch and Balaklava, and were connected across this hollow by a curtain, in the rear of which are numerous trenches to support it, and to afford covered ways of approach from the town to the works. In the distance are the Redan, the Malakoff, and Mamelon; and in their rear are the White Buildings: immediately under the White Buildings, but nearer in the picture, are the ruins of the Theatre; on the rising ground to the left of it are the Town Batteries.

This drawing will explain one very important difference in construction between the Bastion du Mât and the Redan or Malakoff. The height of the last rendered it comparatively safe from anything in its rear. The Redan, as its name implies, was quite open behind; but the Bastion du Mât, on the contrary, was a succession of batteries quite close to the rear of each other, thus producing an almost invulnerable power of support. In case of an assault it will at once be seen, that should one battery be taken the assailants would then find themselves at the muzzles of the guns of the next battery, which with their iron blasts would soon make a defeat of the victory.

The long crenelated wall to the sea-face of the town commenced on the proper right of the Bastion Centrale, and is represented in the Drawing of Sebastopol from the site of the ancient Kherson. These two drawings represent the defences of the place against which the left attack of the French was directed.

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